FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. I.—No. 6. JUNE, 1876. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

ALEXANDER TURNEY STEWART

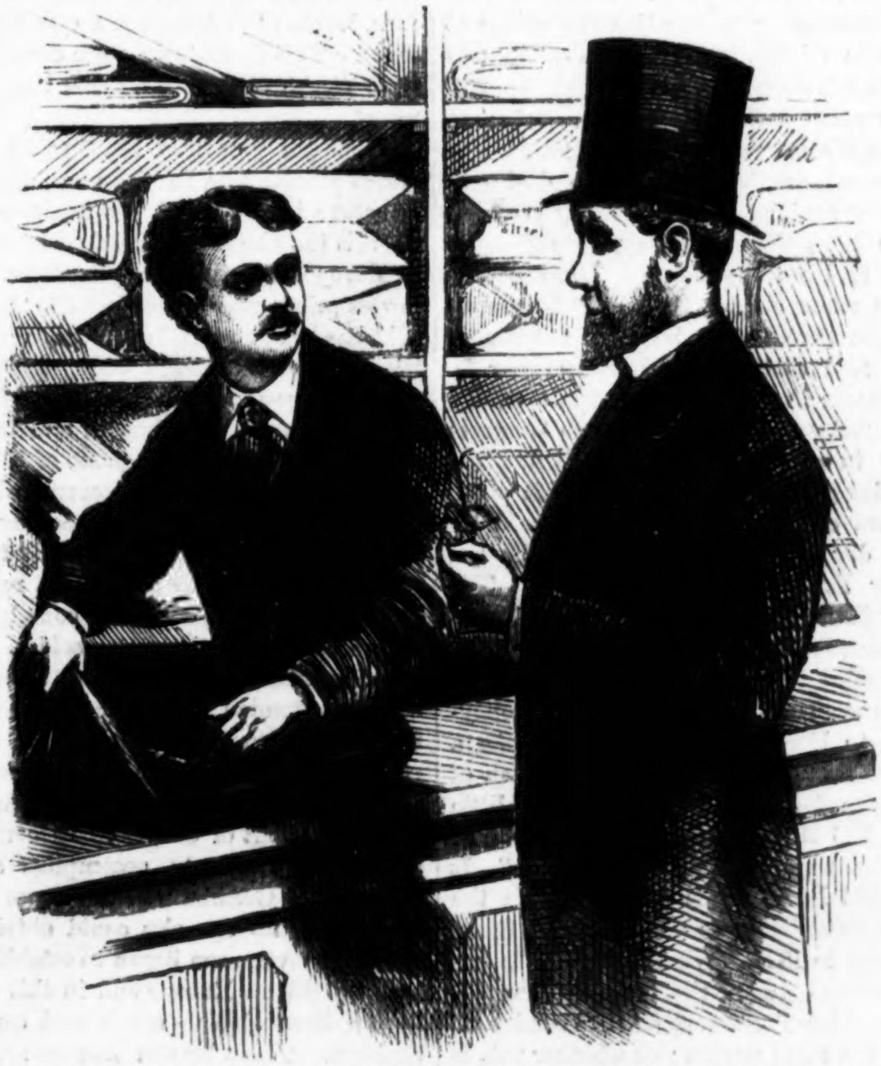
THE STORY OF A HUNDRED MILLIONS.

IN the May number of the POPULAR MONTHLY we presented to our readers a sketch of the life of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and in commenting upon the character and experience of the "great Railroad King," took occasion to be philosophical. We reasoned, briefly, that the life of such a man as Vanderbilt could not justly be taken as an incentive to exertion, or an encouragement to ambition on the part of the majority of young men. We disputed, in fact, the currently accepted theory that

> "Lives of great men
> all remind us
> We can make our lives
> sublime,"

reasoning that the great man or the successful man was the result of favorable combinations and adventitious circumstances, as well as of his own exertions.

The course of reasoning which answered for the life of Commodore Vanderbilt—who may still have many years of vigorous life before him—is equally opportune in the case of Alexander T. Stewart, whose recent death the entire American press have had occasion to notice, accompanied by a variety of eulogistic comments.



MR. STEWART INSTRUCTING ONE OF HIS CLERKS NEVER TO MISREPRESENT THE QUALITY OF GOODS TO A CUSTOMER.—FROM A SKETCH BY A CLERK IN HIS ESTABLISHMENT.
(The only characteristic portrait ever made of Mr. Stewart.)

As one of the three wealthiest men of the United States—Vanderbilt and Astor being the other two — Mr. Stewart was a man who had reached high consideration through labor and through success. It is appropriate, after his death, that the story of his life should be fully told, and its lesson, if there be any, promulgated for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

Alexander Turney Stewart is believed to have been born in Belfast, Ireland, about 1[illegible], of Scotch-Irish parentage. There is very little known concerning his early life, Mr. Stewart's marked aversion to submit to interrogatories concerning himself having been a prominent quality in his character, and the fact that he had no relatives whatsoever in the latter years of his life precluded the obtaining of such information. It has been believed, however, that the boy was brought up in his early years under the care of his grandfather, and that he received a college education, beginning in an academy at Belfast and closing at Trinity College, Dublin, it being then intended that he should be educated for the ministry. The sudden death of his grandfather and guardian interfered with this plan, however, and left Mr. Stewart and his mother the only survivors of the direct family line.

It is believed that Mr. Stewart came to this country in 1823, and that his first advent into active life was made as an usher in the school of Isaac F. Bragg, said to have been in Roosevelt Street. An anecdote concerning this portion of his life runs to the effect that he proposed marriage to a lady teacher in the school, but was refused. If this was the case, the young lady has doubtless ere this experienced a sentiment of chagrin at her haste in the matter.

The inaccuracy of current newspaper stories concerning Mr. Stewart's early life has been shown in the variety of their statement. While one of these assert that Mr. Stewart received from his grandfather only the sum of £700, with which he came to America, another alleges that he returned to Ireland, after having been for some time in this country, in order to receive the legacy left him by his grandfather, amounting to $10,000. Again, it is said, on the one hand, that he drifted into the dry goods business by assuming the stock and trade of a person to whom he had loaned money, in order to recover his debt; while, on the other hand, it is alleged that he commenced this business on his own part by importing embroidered dresses from the neighborhood of his birthplace. Finally, it is said that he came to this country in 1818; and again, that this happened in 1823, while the period of his birth even is affected by mystery to the extent of a difference of seven years. Concerning all these matters, it is only necessary to state that the weight of evidence as to the date of Mr. Stewart's arrival in this country goes to show that it occurred in 1823.

Referring to what is perhaps the best evidence extant as to his early movements, we are met at the outset by a certainly curious sequence of events, to which we desire to turn the attention of our readers. The authority to which we allude is the New York City Directory, in which, up to the year 1824, we find no mention of Alexander T. Stewart, and only one name similar to that, "Alexander L. Stewart, 141 Houston Street," the business not given. In 1824, however, we find that a second "Alexander L. Stewart," has got his name in the Directory; business, dry goods; location, 283 Broadway; and now the two Stewarts continue side by side in the Directory until 1827, when Alexander L. Stewart, dry goods, disappears from this work, and is never after heard of. He is, however, replaced by Alexander T. Stewart, dry goods, 262 Broadway, who has continued in the New York Directory ever since. The residence of Alexander L. Stewart is given as No. 3 Reade Street; that of Alexander T. Stewart does not appear until 1830, when it is represented to be No. 5 Warren Street.

Referring now to the work entitled "The Art of Money-making; or, the Road to Fortune," by James D. Mills, a New York merchant, we find on page 372, in the sketch of Alexander T. Stewart, the following: "He rented a little store on his return, at 283 Broadway, and there displayed his stock, which met with a ready sale, at a fair profit." It will be observed that 283 Broadway is the number in the New York City Directory attributed to "Alexander L. Stewart, dry goods," from 1824 to 1827. Whether Mr. Mills has managed to make an error between the two numbers, 283 and 262; whether Alexander T. Stewart and Alexander L. Stewart were one and the same person; or whether this is only "a remarkable coincidence," we leave to the consideration of our readers. One curious feature of the problem, however, is that whoever "Alexander L. Stewart, dry goods,' may have been, we never hear of him again under that name in the New York City Directory.

In 1830 Mr. Stewart moved his business to 257 Broadway, and the firm name became Alexander T. Stewart & Co. Here he remained until he removed to the corner of Broadway and Reade Street. In the meantime, his residence, from No. 5 Warren Street, changed to No. 7 St. Mark's Place; in 1842, to No. 5 Depau Place; in 1846, to No. 6 Depau Row, Bleecker Street, where he remained until his removal, in 1862, to 331 Fifth Avenue. From this residence Mr. Stewart finally removed to his "marble palace" at the northwest corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, a few years ago, the change of residence being immediately occasioned by an outbreak of small-pox occurring among the servants in his other house. In 1841 Mr. Stewart married Miss Cornelia M. Clinch, who survives him.

Returning to his early business history, it is to be observed that in the earlier years of his residence in New York, Mr. Stewart sent to Ireland for his mother, a woman who appears to have possessed large business endowments, and who, shortly after her arrival in New York, opened a furniture store on Catherine Street, and for years carried on the business so successfully that she was enabled to add considerably to the rapidly increasing fortune of her son.

The superb building, at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, was built by Mr. Stewart in 1848–9, the property having been sold by John H. Costar for the sum of $65,000. The great iron building at the corner of Tenth Street and Broadway was completed by Mr. Stewart in 1862, at a cost of $2,755,000. The property on which it stands is leased ground, forming part of the Sailors' Snug Harbor Estate, the lots covering an area of two and a half acres. To this store on its completion Mr. Stewart removed his retail business, leaving the down-town establishment for his wholesale trade. This down-town store occupies the site of what was once Washington Hall, at one time a place of fashionable resort.

From the time that Mr. Stewart made the daring move which placed him in the most magnificent retail business structure in the world, his business increased enormously. By this time he had established his agencies in various cities in Europe, and always buying for cash, and of course at the lowest prices, was able at any time to control the market.

It has been a remarkable feature of Mr. Stewart's business life that he has always been successful in times of great public depression. This has arisen from the fact of his foreseeing financial disturbances and turning them to his own advantage. Thus in the panic of 1837 Mr. Stewart, who was already prosperous and successful, discerned the embarrassing situation which was approaching, and made good use of it. Marking down all his goods to their lowest possible rates, he immediately achieved a reputation for "selling at cost," and as everybody was complaining of "hard times," his goods at these low rates sold in every direction. While other merchants were sending their goods to auction, Mr. Stewart attended these auctions regularly, and purchased the goods thus offered, on which he realized an average profit of 40 per cent. It is said that he purchased $50,000 worth of silk in that way, and sold the whole lot within a few days at a profit of $20,000. In certain lines of goods Mr Stewart was able to accomplish a monopoly; English, French, and German manufacturers making a concession to him, which no one else could obtain.

He, however, soon began to establish the system of branch houses, both in Europe and in this country, through which he has been able to create and carry on his magnificent business. These branch houses are at present in Boston, Philadelphia, Paris, Lyons, Manchester, Bradford, Nottingham, Belfast, Glasgow, Berlin, and Chemnitz. Mr.

Stewart's far-sightedness in the matter of acquiring property, which he deemed would be valuable to him, was only equalled as a quality by his persistence in that direction in spite of all opposition.

An instance of this will be remembered in the case of the construction of the iron building between Ninth and Tenth Streets. On the corner of Ninth Street was the store occupied by the New York agents of the French house of Goupil, Vibert & Co. This corner was of course necessary to enable Mr. Stewart to complete his design of occupying the entire square. The lessees, however, held out for an exorbitant bonus, refusing liberal offers on the part of Mr. Stewart. Determined not to accede to the terms, which he considered outrageous, Mr. Stewart gave up the idea of purchasing the lease, and instead of this built around the store, leaving it in its place until the lease expired, and the foolish occupant was forced to retire without any bonus whatever.

As has been before remarked, this is the largest store of the kind in the world, and Mr. Stewart's investment in the building alone is estimated at $2,755,000. It has eight floors, each of which covers an area of two and a quarter acres. The building is heated by means of an engine of 520 horse-power, which also runs the elevators and furnishes power for the large number of sewing-machines on the fourth floor. Two thousand employés are engaged within these premises, and the running expenses are estimated to be over $1,000,000 per annum. The sales of the wholesale and retail stores have aggregated as high as $50,000,000 in a single year.

With regard to the distribution of the business: At Manchester, the English goods are collected, examined, and packed. At Belfast is a factory belonging to the house, where linens are bleached. At Glasgow is the depôt for Scotch goods. In Paris are collected East India, French, and German goods. The woolen house is in Berlin, and the silk warehouses are at Lyons. All continental business centres in Paris, where the payments are made. Meanwhile, there are numerous mills in Europe and the United States manufacturing goods exclusively for the house of A. T. Stewart & Co., while buyers and agents are always traveling in various directions engaged in forwarding the interests of the house.

The following mills in this country are owned by the firm: "The New York Mills," at Holyoke; "The Woodward Mills," at Woodstock; the "Mohawk" and "El Bœuf," at Little Falls; the "Ianthica Mills," New Jersey; the "Glenham Woolen and Carpet Mills," the "Utica Woolen Mills," the "Washington Mills," at New Hartford, near Utica; the "Catskill Woolen Mill," and the "Waterville Woolen Mill." Besides these are also thread mills at Catskill, and a large manufactory in this city.

Mr. Stewart's first store, that at 283 Broadway, is said to have rented at $375 a year. It was a single room, twelve feet front and thirty feet deep. Here Mr. Stewart labored alone for a considerable time in his early experience, making himself acquainted with the business, in which he had engaged, by the most careful study and analysis of which it was susceptible.

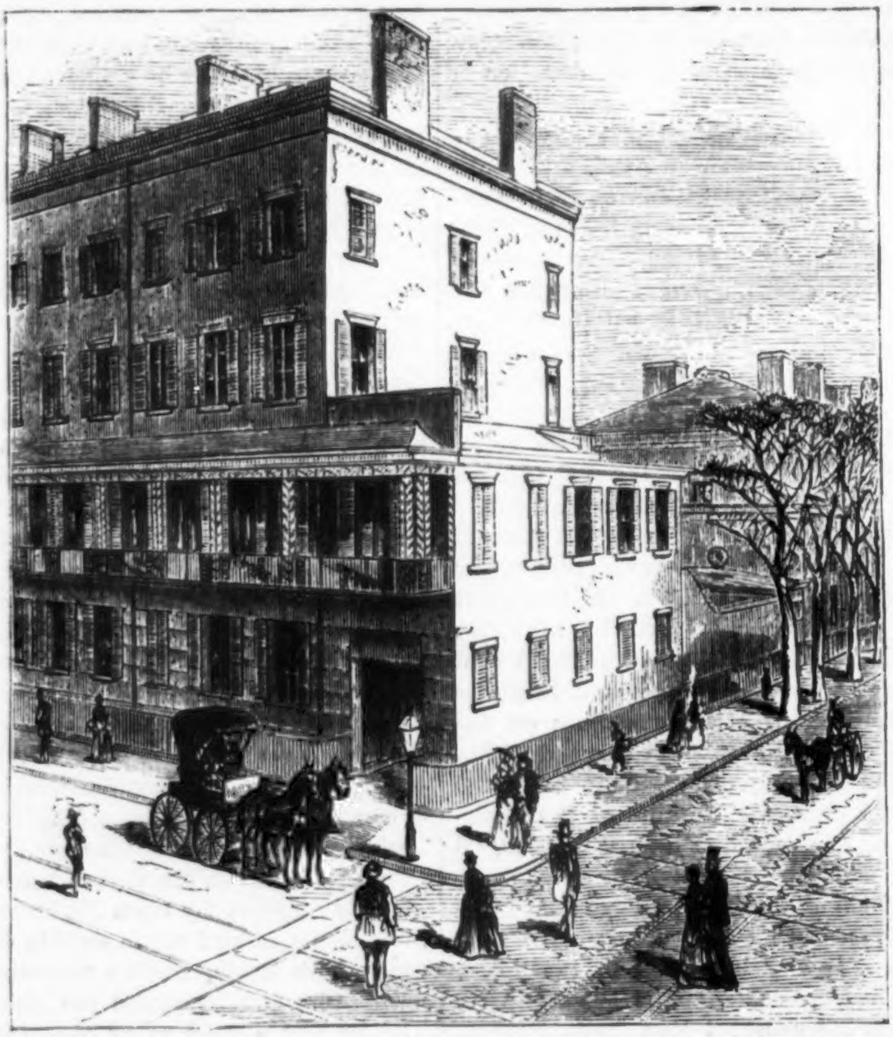
It is a little curious that of the number of persons living in New York, who remember Mr. Stewart's advent into mercantile life, no one can recall to mind any anecdotes or incidents illustrating his habits. It is generally conceded, however, that he commenced business with the determination to conduct it with strict integrity, and with the purpose of developing it to its utmost capacity. Mr. Stewart seems to have scorned the usual tricks and dodges of small traders, and to have continued his low estimate of this kind of commercial acumen as his establishment grew larger and his business more extended. Scrupulously neat and exact in his own habits he required the same qualities in those who served him, and rebuked any departure from what he considered orderly conduct with considerable severity. So whenever in his store he perceived any fault or derangement, he made it his personal business to set it right, and among the incidents of his life which have come down to us, several are mentioned illustrating this peculiarity. An old clerk relates, that Mr. Stewart never spoke to him but twice, once when he had torn a piece of weak wrapping paper roughly, he was told that people did not "like to get shiftless looking bundles"; again, when the clerk wound a bundle around with an extra turn of string, Mr. Stewart said: "Never waste even a piece of string, waste is always wrong." No case of any sale of goods in his establishment accompanied by misrepresentation ever passed his knowledge without rebuke. Another of Mr. Stewart's peculiarities, was his close familiarity with the smallest details of his affairs. He carried everything in his own head, from the most costly importations down to the minutest article in the Yankee Notion department. Thus was he always fully aware of how much stock he was carrying in each line, and kept a constant watch that he should not be overstocked, marking down goods to the lowest possible rates whenever this happened. In the meantime, however, his mind was not devoted by any means entirely to the details of small matters. He conceived and executed plans in his own proper business of very considerable magnitude, adding from time to time, as occasion seemed to demand it, further departments to his business, and competing through these with smaller establishments, often to the destruction of the latter.

It is difficult to say when Mr. Stewart first commenced his investments in real estate outside of his business. At the time of his death, besides numerous establishments connected with this, he owned the Metropolitan Hotel, Niblo's Theatre, and a great many houses and lots in Bleecker and Amity Streets and West Broadway, the Globe Theatre, his marble mansion in Fifth Avenue, the large iron building at Fourth Avenue and Thirty-second Street, the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga, the vast estate at Hempstead Plains, the old St. Ann's Church in Eighth Street, a number of buildings in Fourth Avenue, some in Cornelia and Bedford Streets, near Minetta Lane; his former residence, No. 1 East Thirty-fourth Street; several pieces of property in Elm Street—all of which, within the city limits, was assessed at $6,212,700, its estimated actual value being about $10,400,000. The amount invested in his business has been judged to be about $10,000,000.

The Hempstead Plains property is about twelve miles long and two and a half wide. "Garden City," as it is called, is four miles from the western end, and has upon it 102 houses, renting from $150 to $1,200 each. At present its population is about 300. In the centre is a large brick hotel, tastefully constructed, which cost, furnished, $100,000. Near the railroad depôt is a large three-story brick house, used for the offices of the superintendent and surveyor, and also a warehouse with small elevator. There is also a stable, which cost $30,000, with a steam-plow, steam-roller, and traction engine. Nine thousand acres of this land were bought in 1868, from the town of Hempstead, for $450,000, and to this area 1,000 acres have been recently added. A contract has also been made for waterworks, to cost $125,000, to consist of a large wheel, 50 ft. in diameter and 35 ft. deep, with machinery to pump 2,500,000 gallons a day, if required. That part of the Central Railroad of Long Island running from the western end of Garden City, four miles to Farmingdale, was owned by Mr. Stewart, and leased to the Central Railroad Company, together with the road of one mile to Hempstead.

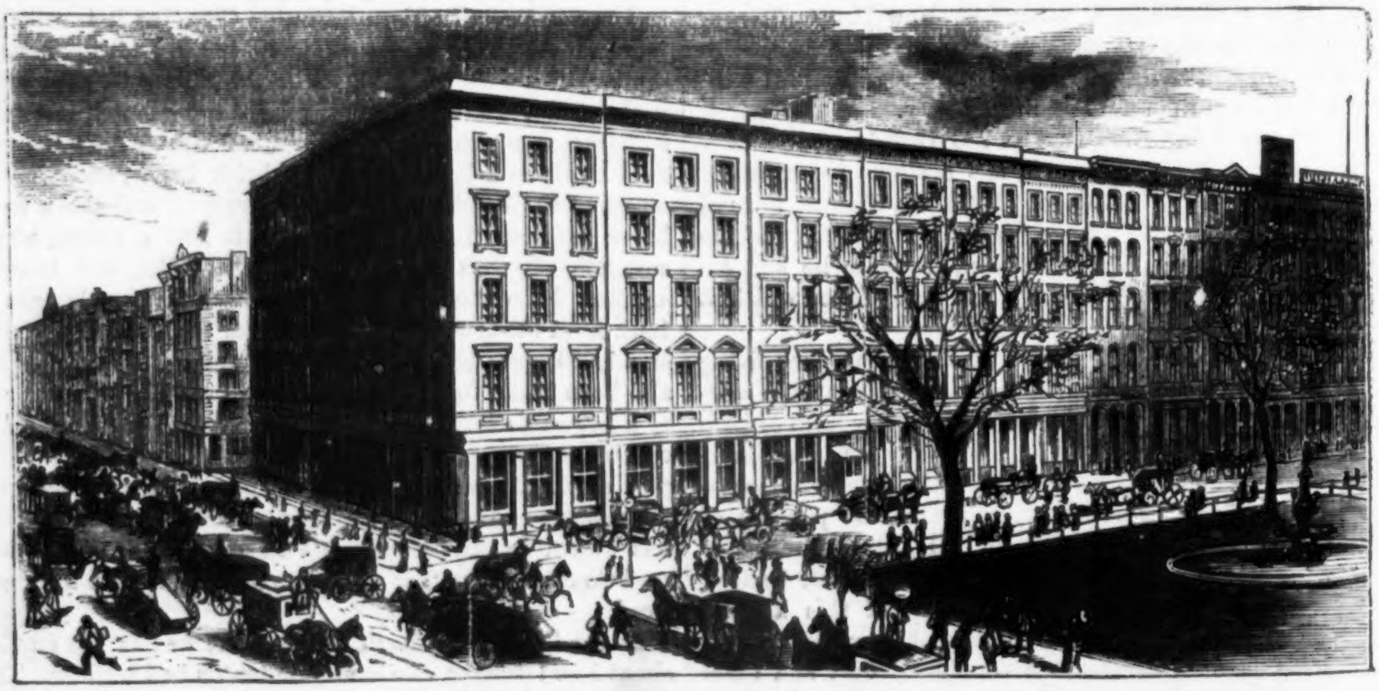
At the time of his death, Mr. Stewart had in his employ about 8,000 persons, of whom nine-tenths had families. This did not include his hundreds of workmen which he kept constantly engaged. All his mills were in full operation, while large carpet-mills were in process of being built at Glenham, one of which alone consumed 3,000,000 of brick. There was also being built there a 34 ft. dam.

The design of the Garden City scheme was to furnish comfortable and convenient homes for workingmen at the lowest practicable cost—something, in fact, on the same principle as the Peabody charity in London. The term "charity," however, applied in this direction, is a misnomer. It is certain that, in Mr. Stewart's plan, no idea of its not being self-supporting was entertained.



MR. STEWART LEAVING HIS RESIDENCE, NO. 6 DEPAU ROW, BLEECKER STREET, PUNCTUALLY EVERY MORNING AT NINE O'CLOCK.

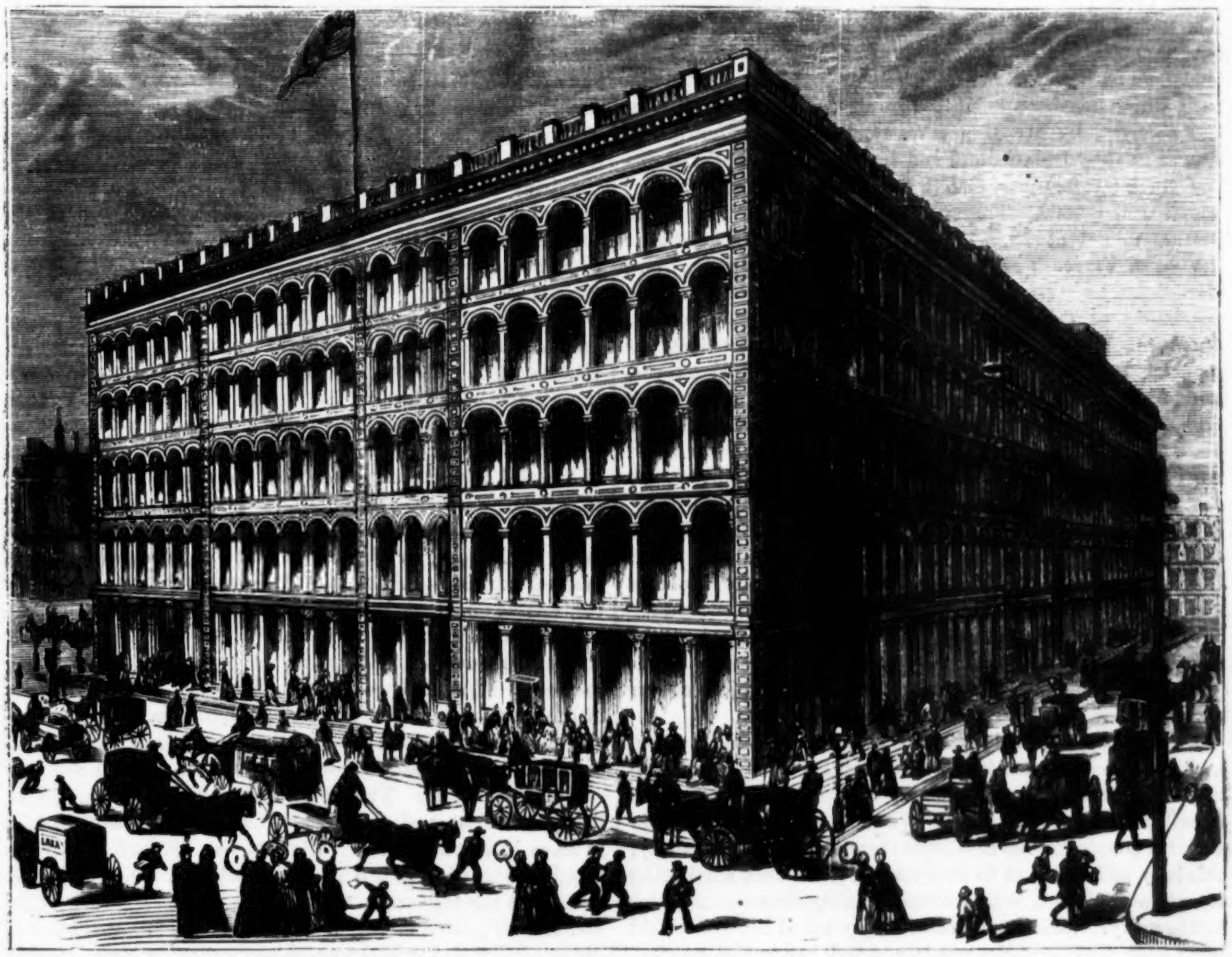
As to the actual charities of Mr. Stewart, we may mention two or three of importance. During the famine in Ireland, in 1847, he chartered a vessel, insisting that it should be American, and manned by an American crew, loaded it with provisions, and sent it, under the American flag, to the harbor of Belfast. His agent at Belfast was directed to advertise for young men and women desiring to go to America, to the extent of the vessel's capacity. A free passage was given to these, the only requirement being that each applicant should establish the possession of a good moral character, and the ability to read and write. In the meantime Mr. Stewart sent out a personal circular, announcing the expected arrival of his immigrants, and asking employment for them. When the vessel reached New York Harbor, after having performed its benevolent mission, situations were in readiness for nearly all of the new arrivals. At the close of the Franco-German war, Mr. Stewart chartered a steamer and dispatched it to Havre, with 3,800 barrels of flour for the relief of the sufferers of the manufacturing districts. Again, when Chicago was nearly destroyed by fire in 1871, he gave the sum of $50,000 for the relief of the sufferers. During the late rebellion Mr. Stewart presented $100,000 to the Sanitary Commission, and in 1862 contributed $10,000 for relief to the Lancashire operatives. But the act which Mr. Stewart doubtless intended for his chief effort in behalf of the poorer classes, was the proposed construction of the Women's Lodging-house, designed to be a grand hotel for young women, in which they could secure all the comforts of a good home at a minimum price. Over this idea he studied for years, the result of his reflections being the erection of the vast iron building in Fourth Avenue, extending from Thirty-second to Thirty-third Streets, and nearly half



MR. STEWART'S WHOLESALE STORE, BROADWAY, CHAMBER AND READE STREETS.

way through the block toward Madison Avenue. This enterprise Mr. Stewart anticipated would cost him $3,000,000, and upon its completion it was his intention to devote a similar sum for another building, on the same plan, for the benefit of young men. The interior of this structure was never finished, work having been stopped upon it for some time. It is believed, however, that this will now be prosecuted to completion. On Fourth Avenue this building has a frontage of 192 ft. 6 in., and on Thirty-second and Thirty-third Streets, of 205 ft., the breadth of the area of the building being 197 ft. 6 in. The whole structure covers an area of 41,000 square ft. The main building is six stories in height, with an additional story in the mansard. Over the central portions, on each side, and embracing a width of 100 ft. in the respective fronts, is an additional story, having also a mansard roof, making the building, at these centres, eight stories high. At each extremity of these central elevations, are turreted mansards, or towers, each 24 ft. in width and height. Similar towers are on the angles of Thirty-second and Thirty-third Streets. The entire height of the central portions of the building is 109 ft., and that of the side portions 103 ft. The spacious interior hall is to be paved with marble, having a fountain in the centre. Aquaria and flowers form a portion of the design. The economy of the interior devotes a single room to every woman, except in the case of two sisters, for whose accommodation double rooms have been constructed, these apartments to be well furnished, and well ventilated and heated. Further, there is to be a laundry for washing, as in large hotels; a dining-hall, spacious and handsomely ornamented, where meals would be served on the European plan; a drawing-room, for the general social meeting of the occupants, handsomely furnished, with piano, etc.; a reading-room, supplied with daily papers and leading periodicals; and a library filled with a judicious selection of standard works; also a lecture-room, bath-rooms, and other conveniences and necessities. The design contemplates receiving only working women and all those seeking employment, the object being to cheapen the expenses of living, while affording the comforts and refinements of a home.

Mr. Stewart's marble palace, built on the site of the large structure formerly the residence of Dr. Townsend, is perhaps the handsomest and most costly private residence in the country. This building, elegantly furnished, constructed with lofty and spacious rooms, has been an object of curiosity to sight-seers ever since it was completed. Certainly the most interesting feature of the building, however, is the art gallery in the rear, where are located a large number of important and valuable works, selected by Mr. Stewart during his numerous visits abroad, or by means of his agents, many of them having been purchased in the studios of the artists, or directly ordered from them. Mr. Stewart's collection surpassed in importance and value any other in the country, and is estimated to be worth at least $600,000. The picture gallery is about 50 ft. by 30 in dimensions, and in this are placed the principal works, a large number, however, being hung in the parlors, drawing-rooms, and corridors. The latest and most valuable purchase by Mr. Stewart, was a picture by Meissonnier, for which he received $65,000. It is called "1807," and represents Napoleon reviewing a troop of cuirassiers. There are also in the collection two other works by Meissonnier, "L'Aumone," and "Le Sentinelle,"


BROADWAY FRONT OF A. T. STEWART'S RETAIL STORE, BROADWAY AND FOURTH AVENUE, NINTH AND TENTH STREETS.

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for the first of which Mr. Stewart paid $18,000, and for the other $20,000. There are three master-pieces by Gérome: "The Chariot Race," which cost Mr. Stewart 125,000 francs; a picture representing a Gladiatorial Duel, which was exhibited at the Vienna Exposition, and which cost $17,000; and another picturing an interview between Moliere and Racine, for which Mr. Stewart gave $6,000. By Fortune, there are "The Snake Charmers," which cost $6,000, and an Italian Court scene, for which Mr. Stewart paid about the same price.

Of Zamacois there are two important works, "The Court Fools" and "The Begging Brother," worth about $10,000 each. Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" is here, for which the artist received $20,000. From Knauss there is "The Children's Feast," which cost Mr. Stewart $10,000. By Yvon, there is a large allegorical painting representing an American subject, painted to Mr. Stewart's order, and which cost $20,000. It is not a great work, and is hung in Mr. Stewart's bath-room. "The Prodigal Son," a gigantic picture, which has been exhibited in all the principal cities in the country, by Mr. Henry W. Derby, is well-known. It was painted by Dubufe, and is a very attractive work, probably worth $20,000. Of Galoit, there is "The Confessional," which cost $3,000. Troyon is represented by two cattle pieces, valued at $8,000 each. Ziem by a magnificent "View of Venice"; Kaulbach by "Cupid and Pysche," and Carl Sohn by "Diana and Actæon." There are also fine specimens of Piloty, Carl Daubigny, Verboeckhoven, Col. Robie, F. Wilhems, Baugniet, De Noter, Toulmouche, Simonetti, Imenez, Lesrel, Madrazo, Agrassot, Fred Preyer, and Meyer Von Bremen. By Merle there is "Hamlet and Ophelia," which cost $5,000, and another by Bouguereau. Here are also Mr. Church's "Niagara," for which the artist received $10,000; Mr. William Hart's "Golden Hour," which cost $4,000; "The Disputed Boundary," by Erskine Nicol, a Scotch artist, valued at $10,000; and Mr. Huntington's "Lady Washington's Reception," said to have cost about $10,000 or $15,000. The collection of statuary includes Powers' "Greek Slave" and "Eve," and Rogers' "Nydia." It is stated that this entire collection of works of art will be disposed of at auction.

We come now to the consideration of the subject of our sketch in his personal characteristics.

An incident illustrating Mr. Stewart's economical ideas, and also his disregard to conventionalities in his early business days, was frequently related by the late Mrs. Hall, of Charlton Street, New York. When the great shopkeeper was still occupying his first little store at No. 283 Broadway, this lady had occasion to make a few purchases, amounting to only a small sum, but forming a package inconvenient for her to carry. Mr. Stewart accordingly asked her if it would be in time for her, if the goods reached her in the evening. On her replying that it would be in ample time, he said that he had given up keeping a boy, to save expense, and would carry the package to its destination himself, after he had put up his shutters and closed his store.

Mr. Stewart is said to have been extremely superstitious, and various incidents are related, illustrating this peculiarity of his temperament.

It is said of an old applewoman, who for many years occupied a place on the sidewalk near his marble store at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Streets, that on the completion of his up-town building, the merchant caused her to be removed, with her stock, to that locality, having a very decided conviction that the act would ensure the prosperity of his new establishment. It is asserted that the delay in removing his family to his marble palace in Fifth Avenue after the completion of that building, was occasioned by a superstitious dread originating in some unfortunate matter connected with its erection. Another story is to the effect that a lady, whose acquaintance Mr. Stewart had made just previous to the opening of his new store, warned him not to sell anything there, until she had first purchased something in the store; and on the opening day, early in the morning, she called and bought nearly $200 worth of goods, principally Irish laces. Years afterwards, Mr. Stewart, while traveling in Europe is said to have been informed that this lady was residing in the city in which he then happened to be, in destitute circumstances. He immediately sought her out, when he learned that her husband had squandered her entire fortune, leaving her in indigence. Mr. Stewart immediately furnished an elegant suite of apartments in which he placed her, and afterwards settled upon her a handsome annuity, supporting her during her life in comparative luxury, and all this from the belief that her early purchase in his new store had brought him luck.

Mr. Stewart's early classical education was considered by him to be of sufficient importance to be kept up at least to the extent of reading occasionally the classics in the original. Mr. Parke Godwin states that Mr. Stewart devoted a portion of each day to the reading of Greek. Mr. Godwin also says that on one occasion he met Mr. Stewart who, after inquiring after the health of Mr. William Cullen Bryant, desired to know how far the latter had progressed in his translation of "Homer's Iliad," upon which the venerable poet was then engaged. Mr. Godwin replied that Mr. Bryant was making fair progress, doing fifty lines a day, On this, Mr. Stewart observed that it was his own habit to read a certain number of lines of Greek every morning. Mr. Godwin says further, that Mr. Stewart found time to study the French and German languages, while actively engaged in his business affairs; that he had also devoted himself to the study of the various questions involved in the relations of Capital and Labor; and that he was a master of the science of Finance.

Mr. Stewart's profound antipathy to having any portrait made of himself, or any sketch of his life written, was a marked trait in his character. Wilson McDonald, the sculptor, was at one time in the habit of seeing Mr. Stewart frequently, and took the opportunity to study his features, afterwards modeling them in clay in his studio, from memory. When the model was completed, he invited some of the gentlemen in Mr. Stewart's employ, to look at it, and was informed by them that in their opinion it was a good likeness. This model, however, was permitted to dry up, and was set aside. The artist now, however, proposes to bring it to light, and complete it. The only portrait known to have been made of Mr. Stewart was by T. P. Rossiter, forming one of a group of merchants, said to have been painted at the suggestion or instigation of the Century Club. Mr. Stewart, after sitting a few times to Mr. Rossiter, was dissatisfied with the latter's non-success in catching his expression and features, and ceased his sittings abruptly. Afterwards this painting was sold at auction by Mr. Leavitt in Astor Place, and was purchased for $300 by a speculator, who sold it to Mr. Stewart at a greatly increased figure.

It has been rumored that Mr. Stewart once sat for his portrait to some lady artist; but this statement lacks confirmation. In explanation of his reluctance to being depicted on canvas or by photography, Mr. Stewart is said to have remarked, "I have passed my prime, and I don't want to be handed down to posterity as a worn-out, old man."

After his death, Mr. Albert Bierstadt took a cast in wax of his features, and from this there will doubtless be produced an oil portrait, and possibly a bust.

Twice during Mr. Stewart's life he received appointments expressive of the confidence which was felt in his wisdom, judgment, and integrity. In 1867 he went to Paris as one of the representatives from the United States to the French Exposition, being President of the Honorary Commission appointed by the Government. In 1869 he was nominated by President Grant to the office of Secretary of the Treasury. Such an appointment, however, being in conflict with a law which forbids any one holding the position while engaged in business, and Congress refusing to amend this law, the nomination was obliged to be withdrawn—although Mr. Stewart offered to place his business in other hands during his term of office, with the understanding that they should be diverted to some charitable purpose.

Mr. Stewart is said to have obtained his employés and held them at lower rates of pay than any other merchant in the business. This was certainly the case as to the majority of those who served him. He never would pay beyond the lowest market rates, and never found any difficulty in supplying his necessities at those rates; but in the selection of experts in the various departments of his business requiring such persons, he paid the very highest current salaries. The fact is, that he was overrun with applications for situations, and had only to pick from the great number who offered themselves, and who were anxious for employment on any terms, possibly as much as anything because they found it easier to obtain other and more lucrative situations if they could sustain their application with a good record from Mr. Stewart's establishments.

Mr. Henry C. Bowen, who was the senior partner of the old and well-known firm of Bowen, McNamee & Co., has given certain anecdotes of Mr. Stewart, who, according to Mr. Bowen, was considered by New York merchants to be the shrewdest of all of them. As an illustration of this, it is observed of Mr. John Rankin, formerly a large importer, that on receiving goods from abroad, it was his custom to invite the leading buyers to visit his place and inspect them. The cases were opened, the prices of each line and quality of goods determined upon, and then the merchants were received. Many buyers came, and among them Mr. Stewart. And while the others went about the store, feeling the fabrics as to how thick this was, and how thin that was, and wasted time in hemming and hawing and debating with each other, Mr. Stewart would take Mr. Rankin through the store with him, selecting the best of his stock and purchasing it at once.

Mr. Bowen also says that Henry Sheldon, an extensive importer of French goods, had one time sold Mr. Stewart goods to the amount of $25,000 or $30,000, and felt a little timid about increasing his credit with him. He informed the merchant that he desired to know a little more about his capital and business than he then knew. In reply, Mr. Stewart referred him to Mr. Lewis Tappan, of the firm of Arthur Tappan & Co., saying, "As you sell that firm largely, and have confidence in them, if you will be satisfied I will ask Mr. Tappan to come here and examine my books, and you may then know all I know myself." Mr. Sheldon consented, and Mr. Tappan spent several evenings in Mr. Stewart's counting-room, studying his books. He reported, when his task was ended, that Mr. Stewart was abundantly good, and was worth about $70,000. This report established Mr. Stewart's credit, which was never afterward questioned.

During the late war, as in the panic year of 1837, Mr. Stewart realized large profits. Foreseeing at an early period the inevitable rise in cotton, he bought largely of fabrics in this material, and was thus enabled to control the market. Besides this, he had contracts with the Government, directly and indirectly, which amounted to an enormous business in themselves. It it is said that Potter Palmer, of Chicago, and John Shiletto, the rich Cincinnati retailer, were greatly favored, and reaped considerable advantage from Mr. Stewart's confidence in them at this time.

Early in his business history, Mr. Stewart managed to control certain styles of goods, as for instance, the Alexandre glove, compelling all who desired this line to purchase of him, and at his price. In old times, before the days of the telegraph, he frequently sent agents through the market with orders, and learned by this means just how much of certain styles of goods could be found in this city, Boston, and Philadelphia. Then he purchased all that could be bought, made a corner, and advanced the price of the article to suit himself.

Mr. Stewart rarely consulted any one in regard to his transactions. He would obtain such facts as he wanted from his bookkeeper, think out his plans of operation by himself, and then, having made up his mind, act decidedly and vigorously. If he foresaw loss, he hastened to sell as soon as possible, often while people were hesitating, getting his money in hand before the final crash came, and replacing his goods at much less than he sold them for. It was much the same with him when he bought for a rise. He always took the tide at its turn.

Only one man in the world, during Mr. Stewart's lifetime, beside himself, knew exactly the value and extent of his property. That man was his confidential bookkeeper, who was in the habit of gathering up the balance-sheets of the various departments, and from them making a general account of the business, which was kept under lock and key, and never shown to any one but Mr. Stewart.

Mr. Stewart was not much given to investing in stocks or bonds, except those of the United States. For many years, also, he did not insure any of his real estate against fire, but insured himself.

It is stated that he had spent $1,250,000 for his property in Saratoga. A portion of this he bought from John Morrissey. Recently he had opened a branch store in Saratoga, a course of action which was greatly displeasing to the local tradespeople, who depended on their Summer trade for their livelihood.

An amusing story is told of Mr. Stewart's early life, to the following effect:

An incident occurred shortly after he had started in business, when, desiring to obtain a reputation for his goods in fashionable society, he made inquiries among his friends, and learned the name and residence of the fashionable leader of that day, and also the church which she attended. He next leased a pew in that church, directly in front of that of the lady, and regularly, Sunday after Sunday, occupied his seat, and took part in the services—meanwhile watching his chances for a business movement. One Sunday, as the congregation was about leaving the church, a rain-storm commenced; and the fashionable lady's carriage being at some distance from the church-door, she stopped irresolutely upon perceiving the drops of rain, dreading injury to her costly dress. Mr. Stewart, who was right behind her, fortunately had an umbrella, and raising it, offered his services to shelter the lady beneath it until she should reach her carriage. The proffer was accepted, and the young man was heartily thanked therefor. This act brought about a speaking acquaintance, and interested the lady in Mr. Stewart; and at length, having inquired from a member of the church the nature of his business, she said to him on one occasion:

"Mr. Stewart, have you any articles at your store that you think I would like to buy?"

"No," he replied, "I don't think I have anything."

"I would like to aid you in your business in some way."

"You can in this way. I have noticed that your coachman exercises your horses every day, and you not caring always to take a ride, I presume, the carriage is frequently empty. If, on the days that you do not wish to use the carriage, you will order the coachman to take it to my store, and remain in front of the store for half an hour, you will do me a good turn."

The lady was amused at Mr. Stewart's suggestion, and did

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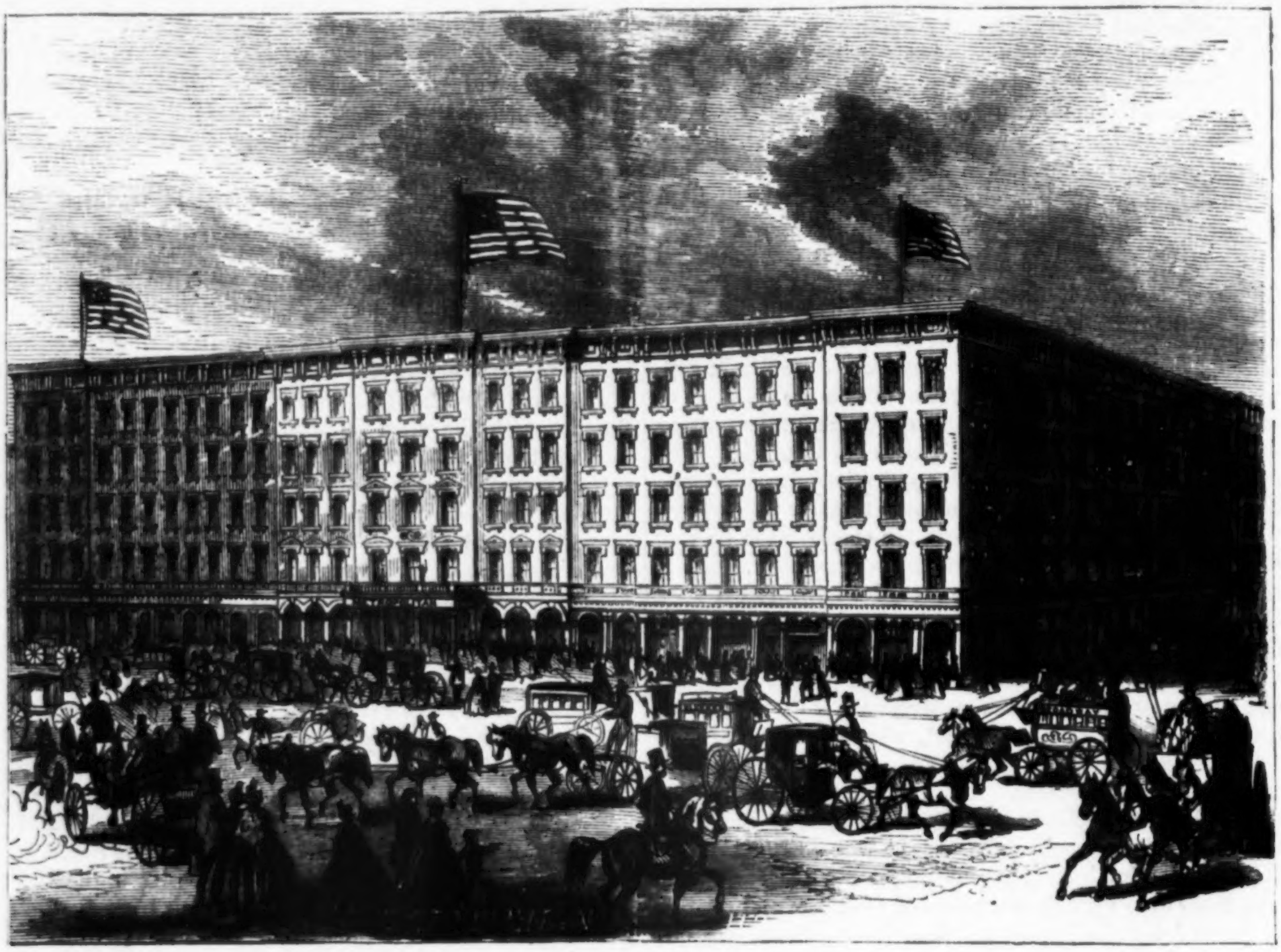


METROPOLITAN HOTEL AND ENTRANCE TO NIBLO'S THEATRE, BROADWAY.

as requested. The frequent appearance of the carriage in front of the store was soon noticed by other ladies, and Mr. Stewart's scheme resulted in starting the stream of fashion in his direction, which has since ceaselessly run in and out of his establishments.

Personally, Mr. Stewart was unassuming, modest in appearance, and quite affable in his demeanor to his friends. He dressed plainly and with good taste, and wore no jewelry. As to this latter habit, he objected to it in his clerks; and if it were persisted in, he was accustomed to establish a watch, which frequently resulted in the exposure of dishonest clerks. One day, Mr. Stewart was walking through his retail store, when a massive gold chain and locket in the button-hole of one of his clerks attracted his attention. Stepping up to him, he said, "Young man, if I were you I would button up my coat on that;" and, pointing down to his own plain black silk watch-cord, he said, "That is the best I can afford to wear; take my advice, and keep it covered up."

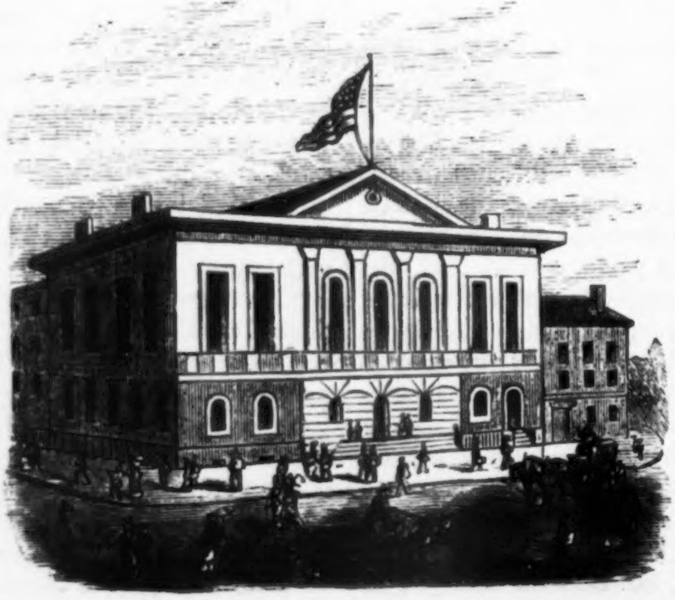
It is said that he was exceedingly kind to clerks who lost their health while in his service, and that he has been known to pay the salaries of clerks for months while they were lying on a sick-bed—even assuming the physician's expenses as well. His discipline was stringent, certainly not an unnecessary element in such large establishments. It is not shown, however, that this was cruel or unreasonable.

One of his business peculiarities was shown in his never displaying any sign. On being asked by a lady friend his reason for this eccentricity, he replied by quoting the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush."

While he always ascribed his success to his inflexible honesty in trade, yet when asked if he believed in luck, it is said he replied, "Indeed I do. There are some persons who are always unlucky. I sometimes open a case of goods, and sell the first piece to some person who is unlucky, and I lose on it to the end. I frequently sell goods to unlucky people, whom I would avoid if I could."

His mistake in life, he said, was that he did not open his retail store above Twenty-third Street. He believed that he would have had better returns on his stock.

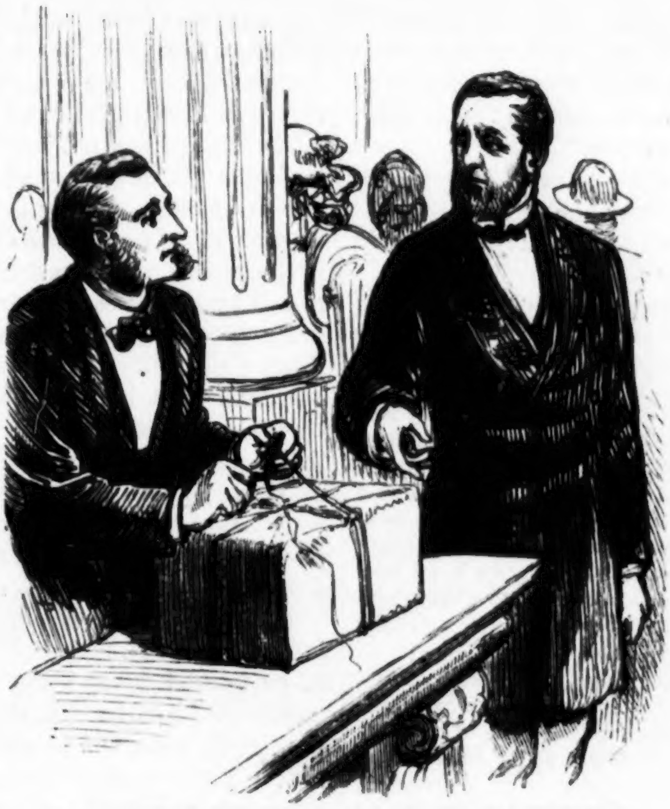
It was almost impossible to reach Mr. Stewart in business hours. He was to be seen only at the down-store; and on a visitor inquiring there for him, he would have to run the gauntlet of the floor-walker, a watchman,



WASHINGTON HALL, FORMERLY ON THE SITE OF MR. STEWART'S WHOLESALE STORE.

probably Judge Hilton, and very likely others; and then, unless his business was exceedingly important or his credentials of special interest, he would be obliged to confide his errand to a subordinate, or go away without attending to it.

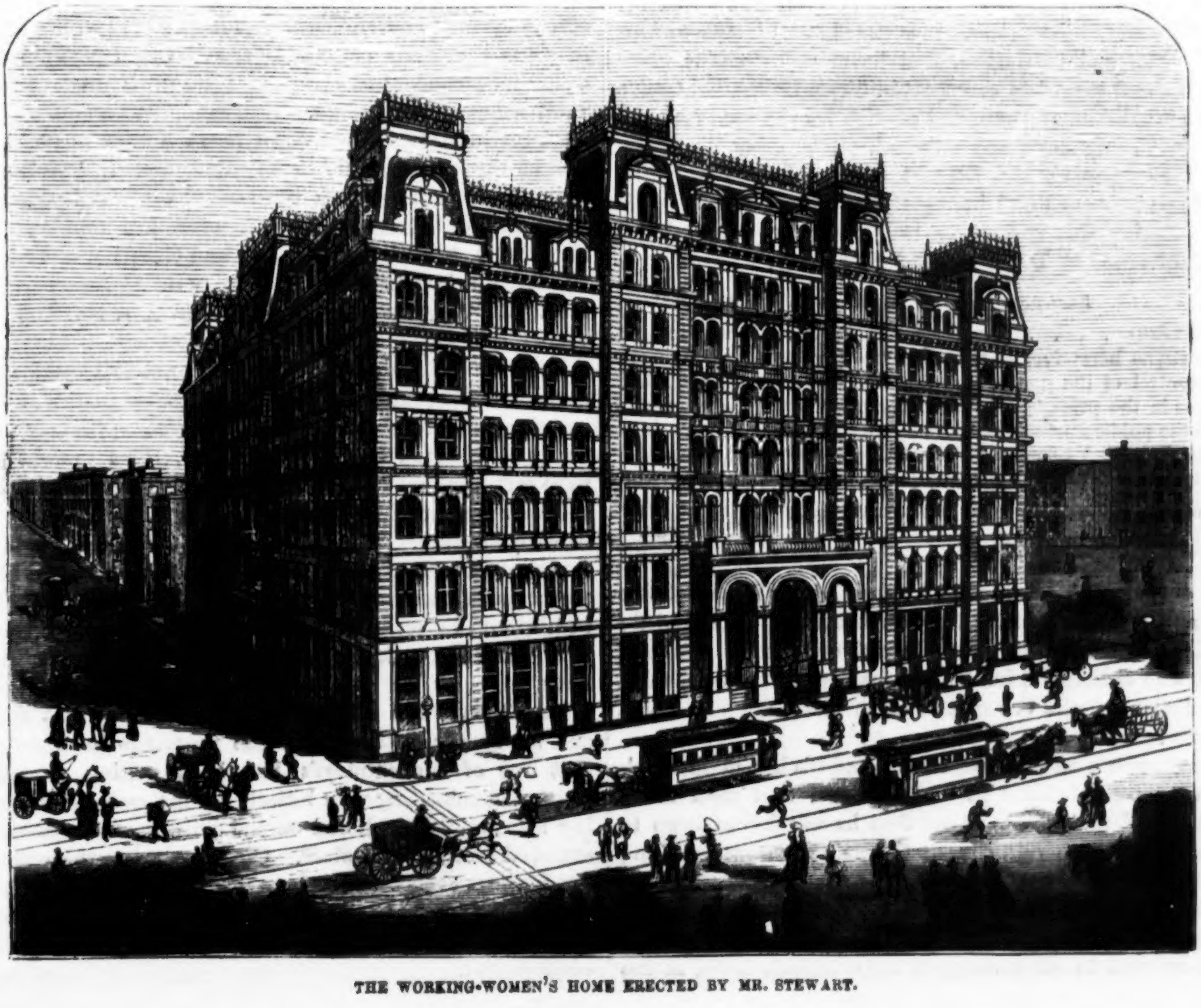
As to the nature of Mr. Stewart's business, it is a fact that this brought dismay and ruin upon many small dealers as it progressed insidiously toward the remarkable proportions which it finally reached. Of late years, however, the tendency to concentration in the retail business has been manifestly increasing in this country. Its advantages, as regards the convenience and comfort of the public, are certainly not to be denied; and if there are sound and valid objections to it as a question of social economy, this is not the place to discuss the question. Large capital and economical organization can, without doubt, do better by and for the public than can small stores with heavy rent and taxes.


MR. STEWART REPROVING A CLERK FOR HIS WASTEFULNESS.

Not the least remarkable peculiarity in Mr. Stewart's vast and comprehensive business relations consists in the fact that he was so seldom deceived or defrauded, either by his customers or partners, or by his employés. This remarkable exemption from the losses which constantly overtake men in business who have much less to look after than he had, was attributed by himself to the rigid method which he had adopted in the conduct of his affairs.

A rather good story is told, whether it be true or not, which illustrates Mr. Stewart's opinions. It is said that an anxious inquirer asked Commodore Vanderbilt the secret of making a fortune. "There is no secret about it," said he; "all you have to do is to attend to your business and go ahead." George Law, on being asked the same question, replied, "There is nothing so easy as making money when you have money to make it with. The only thing is to see the crisis and take it at its flood." Finally the anxious inquirer went to Mr. Stewart, from whom he obtained the following response: "I consider honesty and truth the great aids in gaining a fortune."

The venerable Peter Cooper states that on one occasion while strolling through the Tenth Street store, in company


THE WORKING-WOMEN'S HOME ERECTED BY MR. STEWART.

with Mr. Stewart, the latter gentleman looking at the salesmen, ushers, and other persons in his employ, said abruptly: "Do you see all these persons about here? Well, there is not a man of them who is allowed the slightest discretion. Every one of them does just as he is told; he is a machine working by rote and according to rule."

Illustrative of his sentiments and conduct during the rebellion, the following letter, written by him at the beginning of the war to one of his Southern customers, may be properly quoted:

> DEAR SIR—Your letter requesting to know whether or not I had offered a million of dollars to the Government, for the purposes of the war, and at the same time informing me that neither yourself nor your friends would pay their debts to the firm as they matured, has been received. The intention not to pay seems to be universal in the South—aggravated in your case by the assurance that it does not arise from inability; but whatever may be your determination or that of others at the South, it shall not change my course. All that I have of position and wealth, I owe to the free institutions of the United States, under which, in common with all others, North and South, protection to life, liberty, and property have been enjoyed in the fullest manner. The Government to which these blessings are due, calls on her citizens to protect the Capital of the Union from threatened assault; and although the offer to which you refer has not in terms been made by me, I yet dedicate all that I have, and will, if need be, my life, to the service of the country—for to that country I am bound by the strongest ties of affection and duty. I had hoped that Tennessee would be loyal to the Constitution; but, however extensive may be secession or repudiators, as long as there are any to uphold the sovereignty of the United States, I shall be with them supporting the flag.
>
> Yours, &c., ALEXANDER T. STEWART.
>
> *New York*, April 29th, 1861.

At the beginning of the war, the Government experienced great difficulty in clothing the troops which had been hurried to the front. Mr. Stewart bought the entire production of several woolen mills of this State and in New England, and from those goods made uniforms and flannel undergarments, which he sold to several State Governments in large quantities and at low prices. It is stated as an instance of his fair dealing and patriotism, that he manufactured a great many flannel garments, called "California Shirts," at twelve dollars per dozen, and supplied enough for the use of several regiments every day; and although the price of cloth continued to increase, Mr. Stewart continued to supply the clothing at a very small increase on the cost price.

Concerning this matter, we may properly quote a letter from Governor E. D. Morgan, of New York:

> EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, ALBANY, June 21st, 1861.
>
> DEAR SIR: . . . . Your generous offer to continue to furnish the shirts, as heretofore, at twelve dollars per dozen, although you have control of the goods, and the rise would justify a marked increase in the price, is an act so characteristic of you, especially where the public interests are concerned, and is withal so unselfish and patriotic, that I cannot withhold the expression of my thanks, and my regret that the bright example has so few imitators.
>
> With the sincerest regard, I am your friend,
>
> E. D. MORGAN.
>
> ALEXANDER T. STEWART, ESQ.

As to personal charities and subscriptions for charitable purposes, it is stated of Mr. Stewart that he depended chiefly for his conclusions with regard to such upon the character of those who solicited him. An introduction or solicitation from certain parties was quite sure to meet with a favorable response.

Mr. Stewart's habits were simple and his life methodical. He usually breakfasted at eight o'clock, that meal being composed of plain food. After that he was driven down to his retail store, where he spent two or three hours, walking through every part of it, questioning salesmen, acquainting himself with the quantity of stock on hand in each line, and further observing how his business was being conducted. Then he went in his carriage to the wholesale store, at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street. There he read his correspondence, and transacted business until five o'clock. For many years he was accustomed to dine at Delmonico's, at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, and latterly he dined at home.

Mr. Stewart was not very much given to hospitality, but made it a practice to entertain his friends at dinner on Sunday afternoons. Nearly every week some stranger of distinction thus became one of his guests, and the interior of his house and the character of his hospitality were perhaps as well known abroad as here.

Mr. Stewart has owned a pew in St. Mark's Church for thirty years. He was not a regular attendant, but was frequently seen in his pew, No. 32, a little more than half way up the aisle on the left side of the church, the prayer-books in the rack bearing Mr. Stewart's signature, written in his own business hand, accompanied by a long flourish. The second pew from Mr. Stewart's, next to the east wall, is that of the Stuyvesant family, arranged in the old style, with double seats and solid table, supported by large, post-like legs.

St. Mark's Church is one of the most venerable landmarks in New York, and the quiet churchyard lying to the east of it, on Second Avenue and Stuyvesant Street, is a strange feature in the midst of the busy city. In 1820 and 1830 this was largely converted into a burial-place by the construction of family under-ground vaults. Six noble and far-spreading elms give a beautiful appearance to the churchyard, and three of these, close together in the centre of the yard, shade a tablet bearing the inscription, "No. 112. A. T. Stewart's Family Vault." Here lie the remains of Mr. Stewart's mother; his two children, who died young; and Miss Clinch, a niece of Mrs. Stewart.

East of Mr. Stewart's vault are the family vaults of John A. Graf and Edwin Townsend; on the south side, the vault of George Watherspoon, dated 1845; and on the west side, the vault of Benjamin Wintrop. Nicholas Fish, the father of the Hon. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State, lies buried in a vault near the church-walk; and David D. Tompkins, once Vice-President of the United States, is interred in the vault near the vestry door. But the most venerable of the dead of St. Mark's Churchyard lie in a vault near the east wall of the church, which is distinguished by a tablet fastened to the wall beneath the second window, bearing the following inscription: "In this vault lies buried Petrus Stuyvesant, late Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Amsterdam, in New Netherlands, now called New York, and the Dutch West India Islands, died in A. D. 1675, aged 80 years."

St. Mark's Church is small, and will not seat comfortably more than 800 persons. The interior of the church, like its exterior, is old-fashioned, but stately in appearance, and richly upholstered in crimson damask. The present pews were put in about thirty years ago. They are commodious and well cushioned, and the railings are heavy and of polished mahogany. The windows are double and small, and the glass of a dingy color. The altar is plain, and back of the beautiful lectern—the only conspicuous piece of church furniture to be seen—is the inscription, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Several memorial tablets are built in the walls.

Mr. Stewart was extremely sensitive to personal attacks and newspaper criticisms. Some years ago he discovered that one of his employés had been writing newspaper articles, commenting very bitterly on his method of directing his establishment, and on the severity of the discipline enforced in his retail store. On discovering the offender, Mr. Stewart expelled him from his employ, displaying the greatest indignation. It is stated, however, that Mr. Stewart was generally esteemed and liked by those in his employment.

Mr. Stewart was fond of bright colors and lively combinations in fabrics, and in the selection of his paintings this preference influenced him largely, he invariably choosing, when he selected for himself, such as united with a large and prominent figured subject bright and striking colors. At one time a few artists and private friends met at his house to examine a French artist's new painting, which had just arrived, having been painted to Mr. Stewart's order some time before. In the course of the conversation Mr. Stewart remarked, that in his opinion the colors were not bright enough, and in reply, one of the gentlemen said that the artist painted for the future, that the colors would become brighter by age, and that in fifty or one hundred years the picture would be more pleasing than if painted in brighter colors. To this remark Mr. Stewart characteristically responded: "But, confound it! I do not expect to live fifty or one hundred years; I want to enjoy it now."

The firm directed by A. T. Stewart was formerly composed as follows: Alexander T. Stewart, of New York; Mr. Worden, of Paris, France; Mr. Fox, of Manchester, England; and Mr. William Libby, of New York. The latter gentleman came into the employ of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co. between twelve and fifteen years ago as business manager of the New York wholesale house of Broadway, Chambers, and Reade Streets, and a few years after his admission he was taken in as partner of the house and placed in charge of the downtown store. The others of the partners are dead.

As to Mr. Stewart's habits in the expenditure of money, it should be observed, that when he had concluded upon any course, his action was the reverse of niggardly, and he never seemed to consider of importance the gross amount of the necessary expenditure. Not long before his death a conversation occurred between Mr. Stewart and the superintendent of the Garden City improvements, which illustrates this trait.

At that time the great Garden City Hotel had just been erected, but the grounds in the neighborhood were entirely unimproved, and Mr. Stewart apparently was not satisfied with the delay in the work. He was about changing agents at that time, and consulted the one then in charge in regard to the cost of the work, and the time required to finish it. He was told that it would cost $2,500, and three years' time would be required for the proper cultivation of the ground, planting of trees, and preparing the road-bed. Mr. Stewart was not satisfied with this statement, and at once consulted the gentleman who afterward received the position of superintendent, and questioned him as to his views. The latter, at once appreciating Mr. Stewart's ideas, and his evident desire to see the work hurried forward, said he could do the work for $20,000, and have it all done in six weeks. Mr. Stewart seemed to be astonished at the extravagant sum named, but said: "That is a great deal of money to lay out, but go ahead." The superintendent did go ahead, and the grounds were broken, graded, several hundred trees planted, and every desired improvement finished in the time named.

As displaying something of the personal opinion with regard to Mr. Stewart of gentlemen who were familiar with him, and on whose judgment the public are apt to rely, a few quotations from interviews with them may be given.

Mr. John J. Cisco, who was a personal friend of Mr. Stewart, and had known him from boyhood, said that he was one of the most estimable men he had ever known. He could not speak too highly of his ability and integrity. His qualities of mind were most rare, and some traits of his character were wonderful. Those who knew him best esteemed him most.

Mr. Morris K. Jessup said: "As a merchant, Mr. Stewart stood at the very head. His success proved what industry and perseverance can do. His one great idea was to make his profession a success, and he did it."

Mr. William A. Booth remarked that, "For managing, systematizing, organizing, and controlling, Mr. Stewart was the ablest merchant in this city. I have looked upon his management," said Mr. Booth, "with astonishment. On one point there can be but one opinion, namely, his justice to every person that bought of him. Every purchaser knew that he was buying Mr. Stewart's goods at a fair price, and this most creditable principle of equity in dealing with his customers, always deserves to be emphasized in connection with his name."

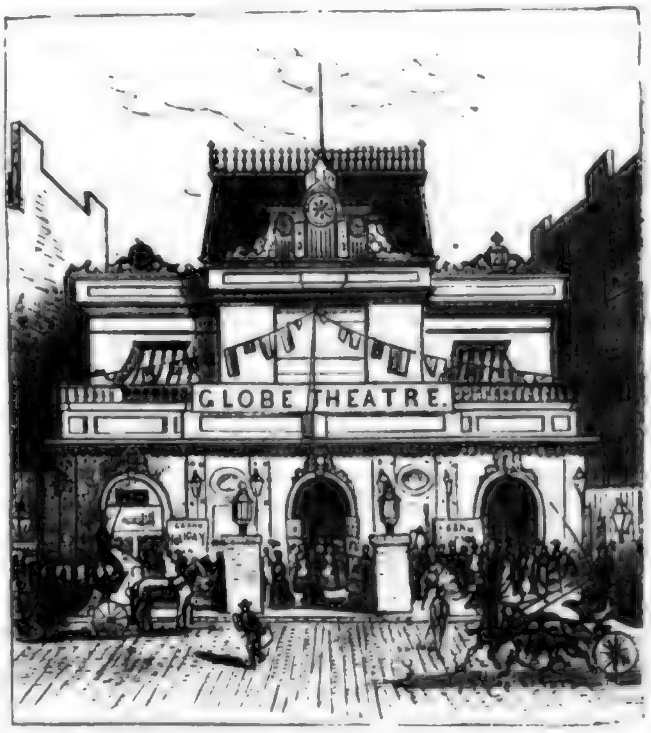
Fletcher Harper, Jr., said: "In the Union League Club, Mr. Stewart was prominent and greatly respected, and had he lived another year he would probably have been elected president of the club."

Mayor Wickham said: "He was undoubtedly one of the greatest merchants of this or any other age, and by those who knew him best, his social qualities were most appreciated."

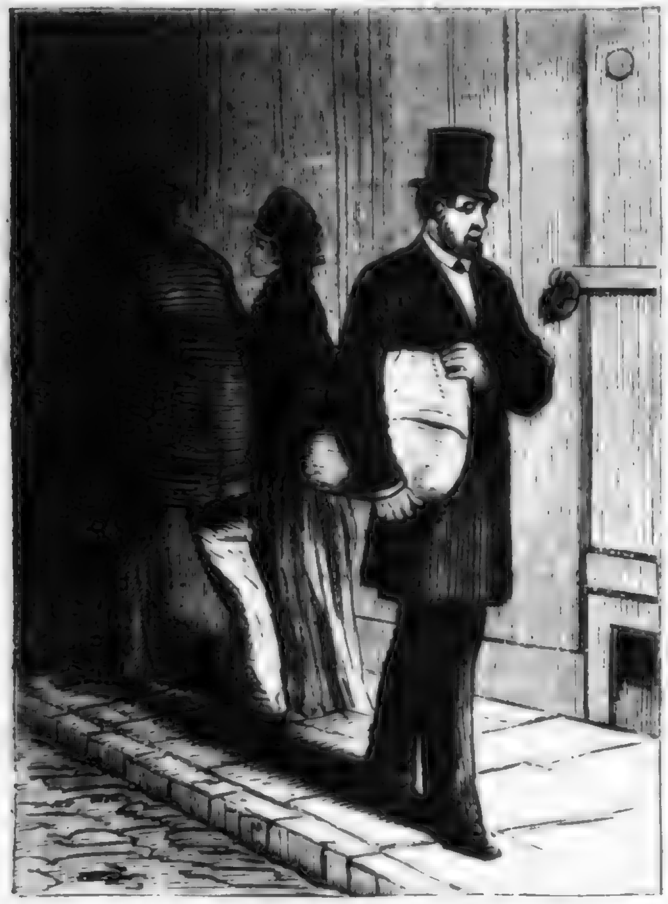
Jackson S. Schultz observed that "Mr. Stewart was a highly appreciative member of the Union League Club, and always very liberal in his contributions. He never allowed any other man to give more than he did, and in most instances he gave double. Especially during the war, when patriotism was most needed, did Mr. Stewart exhibit the intensest patriotic feeling. He was a great merchant," continued Mr. Schultz; "the chief characteristic of all his business transactions was truthfulness. He so insisted himself, in conversation one day with me on the subject. It was not his one-price system, as I had suggested, he said, but his truthful dealings with his customers."

A. A. Low said: "I suppose that he was a marvel to everybody. It was wonderful how he could not only organize, manage, and sustain his immense regular business, but also enter upon so many extra enterprises, and provide capital for so many outside interests. Every one seems to admit that he was the greatest merchant in the City of New York."

The Union League Club placed itself on record as to its estimate of Mr Stewart's character, and the loss which his death had inflicted upon the community, in the following


GLOBE THEATRE.

THE GLOBE THEATRE, BROADWAY, OPPOSITE WAVERLEY PLACE, N. Y., OWNED BY MR. STEWART.



MR. STEWART, IN HIS EARLY BUSINESS LIFE, CARRYING HOME A BUNDLE.

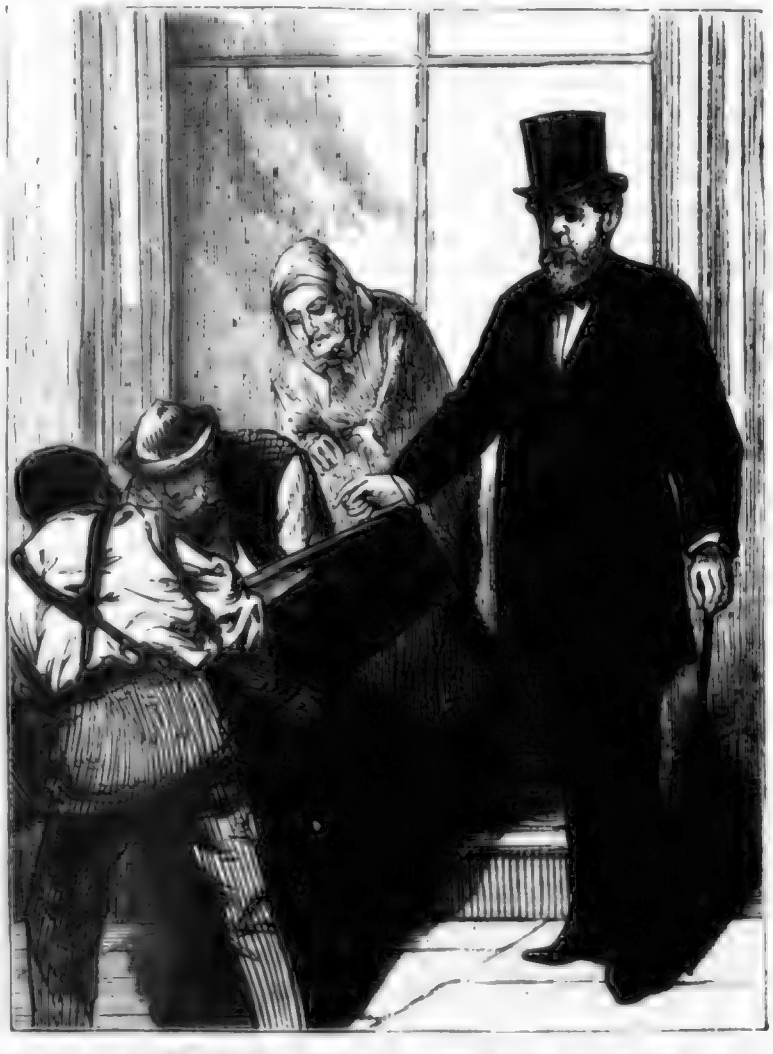
resolutions, offered by Peter Cooper, seconded by Parke Godwin, and unanimously adopted:

> *Resolved*, That the members of the Union League Club have received with deep regret the intelligence of the death of Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, who was from its organization an active and devoted member of the Club, and for many years one of its vice-presidents. For more than a generation the name of Mr. Stewart has been closely identified with the progress and prosperity of this city, to which his vast wealth and gigantic business enterprises in a measure contributed. There was nothing accidental or fictitious in the marvels of the success of his undertakings, and the rapid strides of his fortunes. The strictest integrity in every transaction, the unrivaled diligence in his business, and the absolute devotion of his life to its pursuit, would not alone have enabled him to achieve such signal commercial triumphs, but all these great virtues were coupled with a matchless genius for trade, which raised him in early manhood to a conspicuous rank, and long since secured for him the acknowledged position of the most successful merchant in the world. But, notwithstanding Mr. Stewart's intense devotion to his own private affairs, he at all times exhibited a public spirit and a hearty interest in the welfare of his city and country, which did him great honor, and inspired the confidence of his fellow-citizens. He uniformly threw his whole weight into the scale for pure and honest government, and against fraud, and corruption, and jobbery in public affairs. In the patriotic struggle which the honest people of this city have waged at fearful odds against politicians and plunderers, he gave the influence of his name, his counsel, and his money, to the right side, and every man who aimed at the proper administration of the affairs of the city, or the good of its citizens, was sure of his support and sympathy. In the concerns of the nation he took an active and abiding interest. His patriotism was unquestioned, and his loyalty unconditional. He allied himself with the Republican party while that party was engaged in its great contest against slavery and rebellion, but was never blind to its faults or disposed to applaud its errors. His experience and sagacity led him in the last years of his life to pronounce most emphatically for reform, and the reawakening of public virtue. In the affairs of this Club, his interest and his influence were very marked. He contributed liberally to all its undertakings, and entered into them with characteristic zeal and energy, laboring diligently to increase and widen its power and influence.
>
> *Resolved*, That as a mark of respect to the memory of Mr. Stewart, a committee of fifty be appointed by the president to attend his funeral.

As to Mr. Stewart's own opinion with regard to his plan of life and his business system, the following is quoted from himself: "My business has been a matter of principle from the start. That is all there is about it. If the golden rule can be incorporated into purely mercantile business, it has been done in this establishment, and you must have noticed, if you have observed closely, that the customers are treated as the seller himself would like to be treated were he in their place. That is to say, nothing is misrepresented; the price is fixed, once and for all, at the lowest possible figure, and the circumstances of the buyer are not suffered to influence the salesman in his conduct in the smallest particular."

Conducted, as is alleged, on this basis, the trade transacted by Mr. Stewart became almost fabulous. The sales in the two establishments are said to have amounted to $203,000,000 in three years, and the income of Mr. Stewart has been the largest in the mercantile world. In 1863 his income was $1,900,000; in 1864, $4,000,000; in 1865, $1,600,000; in 1866, $600,000—an average of about $2,000,000. When he was nominated for Secretary of the Treasury in 1869, he estimated his annual income at $1,500,000.

At the time of his nomination, Mr. Stewart and his family, accompanied by Judge Henry Hilton and General Daniel Butterfield, visited Washington, and occupied apartments at the Ebbitt House, a private entrance on Fourteenth Street, near Newspaper Row, being arranged for his personal convenience. It was understood at the time that only the objection made by Senator Sumner prevented his confir-

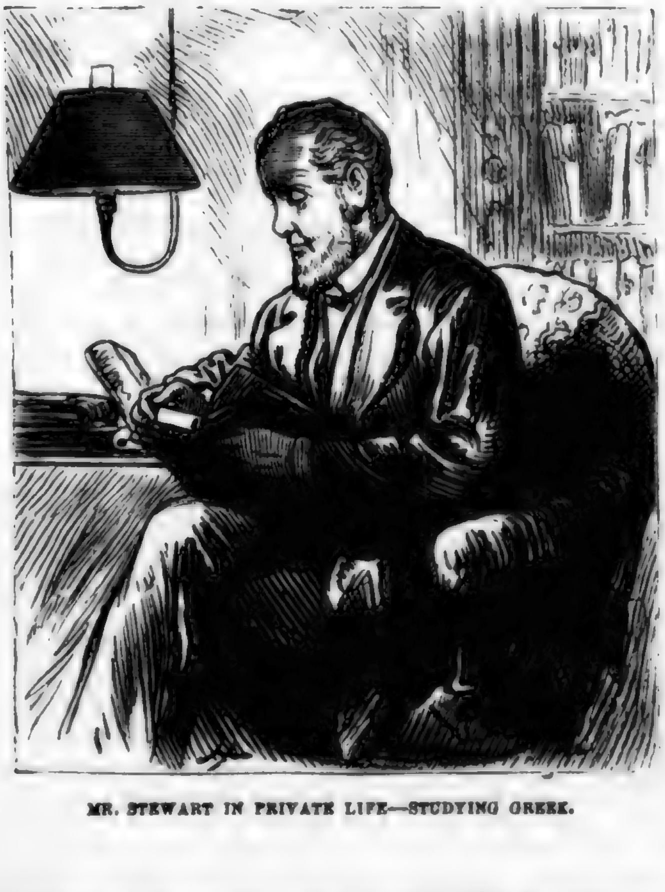


MR. STEWART'S TRADE SUPERSTITION.—MOVING THE OLD APPLE-WOMAN TO HIS TENTH STREET STORE.

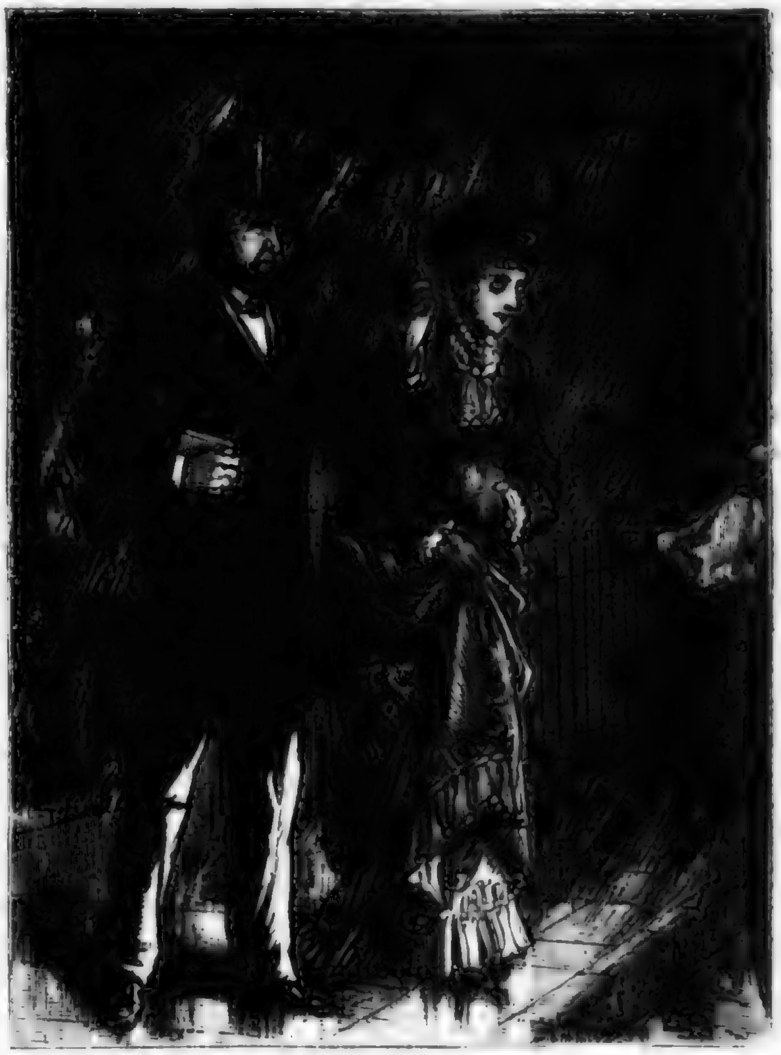
mation by the Senate. Late in the afternoon of the day on which the nominations were sent in, rumors got afloat that there was a law, understood to have been really written by Alexander Hamilton while Secretary of the Treasury, prohibiting an importer in active business from holding the position of Secretary of the Treasury. A newspaper correspondent obtained the law bearing on the case and carried it to General Butterfield, who conveyed it to Mr. Stewart and his legal adviser, Judge Hilton. They immediately consulted Chief Justice Chase, and he confirmed the view which had been taken of the law by those who first brought it to Mr. Stewart's attention. It was understood at the time in Washington that Mr. Stewart proposed to retire from business and devote the entire profits that might accrue during the time he held the office of Secretary of the Treasury to any charitable object which might be named; but this was decided to be a measure which would not be proper, either for him to carry out or the Government to accept. Immediately after seeing Chief Justice Chase, Mr. Stewart and Judge Hilton drove to the White House and laid the facts and opinions before the President, who, on the next day, wrote a message to the Senate, asking that the law of 1788 be set aside, so as to enable the candidate to hold the office. This the Senate declined to do, and Mr. Stewart remained, so far as his political aspirations were concerned, in private life. He had been a strong and active advocate of the election of General Grant to the Presidency, and one of the largest contributors to the present of $100,000 made the latter by the merchants of New York, as an acknowledgment of his services during the war.

In connection with Mr. Stewart's interest in political affairs, it may be observed that he fought the Broadway Railroad project year after year, and its ultimate defeat was due mainly to his efforts.

Mr. Stewart died at his residence in Fifth Avenue on April 10th, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and after a sickness of about three weeks, although for three years he had been to some extent under the influence of the disease whose recurrence caused his death.



MR. STEWART IN PRIVATE LIFE—STUDYING GREEK.



MR. STEWART OFFERS HIS ESCORT AND UMBRELLA TO A FASHIONABLE LADY.

As has been already stated in the course of this article, Mr. Stewart was in the habit, every Sunday, of giving a dinner-party to his friends and to such distinguished visitors as might be in the city. On the occasion of the last of these there were present, among others, Chief Justice Charles P. Daly, of the Court of Common Pleas; Mr. Albert Bierstadt, the artist, and Mrs. Bierstadt; Mr. and Mrs. Ethan Allen; Dr. Marcy, Mr. Stewart's physician; Gov. Oglesby, of Illinois, and others. It is asserted, as illustrating Mr. Stewart's superstition, that owing to the non-appearance of certain of the invited guests, thirteen sat down to table—the fatal number. It is also said that Mr. Stewart observed this, and made some effort to extend the circle of guests, but without avail. After the dinner Mr. Stewart exhibited to those present his art-gallery and library, and while moving about in these rooms remarked that he felt cold, and, going out, presently returned, wearing his overcoat and hat. Soon afterward he complained of pain in the side. On the following day he was suffering severely, and the damp, unseasonable weather that ensued intensified the violence of his malady. The affection of the bladder, from which he had long suffered, now became complicated with the new disorder, and inflammation set in. He was, however, treated so successfully by Dr. Marcy that he rallied from this first attack, and was even able to walk about his house. On the Thursday preceding his death, however, he exposed himself, took fresh cold, and was again prostrated, this time with inflammation of the bowels. From this period he began to sink, and on Monday became unconscious, in which condition he died.

Immediately on the fact of his death having been made public, Mr. Stewart's stores were closed, and the flags were raised thereon at half-mast; and this was also done on all the public buildings, hotels, and larger business establishments in the city. The announcement of the death of Mr.

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Stewart created a decided sensation throughout the city—partly from the fact that it was unexpected, and largely because of the mystery which was observed with regard to it. The fact that he was dangerously ill had been concealed by his friends and partners, and for hours after his death was known in the newspaper offices, and even while his stores were being closed, no information could be obtained from those nearest to him.

Arrangements were at once made for the funeral, which was set down for Thursday, April 13th. The following gentlemen were selected as pall-bearers: Gov. S. J. Tilden, Ex-Gov. John A. Dix, Chief-Justice Daly, William Libby, Ex-Gov. E. D. Morgan, Royal Phelps, R. S. Stuart, Charles H. Russell, Stephen Ray, Gov. Alex. Rice, of Massachusetts; Judge Noah Davis, Peter Cooper, Judge H. E. Davies, Jacob D. Vermilye, Francis Cottenet, and James Lenox.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the funeral, the employés of the dead merchant gathered in Thirty-fourth Street, formed into procession, and moved through the house, and passed the coffin to take a last look at their late employer. Nearly two thousand men and boys were in this procession, each wearing upon his arm a piece of crape. The casket containing the remains rested on a bed of roses, three feet high, in the main hall of the mansion, and was surrounded with other floral designs, wreaths, crosses, anchors, and broken columns without number. The casket was made of oak, covered with the finest black Lyons velvet, the lid secured with solid gold nails, and extension handles mounted with gold in their proper places. Upon the lid, engraved on a solid silver plate, was the following inscription:

ALEX. T. STEWART,
Born, October 12th, 1803,
Died, April 10th, 1876.

The funeral cortége moved from Fifth Avenue to St. Mark's Church via Broadway and Ninth Street. Large numbers of people gathered along the route, while crowds occupied the immediate vicinity of the church, clambering upon fences and establishing themselves in all directions at good points of view. The services were conducted by the Right Rev. Bishop Potter, assisted by Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., and Rev. Dr. Rylance. At their conclusion the casket containing the body was lowered into the vault in the churchyard already described.

The will of Mr. Stewart, which was filed in the Surrogate's Office on the day after the funeral,

1 Bequeathed all the property and estate of the testator to his wife, Cornelia M. Stewart, her heirs and assigns forever.

2. Appointed Henry Hilton to act for the testator, and in behalf of his estate, in managing, closing, and winding-up his partnership business and affairs, and empowered him in respect thereto as fully as the testator was authorized to do by the articles of copartnership of the firm of Alexander T. Stewart & Co.

3. It bequeathed to said Henry Hilton $1,000.000.

4. It revoked and annulled all other wills, and appointed as executors, Cornelia M. Stewart, Henry Hilton, and William Libbey. This was signed March 37th, 1873, and witnessed by William P. Smith, of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue; W. H. White, of 228 Fifth Avenue; E. E. Marcy, M.D., of 396 Fifth Avenue.

This was followed by a codicil bearing the same date, in which the following legacies were bequeathed:

To George B. Butler, the sum of $20,000; to John M. Hopkins, the sum of $10,000; to A. R. P. Cooper, the sum of $10,000; to Edwin James Denning, the sum of $10,000; to John S. Green, 10,000; to George H. Higgins, $10,000; to Henry H. Rice, $5,000; to John De Bret, $5,000; to Robert Prother, $5,000; to —— Dodge, $5,000; to Hugh Connor, $5,000; to William Armstrong, $5,000; "each of whom have long and faithfully served me in my business affairs." Also to William P. Smith, $5.000; to William Lynch, $2,500; to Martha Turner, $2,500; to Rebecca Turner, $2,500; to Sarah Turner, $500; to James Cummings, $1,000; to Edward Thompson, $1,000; to Michael Riorden, $500; "all faithful servants of my house."

This codicil concluded as follows:

And whereas I desire to testify my sincere regard for Sarah Morrow and Rebecca Morrow, now residing at No 30 East Thirty-ninth Street, in the City of New York, the friends of my early youth, and at whose father's house I enjoyed in my youth a hospitality and welcome which I cannot forget or repay. It is therefore my will, and I do direct that my executors shall set apart from my estate a sum sufficient to produce an annuity of $12,000 in quarter-yearly installments. Such sum of money so set apart I give to my executors in trust to hold, manage, invest, and re-invest during the lives of said Sarah and Rebecca Morrow, and until both shall die; and from the income and proceeds thereof, to pay over to said Sarah and Rebecca such annuity of $12,000 in equal shares during their joint lives, and upon the death of either of them to pay the whole of such annuity to the survivor during her life; such payments to be made in quarter-yearly installments in advance, and commencing on the day my said will shall be admitted to probate.

Further, I do give to the said Sarah and Rebecca Morrow, and to the survivors of them, the use, during life, of the said house and premises now occupied by them, No. 30 East Thirty-ninth Street, in the City of New York, together with the furniture, etc., contained therein, free from all taxes, assessments, etc.

Lastly, I give to Ellen B. Hilton, the wife of my friend Henry Hilton, the sum of $5,000.

Finally, I ratify and confirm my said will, dated March 27, 1873, in every respect, so far as the bequest therein to my wife is diminished or modified by the various gifts, legacies, etc., therein contained.

This was followed by a second codicil, dated March 28, 1873, bequeathing the following gifts and legacies:

Charles P. Clinch, $10,000; Anna Clinch, $10,000; Julia Clinch, $10,000; Emma Clinch, $10,000; Sarah Smith, the wife of J. Lawrence Smith, $10,000; Cornelia S. Smith, $10,000.

It also continued the said Anna, Julia, and Emma Clinch in the use and enjoyment of the house, lot, and land at 115 East Thirty-fifth Street, during their several lives. It further bequeathed to Charles J. Church the sum of $10,000.

This was followed by a document in the form of a letter, addressed, "To my Dear Wife," dated March 29th, 1873, and which proceeded as follows:

It has been and is my intention to make provision for various public charities; but as any scheme of the kind I propose will need considerable thought and elaboration, I have made my will, with the codicils in their present shape, to guard against any contingency, knowing I may rely upon you supplying all deficiencies on my part.

I hope and trust my health may be spared, so that I may complete the various plans for the welfare of our fellow-beings which I have already initiated; but should it be ruled otherwise, I must depend upon you, with such aid as you may call about you, to carry out what I have begun.

Our friend Judge Hilton will, I know, give you any assistance in his power, and to him I refer you for a general understanding of the various methods and plans which I have at times, with him, considered and discussed.

I am not unaware, also, of the fact that there are many who have served me faithfully and well in my business, and otherwise, who should be recognized and rewarded, but for whom I have not, as yet, made any special provision. Your own recollection, aided by Judge Hilton's knowledge on the subject, will doubtless bring these persons to your attention, and I feel satisfied their claims will be justly considered by you. Especially, however, I do desire that you will ascertain the names of all such of my employés who have been with me for a period of ten years and upward And I request that to each of those who have been in my employment for a period of twenty years, shall be paid $1,000, while to each of those who have been with me for ten years, shall be paid $500.

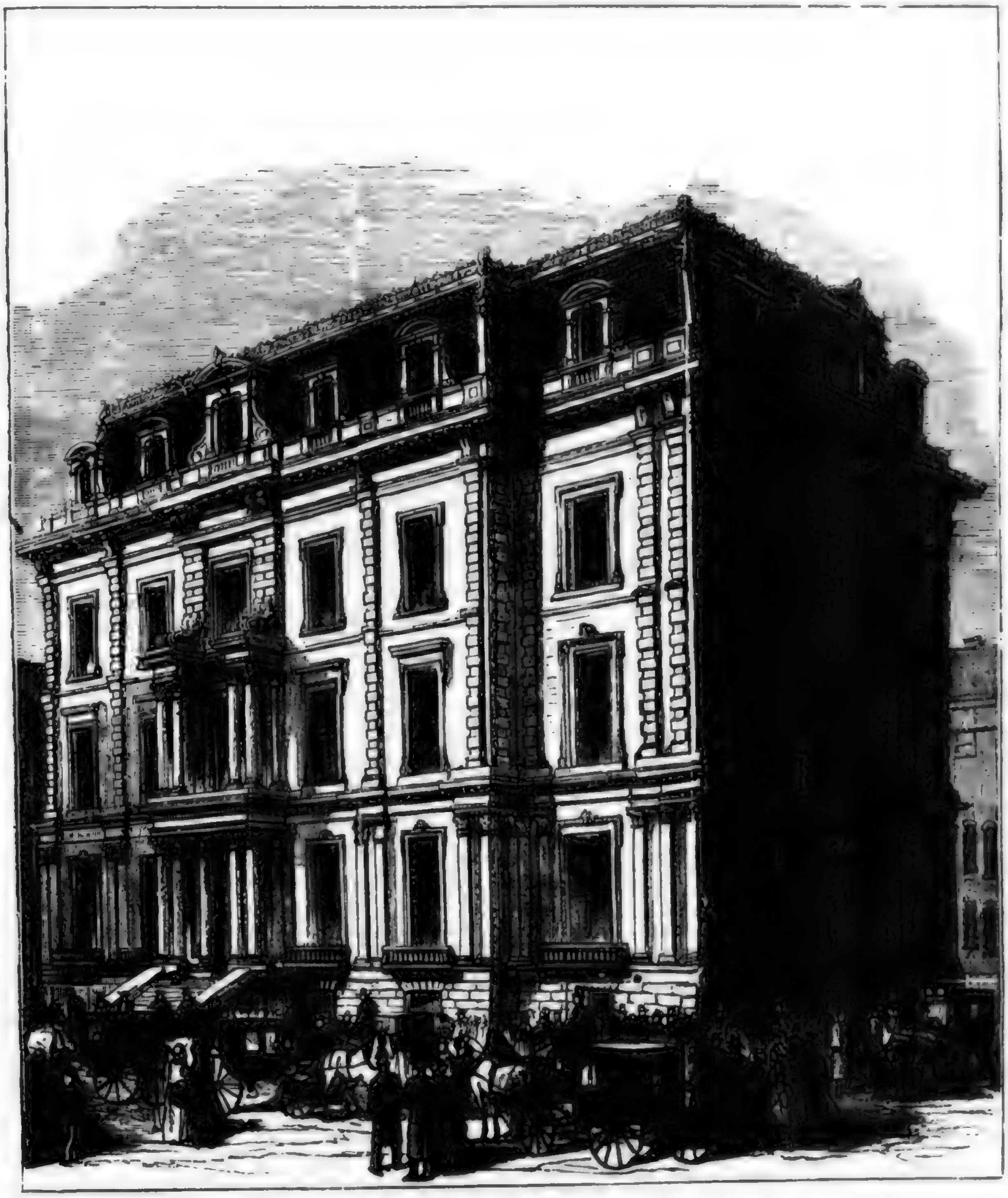
ALEXANDER T. STEWART.

The promulgation of the will, codicils, and other directions of Mr. Stewart, was followed by the published agreement concluded between Mrs. Stewart and Judge Hilton, by which a complete transfer of the business of Alexander T. Stewart

& Co., in so far as it involved the interests of the late Mr. Stewart, to Judge Henry Hilton, in consideration of the payment by the latter to Mrs. Stewart of the sum of $1,000,000, was consummated.

Following this there was announced the formation of a copartnership between Judge Hilton and William Libby, for the purpose of carrying on the business under the firm name of Alexander T. Stewart & Co.

This announcement completed the history of the life of Alexander T. Stewart, so far as this is known, by promising the perpetuity of the vast business house to which he had given his name.



CROWD AROUND MR. STEWART'S RESIDENCE ON THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF HIS DEATH.

The leading English journals are still discussing the life and business success of the late A. T. Stewart. The average of their views is well expressed by the *Spectator* in the following language: "The result appears to justify completely the anticipation which we formed a fortnight ago of the wealth accumulated by the millionaire of New York, Mr. A. T. Stewart. That wealth will certainly not fall short of £16,000,000 sterling, and may amount to as much more as would make a man a very great millionaire in England, though that would not exceed a sixteenth, or at most an eighth, of the sum named. But the very minute, though not always very consistent, accounts of Mr. Stewart with which the American journals are so characteristically filled, and his will, which has been published, all bring out one somewhat interesting point—namely, that great success as a man of business implies capacity at once exceedingly rare in its degree, and exceedingly ordinary in its kind. There is nothing which has been told of Mr. Stewart which is not ordinary in kind. His honesty, which was singularly firm, and was the root of his success, is, we hope, a quality ordinary in kind, though rarely so steady and inexorable in its resistance to circumstances of temptation. His chief business principle, to pay cash and insist on cash, and to turn over his stock as rapidly as possible, even at a partial sacrifice, was the principle of common sense, and in him only remarkable because, like his other principles, he acted so steadily and with so organized a method upon it. It seems that, in the commercial panic of 1837, when there was a

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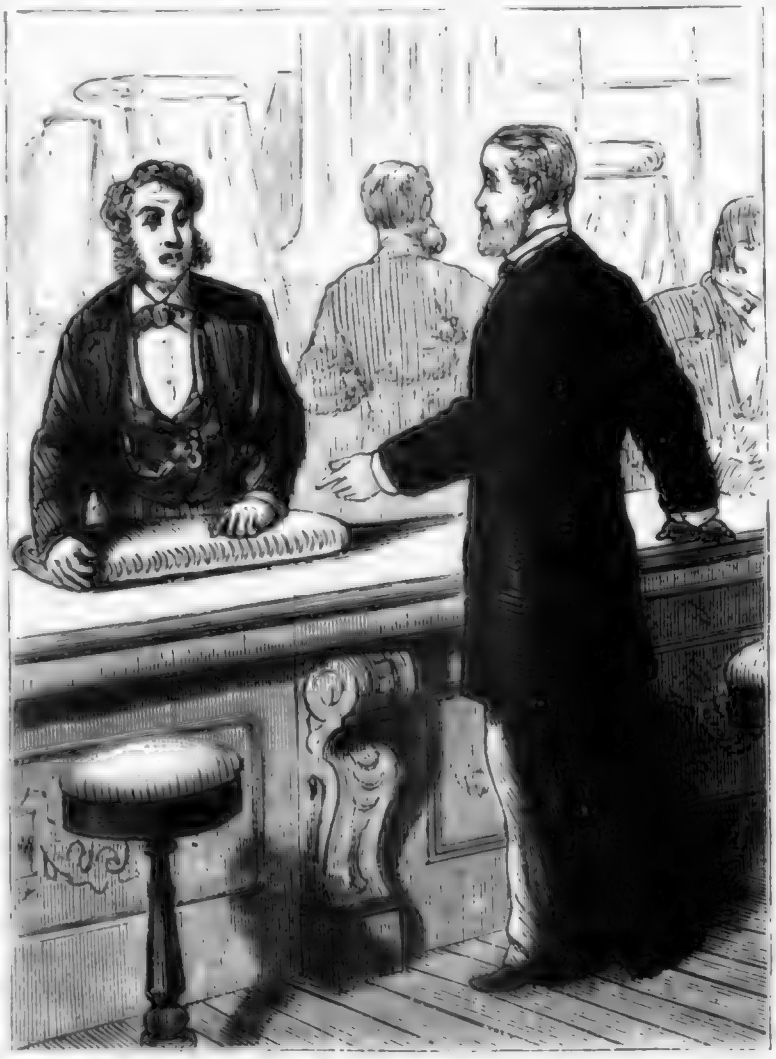
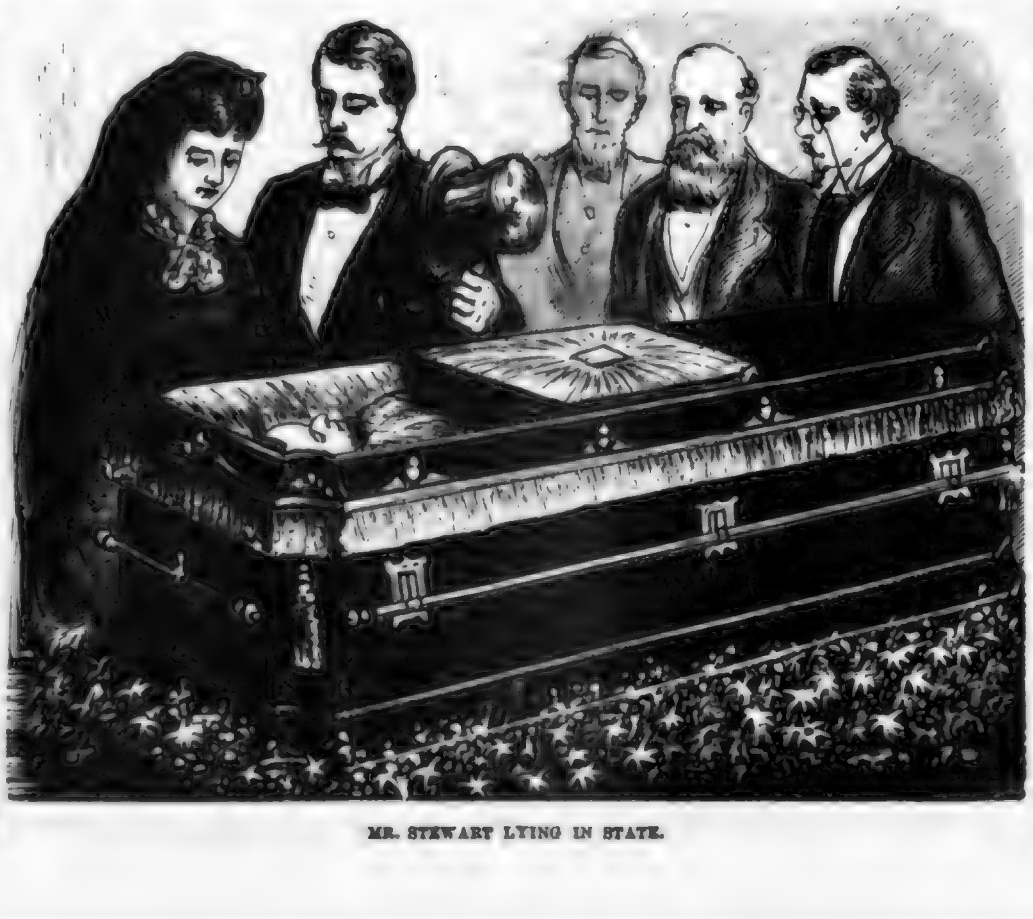


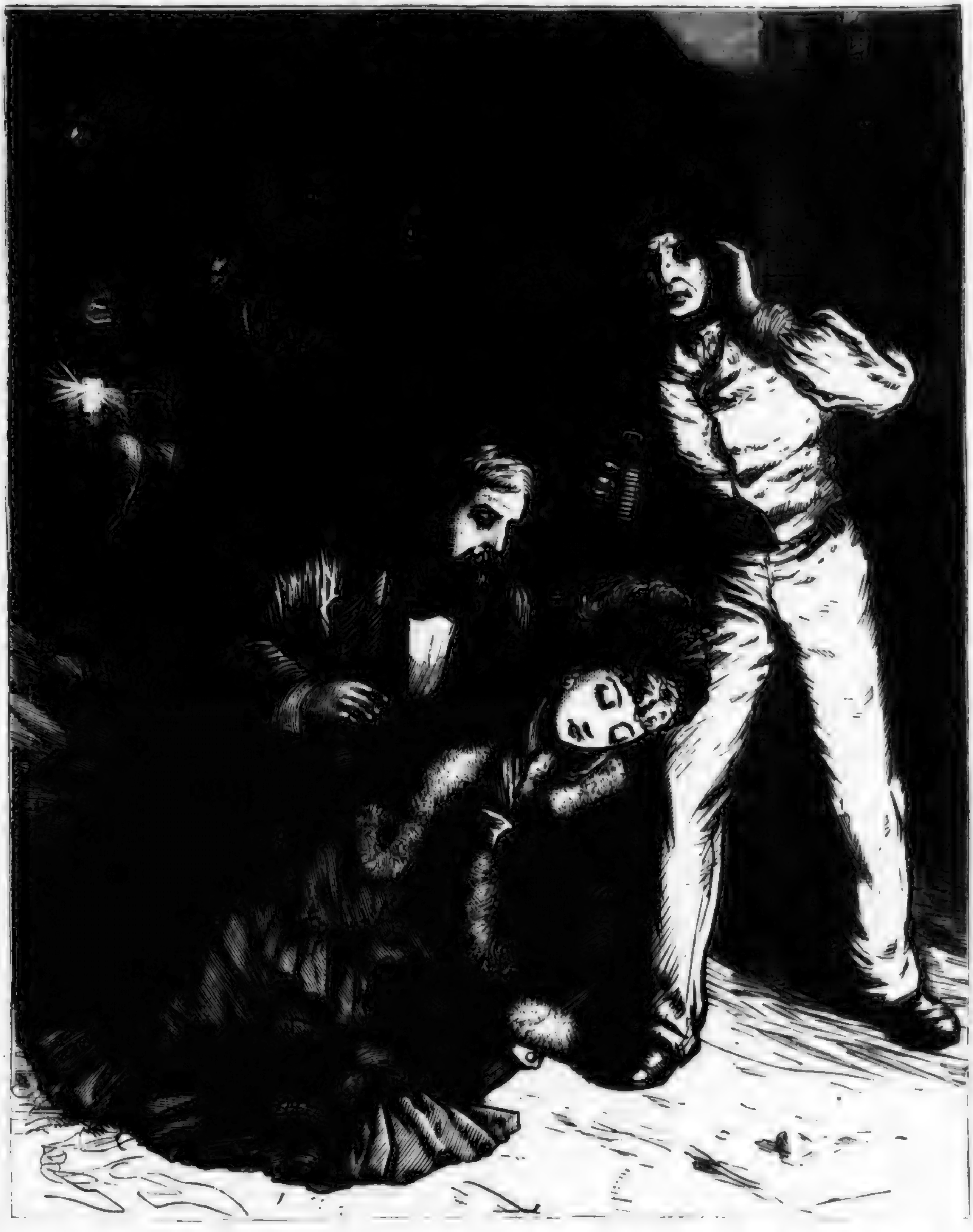
MR. STEWART'S DISLIKE OF DISPLAY—REPROVING EXTRAVAGANCE IN A CLERK.

general fall of values all over the commercial world, he promptly reduced his goods to cost price, sold them off rapidly at that rate, and with the ready money thus acquired bought silks and other imported goods at 60 per cent. less than it would have cost to import them. In other words, he incurred the inevitable loss, but turned it into a vast gain by using the resources thus acquired to obtain, in a market which was every day declining, the means of making a vast profit in future. So, too, he always reduced his stock at the end of the season, to prevent its remaining on hand, being aware that even a loss, followed rapidly by a succession of gains on the capital on which the loss had been incurred, would result much better than an ordinary profit very slowly made. All this was common sense, very steadily applied, and so was the policy by which Mr. Stewart prevented the loss which threatened him from the civil war. The South traded largely with him, and, of course, it was certain that he would lose some of his best customers by their poverty and ruin. He saw the true way to fill up the gap, and bought up at once the materials which he knew that the Northern Government would most need for the clothing and covering of the troops. When at last a large army had to be put into the field, Mr. Stewart was the only man with whom the Government could contract for uniforms, blankets, and other such goods, and what he sold he sold of good quality and at reasonable prices. These are quite sufficient illustrations of the kind of faculty which made Mr. Stewart the richest, or next to the richest man of his age—ordinary qualities vigorously and pertinaciously acted upon, good sense systematized, and carried everywhere into detail."



MR. STEWART LYING IN STATE.

A pious acquaintance, remarkable for the quaint shrewdness of his observations, one day, when walking in a garden, having pulled a flower of exquisite loveliness, after expressing, in his own characteristic way, his admiration of its various beauties, took up a clod of the soil in his other hand, and naïvely, but emphatically, exclaimed, "What but Almighty power could extract that from this?" If there was anything ludicrous in the manner, there was nothing but truth and sublimity in the sentiment. Everything in the operations of the Creator is worthy of devout admiration, but I scarcely know anything in the inanimate world, which brings together and concentrates so many wonders of designing wisdom and benevolence as the structure and qualities of a flower—and assuredly not a little is added to the surprise and pious feeling with which this delightful production is contemplated, when we think of the crude materials from which it is elaborated. The beauty of form and color, the sweetness of the fragrance, the delicate and skillful nature of the organization, the careful provisions, the forethought, the contrivance, the suiting of parts, as regards the propagation of the species, the adaptations to the subsistence and enjoyment of the insect tribes—all produced by the artificial union of a few simple and apparently unfit substances, cannot fail to excite in the reflecting mind the most lively sentiments of astonishment.



A GIRL'S ADVENTURE.—"I BECAME DIMLY CONSCIOUS THAT I WAS LYING ON THE EARTH, WITH A GREAT LIGHT SHINING ON MY FACE. MR. CHESTER LIFTED ME ON HIS STRONG ARM. 'MY DEAR CHILD,' HE SAID, KINDLY, 'ARE YOU BETTER?'"

A GIRL'S ADVENTURE.

By Etta W. Pierce,

Author of "A Woman's Vengeance," "The Birthmark," etc.

Our old girl-life was broken. My sister Letty was married, and the honeymoon and its usual tour, had passed. She and Fred had taken possession of their new home, and here my story finds me.

The nest of these new housekeepers had, of course, the attraction of novelty, and, feverish with a deep unrest, I had flitted restlessly through it. But the time came for me to leave Letty, and the home of which she felt so proud.

My love-life had not been crowned with happiness like hers. My heart had gone out to one whom my guardian and Letty both viewed with distrust. I could not but compare sadly her apparently strong probability of happiness with the doubt and uncertainty and discouragement that hung over my future.

I am afraid Letty felt hurt at the scant praise that I accorded to her charming house and all its belongings. Yet I had seen all.

From the garret to the foundation I had looked over the house, impartially admiring everything which it contained, from the buhl and velvet of the parlors to the bright, new kitchen saucepans sent by some thrifty aunt of Fred's as a wedding-present. I had pounded out my favorite sonata from the grand new piano, and hung a horse-shoe over the door of Fred's smoking-room for good luck—had laughed at Letty's new matronly airs, and patiently listened to her tireless chatter concerning the wedding-journey and her happiness—the latter not to be compared to anything on the earth or in the heavens above the earth—and now it was time to go, and I sat in the bride's blue-and-gold boudoir, looking in her dear fair face, and holding her fat little hand in mine.

She little knew why I held it so closely, why I pressed it so fervently. She little knew how hollow was all my assumed cheerfulness and vivacity; how I yearned for one to whom I could without restraint open my whole heart and seek not advice, for I felt I could take none, but encouragement, a word of approval.

"Well, Letty, dear," I sighed—she was my one only sister, and senior by five years—"you ought to be thankful that *you* had no guardian to interpose betwixt you and Fred. Just see how happy you two are, darling, and then look at poor Charlie and I!"

Letty's blonde face, surmounted by frizzles of fair hair, and a silky braid like a cable chain, looked really troubled.

"Does not Mr. Kerr soften at all to his nephew, Nan?"

"Soften!" I echo; "I should think not! Cross old thing! There is no end to the abuse which he heaps upon him, Letty, dear—calls him a pig—a simpleton—says he will *not* pay his debts—says we shall *not* be engaged—says a bank-clerk with his habits, has no right to marry. Letty, I have not seen him—Charlie, I mean—for weeks and weeks except by—by stealth."

Letty grew very grave.

"By stealth! Oh, Nan! that is not nice, you know, and you so young, too! I don't like that!"

"Nor I. But what can we do?"

"Did Charlie ask you to meet him in that way?"

"Certainly."

"I think it very mean of him," said my bride-sister, promptly. "I like men to be upright and honorable—Fred always is. I hate clandestine courtship! Without doubt, Charlie *has* fallen into bad ways, Nan. Fred says the bank-officers have already spoken to him regarding his habits—says he will be sure to lose his place. Were I you, I would not hurry about an engagement. Where do you meet him, and how?"

"Mostly in the grounds. I never go outside the gate. Of course you must abuse him because Fred does. If he has bad habits *now*, he will abandon them when he marries me—he loves me well enough to do anything for my sake. It's all very well for you to cry not hurry—you, married and happy—it shows how selfish the best of people can be."

Letty little knew, as I delivered this cross speech, that in my heart of hearts I was longing to throw my arms around her and sob out this confession on her breast:

"I not only meet him, dear, but I have promised, this very night, to fly with him. In a few hours I, too, shall be a bride—not in lace and orange flowers"—and I sigh at this point—"but a fugitive in a common traveling-dress, and all alone with Charlie. I came in town, darling, to bid you good-by, and how do I know that it many not be forever? for to-morrow we sail for Europe!"

"I am not selfish," protested Letty; "it's an acknowledged fact that all married women delight in match-making. But I don't like Charlie Kerr. Do you see that house opposite, Nan? If you were settled there, for instance, I would be the happiest—the very happiest woman on the face of the earth!"

I peer through the parted lace curtains of the boudoir, and see across the way a brown, imposing structure, with plate-glass windows and a general air of splendor.

"Why *that* house?" I cry, scornfully; "it looks altogether beyond Charlie's means. I cannot expect to begin life as you have done, Letty."

"I didn't mean Charlie at all," she snaps; "hang Charlie!—as Fred would say. Somebody lives there who saved my darling's life in the dreadful war-time. So, of course, I am very glad to have him for a neighbor. He's a bachelor, too, and—very, very nice."

"Indeed!" I say, frigidly, as I drew out my watch; "I have just time to catch the next depôt car, Letty. It is rather late for you to begin to praise Fred's bachelor friends to me."

I step to the dressing-table, and put on my velvet hat, with its long, gray feather, and draw on No. 6 gray gloves. Every woman likes to be pretty and well-dressed, and the glass in which I look tells me that I am both. I see a face oval and pale, with long, violet eyes, and a handsome red mouth. I see a figure in a stylish walking-jacket, bordered with bands of silver-fox fur, and black *gros-grain* skirts, kilted like Lizzie Lindsay's in the ballad—to the knee.

"You ought to make a good match, Nan," meditated Letty, as she watched me, "for you are prettier than I—even Fred says that."

"Every woman makes a good match when she marries her heart's choice," I answered, loftily; and then I snatched Letty in my arms, and kissed her again and again, thinking darkly to myself:

"Oh, what would she say if she knew all—and when—when shall I ever see her again?"

"Good-by, darling," I sobbed. "God bless you and Fred, always—always!"

A moment after I was out upon the pavement, my eyes blind with tears, my heart like a lump of lead in my bosom, rushing away toward Tremont Street, which I reached just in time to signal a depôt car. I entered it, and sank into a seat by the door, murmuring over and over to myself:

"Good-by, Letty—forgive me, darling. I shall never, never see you again!"

Just a month previous to Letty's wedding I had finished my school-days, and my guardian, whose home I had shared, lived eight miles out of Boston, near a station on the —— Road.

By the time the car stopped in Causeway Street the short Winter day was fast departing. Gaslights flickered in all directions. I hurried into the depôt—a cold, gloomy wilderness of a place, with an arched, iron-ribbed roof, and two parallel tracks, where the different trains rumbling in and out have always been to me a delusion and a snare.

I was late. I heard the warning fizz of the steam, and, running down the platform to the track close by the wall on the right, I sprang into the first car to which I came. I had barely time to settle myself therein when the train moved off, panting and puffing over the bridge.

This ride in and out of town had not yet become a familiar thing to me, for it was but six weeks since I had taken up my residence with guardy, and previous to that event, I do not remember that I ever traveled this road at all. Leaning back in my seat, my thoughts a wild jumble of Letty and Fred, and Charlie Kerr, and the momentous step which I this night contemplated, I watched outside objects—houses, trees, water, bits of distant landscape, rush madly past as I whirled along. The train seemed to move with unusual speed, and it made very few stops.

Down came the dark presently and shut the outer world from my view. I glanced around the car. The seat behind me was occupied by a woman in black and a crying baby. The seat before me by a man, wearing a cloak and a sealskin cap, and reading a newspaper.

More miserable than I had ever been before in all my life, I sank into my own corner, and straightway gave myself up to gloomy reflections.

I did not notice the conductor when he passed for tickets, nor did he disturb me. Presently I began to think that, in spite of our unusual speed, we were a long time getting to the station where I was to alight. I turned to the woman in black.

"Can you tell me," I said, thrilling with a sudden vague fear, if we have yet reached W——?"

"We passed W—— long ago," she answered, dryly. "This train does not stop there—it is the —— express."

I started to my feet. My heart for a moment seemed to cease beating. I had a wild idea of jumping from the window—of shrieking to the engineer to stop the train, but both these things being impracticable, I had to sit down again.

"The —— express!" I cried, in a voice which I am sure was full of agony. "Merciful Heaven! what shall I do?"

She stared at me in weak astonishment.

"I'm sure I don't know; perhaps you'd better speak to somebody more used to the road than I."

The newspaper in front of me rustled. It's owner, I suppose, had overheard this little conversation. He turned quickly and gave me a searching and critical look.

"Shall I call the conductor?" he said.

"Yes," I answered; "oh, yes."

He arose instantly and left the car.

To me it seemed an eternity; in reality it could not have been more than three minutes before he was back again, bringing with him the official named. The latter investigated my case with great kindness and sympathy.

It was, of course, all my own fault. I had entered the wrong car at the depôt, and he had mistaken me for some season-ticket passenger whom I resembled.

"The best and only thing which you can now do," he said, "is to go on to ——, and either remain there over night or take the last train back to Boston."

Then he departed, and left me to meditate upon my situation.

What passed in my heart at that moment no words of mine can tell. In any case I could not get to W—— this night. And at eight o'clock I had promised to meet Charlie. The steamer in which our passage was engaged would sail at noon next day. I fancied him waiting at the tryst—a gate at the lower end of the grounds—waiting and watching for me to come; swearing, no doubt, because I did *not* come—for he had a temper; calling me dreadful names, tearing his hair, perhaps, in despair. Oh, it was too much! A great dry sob, which I could not repress, tore up from my throat. I longed to die then and there.

"Pardon me." It was the voice of the gentleman on the seat in front—a cool, cultivated, reassuring voice. It's owner had not, I think, taken his eyes one moment from my face. "You seem greatly distressed. Can I be of service to you?"

I shook my head.

"Were you ever in ——?" he persisted.

"No."

"You have no friends there, I presume?"

"None."

"Do you wish to return to Boston to-night?"

"Yes; oh, yes!"

"Don't think me impertinent. I ask these questions from a desire to serve you, if I may; I am going to ——. I shall leave it again by the last train. May I ask you to put yourself in my care? The prospect of passing two or three hours alone in a strange city, at this hour of the night, cannot be pleasant to you. I will esteem it a great privilege to take you in charge and restore you to your friends."

I had heard and read of the perils of traveling alone—who in this wicked age has not? I lifted my woeful eyes and, for the first time, surveyed him critically from head to foot.

He was dressed like a gentleman, and he had the general look and air of one. Young, he was not, nor handsome, according to *my* ideas of masculine beauty. His figure was rather undersized, and his features looked as if cut from gray stone. He had fair hair and a fair peaked beard, and calm, gray, speculative eyes, and a certain indescribable something in his general appearance which instinctively led one to feel that his walk in life lay somewhat apart from that of the common herd.

He bore my inspection with a very amused air—as if, indeed, he rather liked it. Then he said, quietly:

"Well?"

"May I ask your name?" I answered, with all the dignity I could command.

"Surely."

He took a card from his pocket, wrote something thereon, and passed it over the back of the seat to me.

I need not here transcribe that written name. Throughout the length and breadth of the land it is a household word. Triple honors it wears of the camp, of the bar, of councils of state. It is that of a brilliant soldier, an accomplished scholar, a bright and shining light of the law. In this story I shall invent one in its place, and simply call him Mr. Chester.

He seemed greatly to enjoy my surprise and confusion.

"Will I do?" he asked.

I gave him a dismal smile.

"You are very good," I answered; "many thanks. Take care of me, please."

"I will, with pleasure."

That was all. I put his card absently in my pocket, and leaned back in my corner again, my thoughts turning anew to Charlie and my troubles.

At one of the few stations at which we stopped, new passengers entered the car. Mr. Chester vacated his own seat, and took the one with me. His object was, I think, to shield me from curious eyes, for he could not help but see that I was crying bitterly behind my handkerchief.

Into the depôt at —— the train rumbled at last. He touched my arm.

"We have reached our destination," he said, in a low voice. "Come!"

I arose to my feet. I felt sick and giddy. The other passengers had already left the car. He took my lace handkerchief, and quietly wiped my wet eyes.

"Surely," he said, in a surprised and uncomfortable voice, "you are distressing yourself needlessly, Miss——."

"Wynne," I inserted.

"A few hours, at farthest, will rectify the mistake you have made. Before midnight you will be with your friends again."

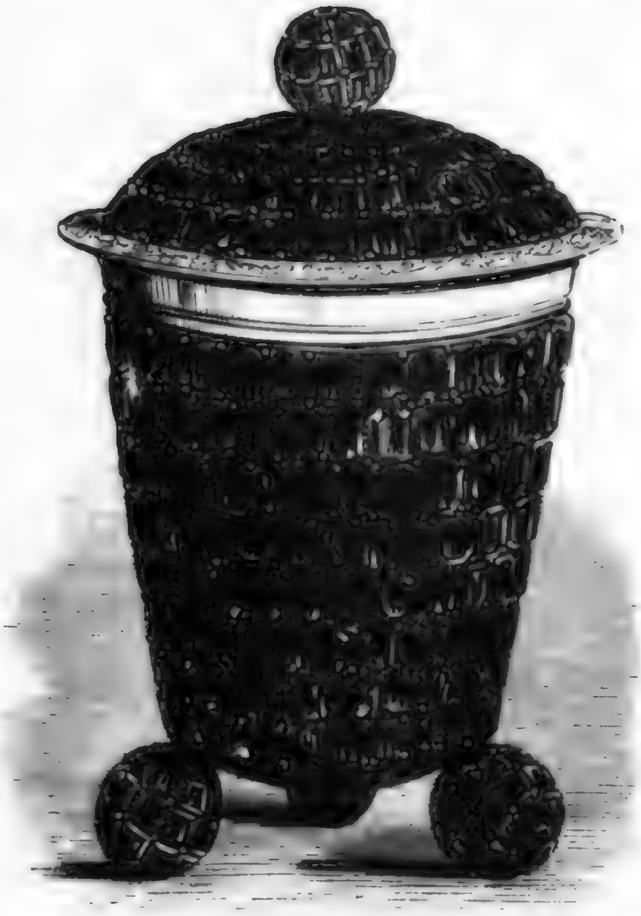
"It is not that," I cried: "it is something a great deal worse. Don't mind me, please."

"Indeed! Can I do anything for you?"

"You can help me to find a telegraph-office. I must send a message at once to—to some one at home."

We alighted from the car on a long, cold, dreary platform, traversed it, and found at its far end a carriage waiting for Mr. Chester. He handed me quietly in.

"We are going to a hotel near by for supper," he ex-



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CUP.—SEE PAGE 663.

plained. "You will find a telegraph office there, and there, too, you can decide how you wish to pass your time till the departure of the train."

I said nothing. He had promised to take care of me, I was sure he would do so. The hotel in question was but a few rods away. I dispatched my message to Charlie, with Mr. Chester standing by, reading my face with his speculative gray eyes. How brief and cold the words seemed! One cannot be tender in telegrams. I wrote and re-wrote mine, but without improving it. Then, almost in tears, walked off with my new acquaintance to the Ladies' Parlor. Fortunately for me it chanced to be empty.

"Will you come now to supper?" said Mr. Chester.

I shook my head.

"Excuse me, please; I wish for nothing."

"I will order tea for you in a private room."

"Don't mention it. Food would choke me to-night."

He looked impatient.

"What folly! Let me, at least, send you a glass of wine."

"Indeed, no! Leave me alone, pray—*pray*, leave me alone!"

He thought this rather ungracious, I suppose. He went off without another word. As for me, dismal and hopeless, I leaned my forehead against the cold glass of the window, and stared blankly out into the night.

By this time Charlie had reached the tryst. Without doubt he was at this very moment pacing the fir-walk at the end of the garden, watching, listening for me to come. What would he think of me? Not till he returned home, tired out with vain waiting, would he receive my telegram. Meanwhile what wrath, and doubt, and perplexity would be his. Perhaps he would *never* forgive me.

In the midst of my dark forebodings back came Mr. Chester. Somehow I fancied that he had not enjoyed his supper. He drew out his watch.

"Miss Wynne," he began, "I came to this place to-night to deliver a lecture. I am due at the hall in ten minutes. Will you go with me and make one of my audience, or will you remain here?"

I arose from the window.

"I will go with you, if I may."

"Most certainly; I shall be only too happy."

There were scores of people about the doors and in the passages as we went down, each and all intent, as it seemed, upon shaking hands with Mr. Chester and saying polite things to him. He passed out with me to the carriage—with *me*, who ought at that very moment to have been far away with Charlie Kerr!—and we entered it, and drove off through the strange, cheerless city streets.

I recall as I write the vast hall into which I was ushered; the crowd which awaited him there—dense, enthusiastic, well-dressed, well-bred. I was conducted to a seat on the right of the platform, where not a word or look of the speaker could escape me. Immensely flattered he must have felt at his reception; it was enough to raise the roof.

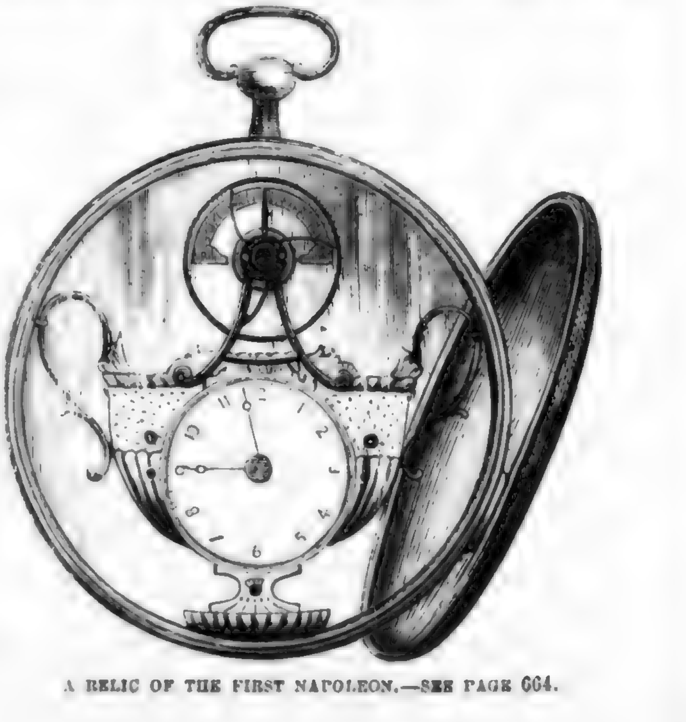
What the lecture was about does not matter here, nor did I myself know for a full half hour, at least. I would *not* listen! What right had I to be amused or entertained? I had been brought to the spot by a disastrous mistake, which was likely to wreck all my future happiness. It was but proper that I should be wretched, and wretched I was determined to be.

But after awhile, slowly, gradually, and in spite of myself, I began to attend—slowly, gradually, I became aware that the crowded hall was as still as death, and that on the platform a rather small man, with a sharply cut face, was talking most gracefully, most brilliantly, in a voice sweet, sonorous, smooth as oil. Had his language been Sanscrit, that voice was enough in itself to charm one's very soul.

Against my own inclinations, I grew interested; I began to watch the remarkable play of his sharply-cut features, his gestures full of polished grace. I had never before heard what is called a brilliant speaker, and was therefore the more easily impressed with this man's elegance and happy tricks of speech.

Under excitement, too, his face was quite unlike what it had been in the car and the hotel parlor. It now looked to me like a vase burning with white flame like an exquisitely chiseled cameo; it was superbly handsome. I recalled vague memories of what I had heard of his bravery on the battlefield, of his eloquence in courts and councils—yea, verily, I sat there and *admired* him.

When the crowd applauded him in a grand, hearty way, as



A RELIC OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.—SEE PAGE 664.

XUM

it often did, my heart thrilled as if—preposterous idea!—I had some part in him and the delight he was giving them. Once or twice he turned his gray eyes toward the right of the platform—toward *me*—gave me a brief, quiet glance, as if to make sure that I was being diverted just a little from my trouble.

I could not help looking back at him brightly; I could not but think that it was immensely kind of a man like this to torment himself with me and my affairs.

He came to me when it was all done.

"How wearied and bored you look!" he cried. "Courage! The worst is now over."

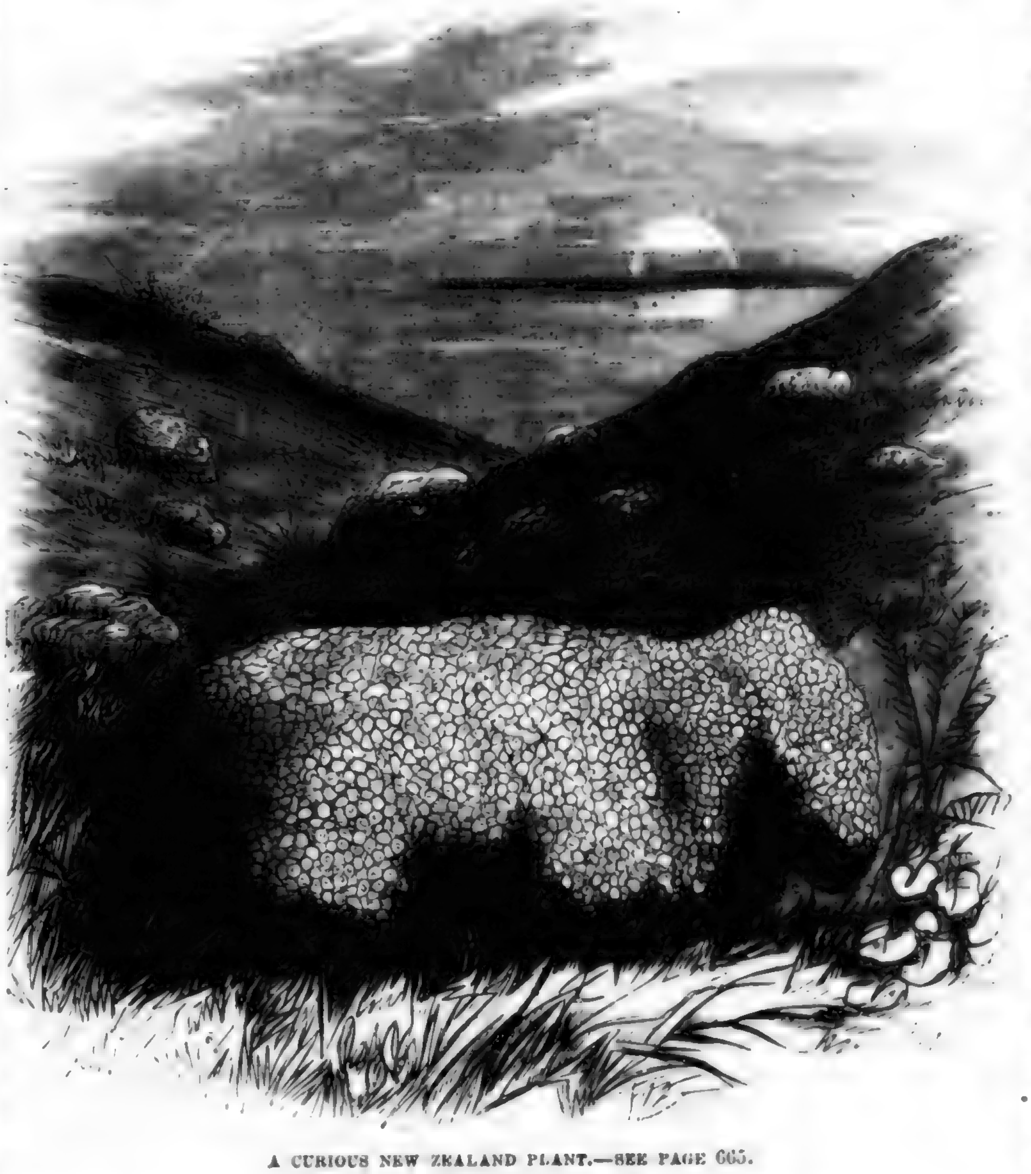
"I may be weary, but I am not bored," I answered; "quite the contrary."

"Thanks for the implied compliment. Shall we set our faces now toward that homeward train?"

We drove straight to the depôt. There was not much time to spare. It was a pitch-black night, cold, rainy, desolate. I heard the sleet smiting against the car-windows as we steamed out of the city.

Mr. Chester had evidently left his eloquence at the lecture-hall. He spoke not a word. I was glad of this, for I was in no mood for conversation, and to avoid the possibility of any I drooped my head against the side of the car, and pretended to sleep.

Away we went, faster, it seemed, and ever faster into the impenetrable dark. Of all earthly things the dearest to me is night-travel at a high rate of railroad speed.



A CURIOUS NEW ZEALAND PLANT.—SEE PAGE 665.

We stopped at one or two stations, then thundered on again. I tried to count the miles over which we were speeding. At any rate my luckless adventure was almost over. A little while and I should be with Letty—Letty whom I had thought never to see again. Much as I loved Charlie Kerr, I felt a wild longing to go down on my knees to her and confess everything. Lying there with closed eyes against the side of the car, I was silently debating the consequences of such a step in the present complicated state of my love affairs when suddenly I felt a shock—heard a cry. Instinctively I started to my feet, so also did Mr. Chester. There was one awful confused instant in which I stood clinging to him as to the strongest and best thing within reach, in which he clasped me convulsively to his side, and then—*then* came a violent jerk, a wild thud, a noise of I know not what. Still folded in his arms, I seemed falling down infinite depths of darkness, and after that I knew no more.

My soul wandered away on one of those mysterious flights which have puzzled wiser heads than mine. After a long, long while it returned, and I became dimly conscious that I was lying on the earth, with a great swinging light shining down upon my face.

"Ah, worra, worra, the pretty darlint!" cried somebody close beside me; "she's kilt intirely! Try another dhrap o' the craythur. Whist! whist! Is it your wife, sir?"

"No," answered the voice of Mr. Chester.

I opened my eyes. On one side of me stood Paddy, holding a lantern; on the other, with a flask of brandy in his hand knelt Mr. Chester, striving to pour the liquor betwixt my set teeth.

"Begorra, she's come to herself again!" cried Paddy.

Mr. Chester lifted me on his strong, sustaining arm.

From head to foot I felt bruised and full of pain.

"My dear child," he said, kindly, "are you better?"

"Yes, yes," I gasped—"oh, yes. What has happened?"

"An accident. Part of the cars are over the embankment here—the result of a broken rail."

I looked around, and by the light of Paddy's lantern descried the *débris* of a wreck underlying the wet, brown bank, also figures coming and going, ghost-like, through the dark, and lights moving everywhere like will-o'-the-wisps. A very sickening thrill went over me.

"Is anybody hurt?"

"Yes."

"Killed?"

"Yes."

Out of my weak, hurt body fled my frightened soul again. For the second time that night, I swooned away.

Across the wet, brown field which stretched at the foot of the embankment was Paddy's little house. To this they carried me. There was another and more pretentious dwelling near, but thither the wounded had been conveyed, and, out of consideration for me, Mr. Chester accepted this humbler shelter.

Shall I ever forget the room upon which I opened my bewildered eyes? In size and appearance it was very like a respectable pigpen. Paddy's wife was no foe to dirt. The accident had aroused her from bed, and amazingly disheveled and unkempt she was; but her hospitality more than compensated for any lack of personal comeliness.

"Hivinly powers! but it's a mercy that ye got off wid yer lives and yer limbs," she cried. "Ah, worra, worra, take a sip o' the tay, darlint. It's a poor place for the likes o' ye. Put more wood to the fire, Paddy; she's perished intirely wid the wet and the cold, the darlint!"

Mr. Chester forced me to drink a little of the hot tea which the woman had made. Then Paddy took his lantern and returned to the scene of the accident, and his wife withdrew to the "childers" in some unknown quarter of the house. Mr. Chester and I were left alone.

The rain was pouring on the roof, the wind shrieked at the one window of the room. A tree outside pounded the clap-boards with gaunt arms. I sat on a wooden bench by the fire, wrapped in Mr. Chester's cloak, which he had taken from his own shoulders to shield me, and he stood beside me, leaning his back against the wall, and looking preternaturally grave and solemn.

"Must we stay here all night?" I queried.

"Heaven forbid! Help has been telegraphed for; it cannot be long before it arrives." Then he added, ruefully, "This is a hard experience for you, Miss Wynne. However, let us not be ungrateful. It might have been infinitely worse. We have had a narrow escape."

"True."

I shuddered, thinking of the fate which had overtaken some of our fellow-passengers.

"You were never before eye-witness to a railway disaster?" he said, gravely. "Not so with me."

A great tide of remorse and terror swept suddenly over me. The strange place, the hour, the dreary dropping of the rain, the mournful wail of the wind, Mr. Chester's solemn face, conspired to affect me most unfavorably. I looked up at him as he stood against the shanty wall.

"There was a Jonah on that train," I burst out.

"Indeed!"

"Yes. It was I."

He looked as if he thought my brain was going.

"This is my reward," I cried, incoherently, "for deceiving guardy and Letty—dear, unsuspecting Letty! Oh, the wicked are always punished—all good books say that—and I am wicked and treacherous, and altogether detestable, and this is just my recompense for it—it is, indeed!"

This outbreak seemed for a moment to strike him dumb. He opened wide his gray eyes.

"You look wretched, and frightened, and worn out, Miss Wynne, but not at all wicked. What heinous crime have you committed to merit such punishment?"

The impulse to unburden my guilty conscience—to make, as is vulgarly said, a clean breast of it—was too strong for me.

"It was nothing less than an attempted elopement," I cried. "I was going to run away this very night with some one that Guardy hates—that Letty quite abhors. He is waiting for me at this very moment, for all that I know, and—and—you see yourself how I have been prospered in my undertaking."

And then I told him all about my guardian, and Letty, and Charlie Kerr, and our unlucky passion, and how he had been gradually forced to propose this step to me, and how I had consented to it, partly in love, partly in despair.

The light of Paddy's kerosene lamp flickered on the bare wall of the shanty, and concentrated all its force on Mr. Chester's clearcut face as he looked at me in utter silence.

"I don't know why I should make *you* my father-confessor," I said, with a little hysterical laugh. "An utter stranger, too! You think me very dreadful, no doubt; but I have reached that pass when I *must* speak to somebody."

"Shall I tell you what I think?" he answered, in a very odd voice, "even at the risk of making you angry? This lover of yours is either a simpleton or a villain, or perhaps a combination of both. The time will come, be sure, when you will thank Heaven for the mishaps of to-night."

"You are greatly mistaken!" I blazed. "You don't know Charlie. He is the dearest—the best fellow in the world. I know that we have both done wrong, but don't think that I mean to break faith with him. If Letty and my guardian will not consent to our marriage, after what has happened to-night, I shall make up my mind to remain single for the rest of my days."

He looked sarcastic.

"I do not see that anything has occurred which ought in the least to soften them toward Mr. Kerr. Were *I* your guardian, you should never again see the fellow's face. But you are ready to hate me for what I have said. A woman may bear to hear herself abused, but woe to the one who assails her lover!"

"But I tell you that Charlie is good—noble—splendid!" I cried, as if reiteration would strengthen my words—"the best—yes, the very of men!"

"The very best of men," he dryly answered, "would hardly be guilty of prompting a young, infatuated girl to deceive a sister who loved her, a guardian who sought only her well-being——"

"Now you are turning my own words to arrows against me. I wish I had not told you."

His face changed at once.

"Don't say that. You and I must not quarrel, Miss Wynne—neither about your lover nor about anybody else. If I have grieved you, forgive me."

After that we spoke but little. He did not find the conversation pleasant, and I was too weary and exhausted to wish to pursue it. Nobody came near us; nobody disturbed us. I curled myself up on a corner of the wooden bench, and after a little while Paddy's light began to fade from my sight—so did Mr. Chester's pale, severe face. The world and its troubles fled from me. I slept.

By-and-by somebody moved me to an easier position, drew my head to his shoulder, and passed an arm around me to keep me firm on my hard seat. I was in the midst of an ugly, confused dream, when Mr. Chester's voice brought me back to the realities of Paddy's shanty.

"I am sorry to disturb you," he said; "but a train has arrived; it is time to be moving."

He aroused my benumbed faculties by walking me up and down the place a few times, and then we stepped out together into the darkness—splashed off together over the wet, brown field.

"But for you, what should I have done to-night?" said I, humbly.

* * * * * * *

Behold me, somewhere in the wee, sma' hours, standing, limp and draggled, at Letty's door, while Mr. Chester pulls the bell with right good will.

We are a long time waking my somnolent relatives; but finally Fred appears in a picturesque déshabille, and starts back in profound amazement at sight of the pair soliciting entrance at that unearthly hour.

"Hulloa! What, in the name of heaven—— Why, Nan! Bless me! where did you come from?"

"Oh, Fred! such a dreadful time as I have had!" groaned I, and I stepped into the hall; and, while he was fumbling about to light the gas, I communicated to him my story. At its close I looked around for Mr. Chester, but he had disappeared.

"He said 'Good-night,'" remarked Fred, "but you did not hear him. Lives opposite, you know. Superb, is not he? I'll step over and thank him after breakfast."

"Fred, you never mean to say that *he* is Letty's neighbor—the—the—bachelor of whom she was speaking to me?"

"The same."

"Oh, impossible! She talked of him as if he was an ordinary mortal."

"That was her little game, most likely. Women are deep—dreadfully deep."

Then Letty appeared, and I went over the story again, telling her of everything but my intended elopement. That confession, which had fallen almost involuntarily from my lips in Paddy's shanty, now hung fire. I determined to wait, and see what the coming day would bring forth.

Home to W—— I went at an early hour, and without catching so much as a glimpse of the neighbor across the way. All day I wandered about the house, staring out into the wet evergreens that lined the avenues, and up at the leaden, rainy sky, waiting for tidings of Charlie Kerr. Was he very, very angry? Why did he not come, and let me explain all.

In the late afternoon a letter was brought me. I opened it with shaking hands. My heart misgave me before I had read a line. It was as follows:

> "False, faithless girl! You have broken your word, wrung my heart, betrayed my trust, and now I am done with you. You will never look on my face more. The woman who cannot hold to a man in evil as well as good report is not worth having. I have sinned more for your sake than for my own. Farewell. Make haste to forget me—as I shall you. C. K."

I stood, stunned, bewildered, turning the sheet in my hand. What did he mean? What strange words were these about evil report, and of having sinned for my sake? He gave me up—cast me off without waiting for explanations! I flung the bitter, cruel letter from me, and sank into a chair.

The room grew dark. Presently the door opened, and my guardian entered. Miserable as I was, I could not but notice how grim, and haggard, and altogether strange he looked. He had just come from the train, evidently, for he was dripping wet. In his hand he held a yellow envelope. He flung it into my lap. It was the telegram which I had sent Charley Kerr from ——.

"Hulloa!" he cried, with a forced cheerfulness. "So you are here, safe, at last, midget! I met Fred in town, and received from him a history of your adventures."

"Did you?" I quavered. "Somewhat serious, were they not?"

"Ay; and I thought you safe at Letty's all the while. Nan, look me in the face. By the Lord! ill-tidings travel fast, indeed! Somebody has already told you!"

"Told me what?" I cried, in querulous pain, snatching up the telegram. "Guardy, where did you get this?"

His old eyes flashed fire.

The officers of the bank gave it to me. I don't ask what it means; I don't want to know; but from my soul, Nan, I'm sorry for you. That scoundrel—that villain—your lover and my nephew (God help us both!)—has stolen fifty thousand dollars from the bank—bonds placed there for safe-keeping—and fled, Heaven only knows where—gone, the thief!—gone, and left a good name covered with disgrace!"

Why should I dwell upon that time—the blackest, the bitterest that I ever knew? He had meant, no doubt, to make me the sharer of his flight and his booty alike; but, through the agency of one little blunder, Heaven had ordered it otherwise for me. What passed in my heart, as I reviewed the matter, I need not here tell.

Do not think that I forgot him all at once. A woman, once loving, can seldom do that, let her brazen idol show his clay-feet as he may. Month after month went by. One June night, when the roses were swaying in clouds on the piazzas, and I sat steeping my senses in their fragrance, a step came up the walk of evergreens, and I looked and saw Mr. Chester.

It was no unusual sight, for of late he had become a constant visitor at what Letty called our suburban snuggery. His face was as sharply cut, his eyes as gray and speculative as on the night when I first saw them. Faithfully, too, had he kept the secret of my attempted elopement even in the midst of all the excitement following Charlie Kerr's flight.

"Nan," he murmured, as he hung over my garden-chair there in the shadow of the roses, "did I take good care of you that night?"

"Excellent. Have I not told you so hundreds of times?"

"Insatiate being that I am, I am greedy to hear it again. It emboldens me to ask you, now that your sorrow is spent—now that you begin to be happy once more—to entrust yourself to me for all time, Nan."

A moon rose out of the East, grand and calm, and touched his face with its white light, and shone upon me through the roses.

"I am not good enough for you," I answered, humbly—"for you, so famous, so noble, so infinitely superior to other men ——"

"Hold!" He took my face in his two hands, and looked down in it with proud, pleading eyes.

"You are the one thing which I hold precious in the whole world—the pearl of price, for the possession of which I would gladly barter all else that I have. Will not this suffice you?"

"What! After all that you know of my past?"

"I care nothing for your past—it is the future which I ask you to give to my keeping."

"Take it, then," said I; and, though no other words were spoken, my heart went, a free gift, with the two hands which I placed silently in his.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CUP.

This costly example of olden taste is in the possession of Colonel Gwatkin, whose mother (a niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds) obtained it from her sister, who married the Marquis of Thomond, in whose family it had been preserved for a long period of time. The cup is of silver gilt; the rim around the cover is engraved with an arabesque, and bears traces of colored enamels and stones which have decorated the leaves and flowers of which it consists. This is the only piece of engraved work upon the cup; for the cover, sides, and knob are completely covered with precious stones, many hundreds in number, secured in separate cells and ranged closely together in rows entirely round the vessel. These stones are amethysts of various tints, the interstices of the setting of each being filled with small turquoises, which are, in some instances, as minute as seed pearls, to allow every part of the cup to be incrusted with jewels. The knob on the top of the cover and the three upon which it stands are similarly covered with jewels. Those which form the feet unscrew; a hollow tube affixed to the bottom of the cup passes partially through each, and a screw, the head of which contains an amethyst, fits into this tube from beneath and completely conceals the mode of securing them. A false bottom of thin silver is held on by these screws, and covers a cypher; the letters being "E. R.," conjoined in a scroll characteristic of the reign of the sovereign whose ownership has thus been carefully stamped upon it.

The weight of the cup is considerable; it holds about half a pint. It exhibits more barbaric magnificence than real taste, yet is characteristic of the time in which it was made.

XUM

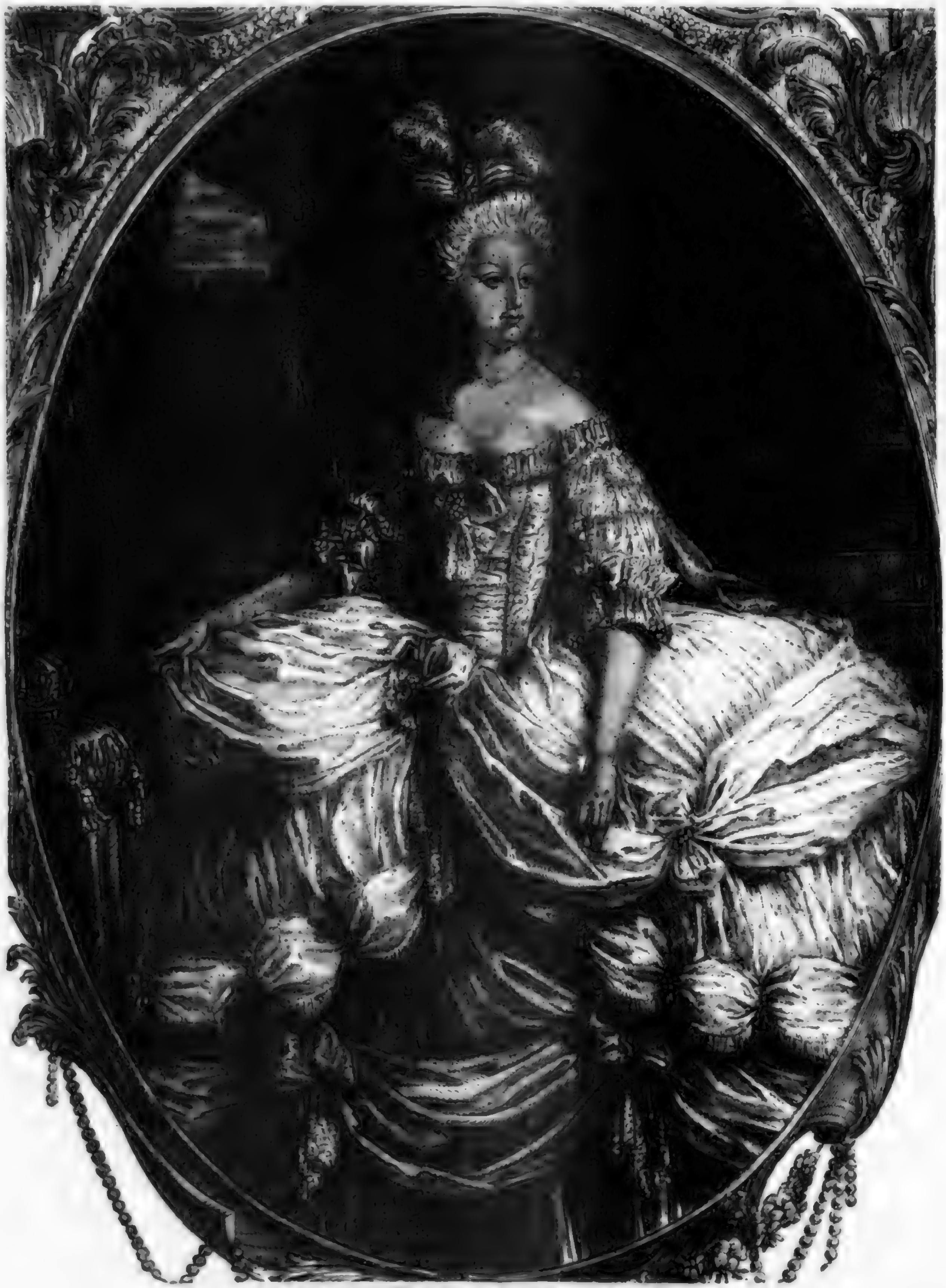
In the reign of Elizabeth a superstitious belief in the hidden virtues of precious stones was current, which gave them a value independent of their rarity and beauty. The amethyst, in particular, was believed to possess the power of repelling intoxication, and it therefore became a fitting incrustation for the cup of a female sovereign; hence this gift was liberally decorated with so valued a stone.

The belief in the medical and magical virtues of precious stones was a doctrine much inculcated by the Arabian naturalists, who believed that the amethyst prevented inebriation, and the turquoise strengthened the eyes and was a remedy against poison; and it was from the East that we obtained our belief in their hidden efficacy. During the time of Elizabeth it is not likely that much faith was placed in such mysticism; but the affectation which characterized her court might have induced the maker of this cup to resort to the quaint conceit of an older faith, to render his work the more acceptable.

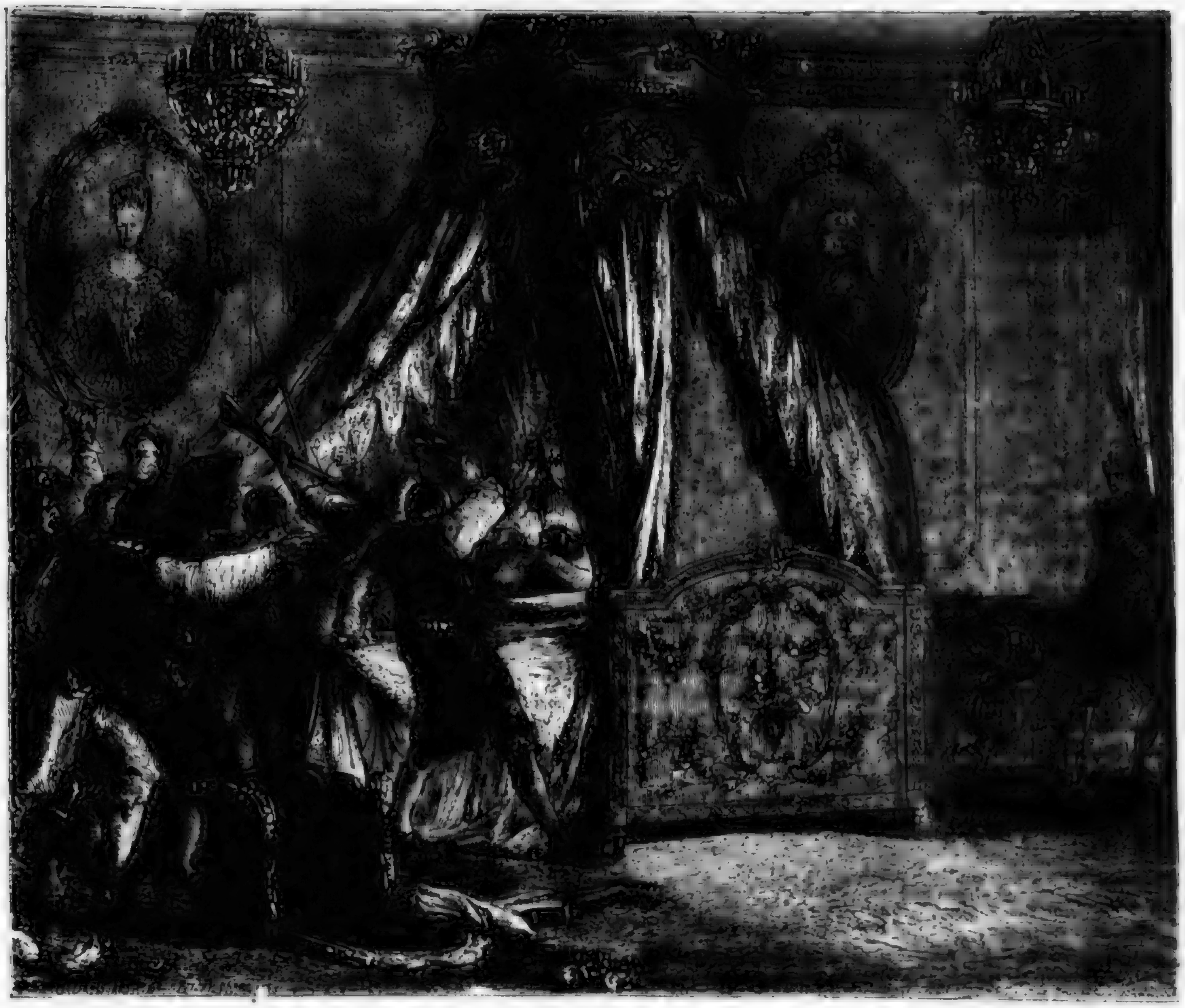
A RELIC OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

Mementoes of persons who played prominent parts in the events of the last century are usually regarded by matter-of-fact Yankees with much distrust.

In the case of a watch, however, that came, some time ago, into the possession of J. F. Klarenaar, Esq., of Louisville, Ky., there are historical memoranda to prove its antiquity, and investing it with rare value as a relic.



MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 666.



THE MOB INVADING THE BED-CHAMBER OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.—SEE PAGE 666.

Sometime about the year 1812 or 1813, while traveling in a coach and six through Holland, on a visit to the Hague, Napoleon passed through the fortress of Nemwegen. A procession was formed, and many of the soldiers who had served under the Emperor in his campaigns turned out as a guard of honor. While approaching the quay on the River Waal, the horses attached to the imperial carriage became unmanageable, the vehicle was run on the verge of a precipice, and was on the point of turning over, when, with a reckless disregard for his own life, one Wilhelm Behnen dashed through the crowd and between the frightened horses and the brink, and succeeded in arresting them.

Napoleon alighted from his carriage and inquired his rescuer's name, at the same time offering him, as a recognition of his service, a commission in the army, but Mr. Behnen declined the offer. The Emperor then asked him why he had endangered his own life to save him, and was so well pleased with the answer, that he took his watch from a pocket and presented it to him.

Mr. Behnen afterward kept the post-haus, or post-office, at the village of Elten, and at his death the watch fell to the possession of Theodore Goris, an uncle of Mr. Klarenaar, where it remained until his mother visited Germany. On her return to America she brought the trophy home with her as a present to her son from his uncle. Since this remarkable watch has been in this country it has been shown to numerous connoisseurs and collectors of articles of *vértu*.

The works are set in a gold urn, on the face of which is the dial, and above it is the balance-wheel, pivoted on a small dial. This pretty mechanical arrangement is inclosed in crystals on both sides, but protected on the back by a gold shell, like an ordinary watch.

A CURIOUS NEW ZEALAND PLANT.

In presenting our readers with an engraving of a most interesting and curious plant, known to botanists as "vegetable sheep," we are indebted to the Curator of the Museum at the Royal Gardens, Kew, for his courtesy in supplying us with the following valuable account of it:

"The plant which bears this peculiar appellation is a near botanical relative of that 'modest crimson-tipped flower,' our common daisy, as well as to the Michaelmas daisy, dandelion, etc. In short, it belongs to a group of plants numbering about a thousand species, and very widely distributed in all parts of the globe.

"This group, or natural order, is called by botanists the *Compositæ*, from the composite nature of its flowers, for what is popularly called a flower in this family of plants is, in fact, an indefinite number of small flowers arranged in one head on a fleshy or succulent disk, called a receptacle. The sunflower, which is likewise a member of the same family, offers a good example of a composite flower, inasmuch as its parts being on a large scale, a microscope is necessary to examine them.

"The receptacle is that part which, after the flowers have died off, is seen studded with little black appendages called

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seeds, but each of which is in reality an individual fruit, perfect in itself, and called an *achene*. Each of these so-called seeds, during the flowering of the plant, had a perfect flower attached to it, the organs of which, in the course of nature, performed their functions, and produced and ripened the fruit. These small, distinct flowers are called florets, and the florets are often of a distinct shape; as, for instance, the 'crimson-tipped' petals on the circumference of the daisy are larger and more spreading than those in the centre Hence, those on the outside of the circle are called florets of the ray, and those in the centre florets of the disk.

"Though these characters are more easily distinguishable in small plants, as the sunflower and daisy, they are, nevertheless, present in the sheep plant, and similar tufty growing plants of the same order.

"To look at these tufts as they grow, or even at the specimen in the Kew Museum, the plants appear as much unlike daisies, or anything approaching to daisies, or even to plant life, as it is possible to be.

"The tufts or masses vary considerably in size, some being so large that in the distance, up the mountains, the shepherds are frequently deceived by them, mistaking them for sheep that have strayed from the flock. Nor is this deception dispelled by a nearer approach, the shaggy appearance being very like the woolly coat of sheep. The shape of the masses is somewhat varied; but they are mostly of such an irregular spherical form as to be easily mistaken for a sheep when that animal is partly curled up in a reclining posture.

"Upon a closer examination of these tufts, it will be seen that the whole mass is divided into numerous small tufts, or knobs, irregular in form, and varying in size, but averaging from the sixteenth to a quarter of an inch in diameter. Each of these little knobs is an entire and individual plant, containing leaves and flowers, both of which are, of course, microscopically minute, and are hidden and densely compacted together by the numerous woolly or velvety hairs with which they are covered. The flowers, though so minute, are in compound heads, like the daisy, though the florets do not exceed ten in number.

"Thus we see that the extraordinary woolly appearance of these singular plants is due to the large development of glandular hairs, which so cover the leaves as to hide both them and the flowers, so that one of these tufts is made up of a multitude of individual plants, so compacted together by the hairs on the leaves as to give an idea at first sight, and in the distance, of its being a veritable sheep, and even upon closer examination it might be taken for a mass of sponge, or, perhaps, some huge fungus.

"The scientific name of the plant is *Raoulia eximia*, being given in honor of Raoul, a French naval surgeon."

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

By Henry Barton Baker,

Author of "Mazarin," "Richelieu," etc.

There are two names in the queenly record of history which are always fresh in sorrow, and appeal directly to the human heart. Mary, Queen of Scots, and Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, are inseparably united as they flow down the stream of time, and will, doubtless, draw tears for all generations.

Marie Antoinette was the youngest daughter of the Emperor Joseph of Austria, and the famous Maria Theresa, and was born in Vienna, November 2d, 1755. As though to mark her life with a symbol of misfortune, the day of her birth was that of the appalling earthquake at Lisbon. On the 16th of May, 1770, the beautiful daughter of Maria Theresa was married to the French dauphin, and, as though to emphasize the evil portent of her earthquake birth, the nuptial day was distinguished by one of the most frightful storms that ever devastated France.

From Strasburg to Compiègne her progress had been marked by one continuous *fête;* her eyes have looked upon naught but smiling faces, holiday attire, and roadways strewed with flowers; no harsher sounds have rung in her ears than the peal of the bells or the *feu de joie*, while every breeze has wafted shouts of welcome and words of devotion. At Compiègne she has been met by Louis XV. and her future husband, and by them has been conducted, amid even greater rejoicings, to Versailles. Happy bride, to be the object of so much homage; happier bridegroom, to be the possessor of so much loveliness! Surely Fortune had emptied her cornucopia over the cradle of both! Where is the seer whose eyes can penetrate the depths of the future and see the shadowy form of the "Red Mokanna" stalking behind her—the glittering ax hovering above her neck—the hour when the poorest outcast, whose bed is the stones, and whose meal is the crust out of the gutter, would not change places with the beauteous Queen of France? "Call no one happy until he has passed over the last day of his life," wisely said the old Greek.

Magnificent are the wedding preparations at Versailles! The morning has been fine and bright, but, while the wedding-party is gathering, dark, threatening clouds begin to sail across the sky; the growl of the thunder is heard, and large drops of rain patter upon the leaves. Darker and darker grow the heavens, and down comes the storm in all its fury. Out of the black clouds descend sheets of water; the streets of Versailles, of Paris, are foaming rivers. The blackness of night, broken only by the blaze of the lightning, enshrouds the day; the thunder crashes and rolls and echoes and re-echoes, drowning the voice of the priest, blanching the cheeks of the bride, and striking terror to the hearts of the fine ladies and gentlemen who attend upon her. But the storm passes away, and the sun shines brightly again when the wedding *cortége* comes forth. At night the park and gardens are lit up by four millions of lamps. Looking at those myriads of lights shining and twinkling and clustering among the dark, shadowy foliage, one might fancy that the heavens have fallen, and that all the stars had lodged among the trees and shrubs. To add to the illusion, a bouquet of three thousand rockets ascends, filling the air with a gorgeous shower of meteors.

On the 30th of May the rejoicings are brought to an end by a splendid illumination and pyrotechnic display in Paris. It is doomed to be a black memory in many a household. The sight is magnificent, and every street is thronged with people and ablaze with light. The crowd is all *gaieté de cœur*, as only a French crowd can be. But all of an instant the spell is broken by cries, not of joy, but of anguish—of screams, not of laughter, but of terror. The Place de Louis Quinze is seen to be enveloped in flames. A grand *pièce de feu d'artifice* has taken fire accidentally and ignited its fixtures. The place is crowded with carriages; the horses take fright; madly breaking from control they plunge among the crowd, trampling down the people at every step. The human mass sways, surges, falls back upon itself, and is seized with delirious panic. Groans, yells, shrieks, imprecations, clash and mingle with the laughter that yet reverberates in the air. There is a purposeless rush, a frantic effort to get—no one knows whither. Some houses are being rebuilt; the foundations, open and encumbered with *dèbris*, gape like huge pits; into these fall men, women, and children, until they are filled with a writhing mass of human suffering, and over this road of flesh tramples the flying crowd, breaking arms, legs, and crushing to death. Men draw their swords and pierce their way through the swaying human wall that encompasses them; others hang on to the carriages until the occupants, fierce with "Nature's first law," cut them down or slash off their clinging hands; some cast themselves into the Seine, others into the ditches of the Tuileries, where they are smothered in the ooze and slime. Artificial scaffoldings, erected for spectators, give way and precipitate their crowds and their beams upon the struggling wretches beneath, crushing them like egg-shells. Robbers pounce like vultures upon the helpless, and strip them of their valuables; in their savage haste chopping off fingers to secure the rings, tearing the earrings through the women's ears. The illuminations light up a charnel-house, and serve as torches for those who seek and bear away the dying and the dead. The wails of wives, husbands, fathers, the cries of children and the groans of the sufferers, penetrate even to the nuptial chamber. Overwhelmed with grief and horror, the dauphin and dauphine send their whole income for the year to the relief of the unfortunate families who lost their relations on that disastrous day.

On the 10th of May, 1774, died Louis XV. When the announcement of this event was made to the dauphin, his wife cried "God guide and protect us, we are too young to govern."

Let us call upon Madame Vigée Lebrun to paint us a portrait of this beautiful creature: "Tall, admirably proportioned, fully developed but not stout, superb arms, hands and feet small and perfectly formed. She had the finest carriage of any woman in France, carrying her head with a majesty that instantly marked the sovereign even in the midst of her court, yet without that majesty in any way detracting from the sweetness and pleasantness of her aspect. It is very difficult to give an idea of so much sweetness and nobleness combined. Her features were not regular. She inherited from her family the long, oval, narrow countenance peculiar to it. Her blue eyes were not large, but they were soft and brilliant; nose good, well-chiseled; her mouth not too large, although her lips were rather full. But the great beauty of her face was her complexion. I have never seen any like it, any so exquisitely transparent. The last time I went to Fontainebleau I saw her in full costume, covered with diamonds, and as the sun shone upon her she looked truly dazzling. Her head, supported by her lovely swan-like neck, gave her in walking so majestic and imposing an air that she looked like a goddess in the midst of her nymphs."

We will now take from Madame de Campan an amusing description of the etiquette observed at the toilet of the young queen: "The princess's toilet was a masterpiece of etiquette; everything done on the occasion was in a prescribed form. Both the lady of honor and the tirewoman usually attended and officiated, assisted by the first *femme de chambre* and two inferior attendants. The tirewoman put on the petticoat, and handed the gown to the queen. The lady of honor poured out the water for her hands, and put on her body linen. When a princess of the royal family happened to be present while the queen was dressing, the lady of honor yielded to her the latter act of office; but still did not yield it directly to the princess of the blood. In such a case the lady of honor was accustomed to present the linen to the chief lady in waiting, who, in her turn, handed it to the princess of the blood. Each of these ladies observed these rules scrupulously, as affecting her rights. One Winter's day it happened that the queen, who was entirely undressed, was just going to put on her body linen; I held it ready unfolded for her; the lady of honor came in, slipped off her gloves, and took it; a rustling was heard at the door; it was opened, and in came the Duchesse d'Orléans. She took her gloves off, and came forward to take the garment; but as it would have been wrong in the lady of honor to hand it to her, she gave it to me, and I handed it to the princess. A further noise—it was the Countess de Provence; the Duchess d'Orléans handed her the linen. All this time the queen kept her arms crossed upon her bosom, and appeared to feel cold. Madame observed her uncomfortable situation, and merely laying down her handkerchief, without taking off her gloves, she put on the linen, and, in doing so, knocked the queen's cap off. The queen laughed to conceal her impatience; but not until she had muttered several times, 'How disagreeable! how tiresome!'"

From her accession to the throne to the very day on which she laid her head on the block, Marie Antoinette was the subject of many outrageous calumnies. Perhaps the most atrocious was that of the "Diamond Necklace."

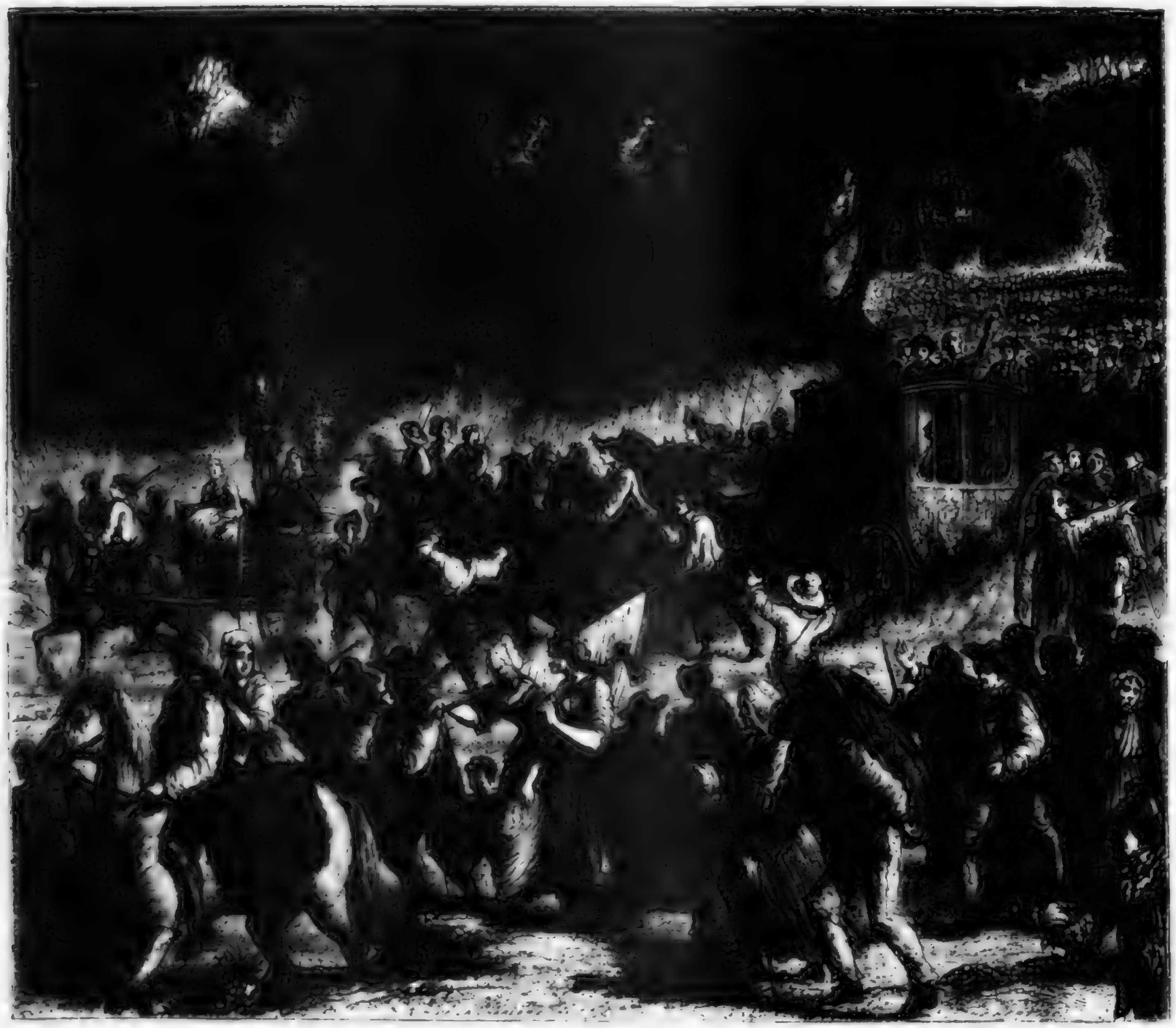
Now that Time has dispelled the illusions of party and personal malice, the facts appear to be these:

Cardinal de Rohan, at once a *roué* and a dupe, cherished a guilty passion for the queen, which was known to several about the court. Among these was the Countess de la Motte, who conceived the idea that she might realise a fortune out of his criminal weakness. From the judicial proceedings taken at the time, it would seem that the Countess de la Motte, who was one of the ladies employed about the person of the queen, privately informed the cardinal that his passion was not so hopeless as he imagined, for that she had heard the queen speak of him with great tenderness. She also persuaded him that the queen had set her heart upon the magnificent diamond necklace which had been made for Madame de Barry by order of Louis XV., but which, owing to the death of that king, was still in the hands of the jeweler. The cost of this necklace was fixed at four hundred thousand dollars. The low state of the royal finances rendered it impossible for Marie Antoinette to pay for it, but the scheming countess proposed that if the cardinal would guarantee the payment of this sum, upon the queen giving him a written acknowledgment, the jeweler, M. Boehmer, would deliver up the precious necklace. Seeing how completely this would throw the object of his passion into his power, the cardinal eagerly consented. To delude him still more the countess told him that at her solicitation the queen would meet him in the park of Versailles, the next evening. La Motte then bribed a courtesan, named Gay d'Oliva, who resembled Marie Antoinette in height and figure very much, to personate her. The night was dark and the cardinal was on the spot. A veiled figure made its appearance—the enraptured cardinal sank on his knee, and passionately kissed the hand so graciously extended to him. At this minute the Countess de la Motte rushed forward, to say that some one was approaching. The veiled figure immediately fled, but in its flight dropped a rose, murmuring, "You know what that means!"

On the 1st of February, 1786, Boehmer delivered the necklace to the cardinal, who sent it ostensibly to the queen by a page in royal livery. It is needless to add that the precious ornament was never given to the queen, but was appropriated by Madame de la Motte, who, while she was disposing of the jewels piecemeal, amused the deluded cardinal with imaginary messages from Marie Antoinette.

At last the jeweler called on the cardinal to redeem his guarantee. Then the bubble burst. The countess, the cardinal, and several others were arrested, and tried. After a long trial the chief actor in this conspiracy, Madame de la Motte, was sentenced to imprisonment for life, and to be branded with V——. The others were acquitted, but the cardinal was banished.

It was said at the time that the plot was the suggestion of the Duc d'Orléans, but this idea probably originated in the well-known antipathy existing between the high-spirited woman and the unprincipled man of the world, who so soon perished after his brother and his sovereign. The gossip of the day also implicated that notorious charlatan, Cagliostro, in the scheme; but the settled opinion now is that the



MARIE ANTOINETTE AND LOUIS XVI. CONDUCTED BACK TO PARIS.—SEE PAGE 666.

Countess de La Motte was the sole person responsible for the scandal, and that it had its origin in greed.

On the 21st January, 1781, the dauphin was born, an event which was celebrated with the wildest rejoicings. On that day eleven years afterward, Louis XVI. perished on the scaffold.

But the long arrears of misgovernment, which had been accumulating for ages, was about to give the restless spirits of conquest and designing demagogues their long cherished opportunity of climbing to unbridled power on the ruins of the monarchy; and, taking advantage of the public distress, these men inflamed the passions of the mob till law and order were trampled in the dust.

To meet this tempest of discontent and revolution, there were a weak and frivolous king, who would have made a much better locksmith than monarch—a capricious woman, who labored under the disadvantage of being an Austrian—a corrupt clergy, and an effete aristocracy. These offered a very feeble barrier to the loosened passions of a people which had been brutalized by generations of oppression.

It was but natural that the daughter of Maria Theresa should cling to royal prerogative. She was strongly opposed to the convocation of the States-General. Wiser than king or ministers, she perceived the extreme danger of such a step in the then fermenting condition of the country.

At the approach of danger all weakness and frivolity were eliminated from her character; no more masquerades, no more games at romps, no more coquetry, but every inch a queen; fearless in the defence of her rights, dauntless to the menaces of her enemies; patient to endure, a devoted wife, a loving, tender mother—in a word, a *true woman!* Each day her trials grew more bitter, and each day her nature grew more noble. Each day some beloved friend swelled the tide of emigration, now constantly flowing from the shores of France, until she stood alone with husband and children. In vain did her brother and her family urge her to seek shelter in Austria. Her answer was ever the same. "My duty keeps me at my husband's side to share his danger. I will never quit him with life."

It has been asserted that her rash and haughty counsels precipitated the conflict between the king and people, or, to speak more precisely, established order and the demagogues. Some contend that, had the weak-minded king acted with the vigor she had recommended, the National Assembly would have been checked in the beginning; but Carlyle well observes that it was beyond the power of any man, however vast his genius, to have stayed the storm.

Nevertheless, it is well known that the queen had far more daring than her husband. Mirabeau said of her:

"You do not know the queen. She has prodigious strength of mind. She has the courage of a man!"

On the 5th of October a wild, furious mob, chiefly composed of women, marched to Versailles, clamoring for food and for the return of the royal family to Paris. After slaughtering one or two soldiers, they were in some way appeased and fed, and encamped for the night about the

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grounds and out-houses of the palace. But at dawn next morning a fancied insult aroused their slumbering ferocity. About six o'clock an attendant, besmeared with blood, rushes into the queen's chamber, entreating her to fly—the mob are close at hand. The royal family and their attendants have taken shelter in the Œil de Bœuf, waiting the assassination that now seems inevitable. She has only time to throw on a dressing-gown and fly by another door, when, with yells and curses, the ruffians trample upon the attendant and rush into the chamber. Foaming with rage at the escape of their prey, they slash and cut the bed to atoms with their swords and knives as they would have done her body. With clubs and hammers they dash out the brains of the guards who attempt to stay their progress. Suddenly the galloping of horses is heard without; it is Lafayette, who has just been aroused from his bed at the Hôtel de Noailles, hard by. In a few moments the murderers are driven out of the palace; but they are not dispersed, they gather in the grounds, and howl for the queen to appear before them. In the hope of quelling them by gentle means, the whole of the royal family, children and all, appeared upon the balcony. But their cries redoubled.

"The queen, the queen! we do not want the children!" they shout.

Ready to immolate herself to save those who are dear to her, by a quick movement she thrust back the king and the children into the room, and, calmly contemptuous of death, faces alone the infuriated rabble, presenting, as it were, her head to the blow. For an instant the wild beasts are awed by her sublime courage, and, to complete the impression, at that moment Lafayette steps out upon the balcony and respectfully raises her hand to his lips. A shout of applause rings through the air. But the mob insist upon the return of the king and queen to Paris. So Lafayette escorts them, and the assassins cut off the heads of the soldiers they have murdered, and, sticking them upon pikes, bear the ghastly emblems of fidelity beside the carriage all the way, sometimes thrusting them through the windows. But they cannot shake the firmness of the heroic queen. Through the whole of this terrible day, until eleven o'clock at night, she has to endure every insult that a foul-mouthed mob can utter; but calm and dignified, with not one quiver of weakness, she endures all, driving the hatred of her persecutors beyond all bounds by her very heroism.

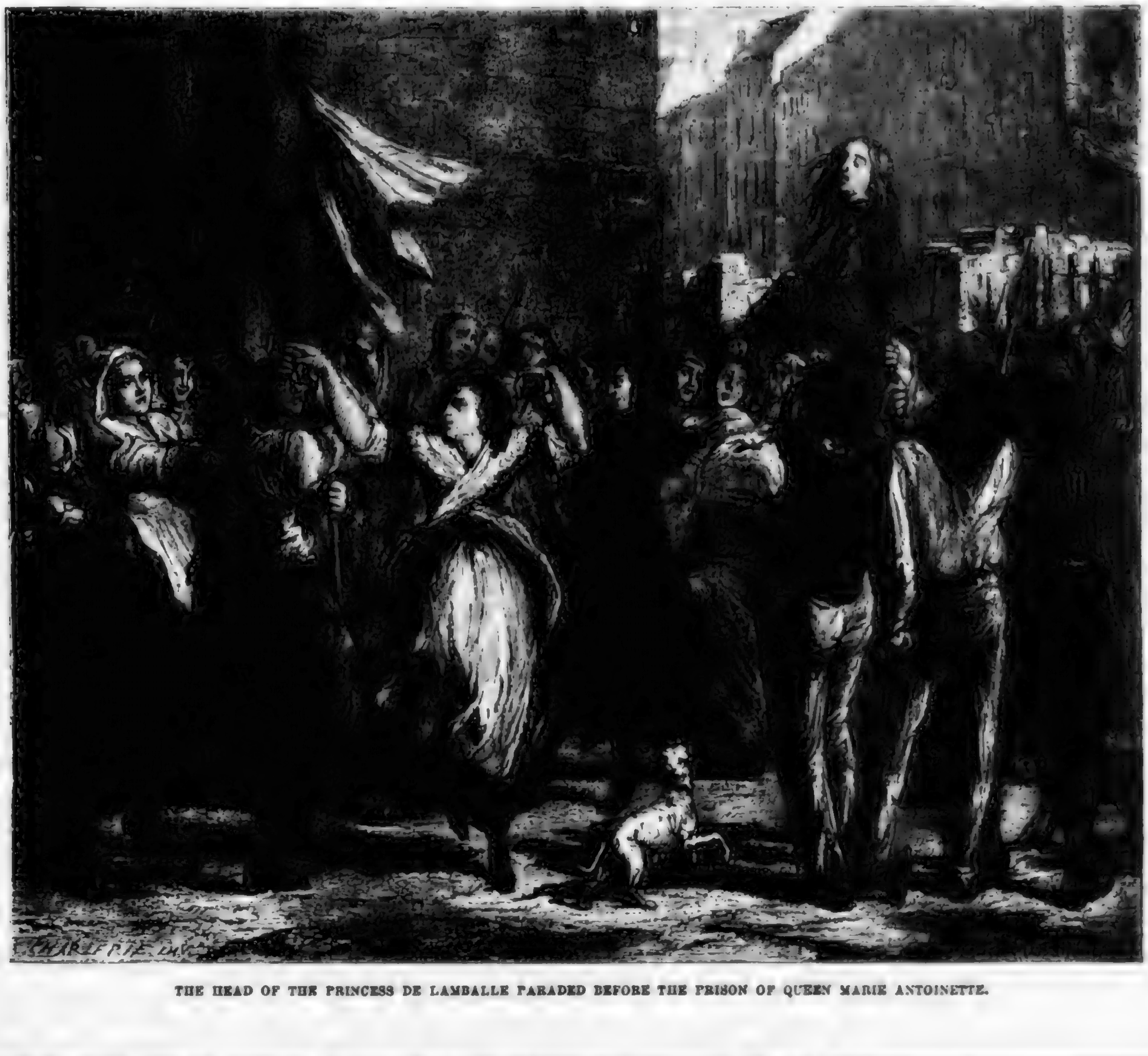
The Assembly would not countenance assassination, so they sent judges to receive her deposition upon the affair of the 6th of October; but, above the pettiness of revenge, she answered to all their queries:

"I saw all; I knew all; and I have forgotten all!"

A noble reply—a severe reproof. Each day a mob came to her apartments to insult and threaten her. When one of the ministers wished to close the doors against them, she answered:

"No; we have still the courage to endure!"

She had not only the courage to endure, but the sublimer courage to return good for evil. Even during this time she sent money to the Hospital of St. Cloud, and expended



THE HEAD OF THE PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE PARADED BEFORE THE PRISON OF QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE.

40,000 francs in redeeming the pledges of the poor from the Mont de Piété. Her time was chiefly occupied in educating her children; surrounded by spies, every action of her life, every word that she uttered, was bruited abroad and twisted and tortured into treason against the people: the reception of a few friends was stigmatised as a licentious orgie. Not even her bedchamber was sacred from intrusion; the door was never allowed to be closed, and sentinels during the night were only separated from her by a screen.

She wrote almost all day, and spent a part of the night in reading; her courage supported her physical strength; her temper was not at all soured by misfortune, and she was never seen in an ill-humor for a moment. And yet she was represented to the people as being absolutely furious whenever the rights of the crown were in any way called in question.*

But there still beat French hearts that could feel for the sufferings of this noble woman, as the following touching story will testify:

"It was four o'clock in the afternoon" (Madame Campan *loquitur*); "the guard was not set, there was scarcely anybody at St. Cloud that day, and I was reading to the queen, who was at work in a room the balcony of which overhung the courtyard. The windows were closed, yet we heard a murmur from a great number of voices, which seemed to articulate stifled sounds. The queen desired me to go and see what it was; I raised the muslin curtain, and perceived more than fifty people beneath the balcony; this group consisted of women, young and old, perfectly well-dressed in the country costume, old chevaliers of St. Louis, young Knights of Malta, and a few ecclesiastics. I told the queen that it was probably an assemblage of the people of the neighborhood who wished to see her. She rose, opened the window, and appeared upon the balcony; immediately all these worthy people said to her, in an undertone: 'Courage, madame! Good Frenchmen suffer for you and with you; they pray for you; Heaven will hear their prayers; we love you, we respect you, we will continue to venerate our virtuous king.' The queen burst into tears and held her handkerchief to her eyes. 'Poor queen, she weeps!' said the women and young girls; but the dread of exposing her majesty, and even the persons who showed so much affection for her, prompted me to take her hand and prevail upon her to retire into her room; and raising my eyes, I gave them to understand that my conduct was dictated by prudence. They understood me, for I heard them say: 'That lady is right'; and, afterward: 'Farewell, madame,' from several of them; and all this in an accent of feeling so genuine and so mournful, that I am affected at their recollection, even after a lapse of twenty years."

Offers of succor were sent to the king, and she urged him to place himself at the head of his army and cut his way to the German frontiers, where the *émigrés*, backed by the forces of Austria, awaited him. Vigorously executed, the scheme must have succeeded. But, oppressed by his fatal weakness and indecision, dreading to follow in the steps of Charles I., whose fate was ever before his eyes, he could not be induced to act. At last, after long importunity, she prevailed upon him to try the chances of escape. Then came the flight, and the arrest at Varennes. Even in that fatal hour decision would have saved him. De Choiseul and De Gougelat came up with their soldiers; the queen urged him to authorize those officers to force their passage to the frontier, but he persisted in relying upon the good feeling of the people, and hesitated until the arrival of Lafayette's troops snatched away the opportunity. The journey back to Paris occupied eight days. The heat was terrible, the dust stifling. Confined in a close carriage, the sufferings of herself and children were indescribable. Streaming with perspiration, fouled with dust, parching with thirst, the small quantity of air admitted by the windows kept back more than half the time by the heads of horrible wretches who looked in to mock and curse. At Près de Saint Ménéhould, an old servant who came to pay his homage to fallen royalty was slain before her eyes, his body cut in pieces and carried as a trophy with the *cortége*.

"The first time I saw her majesty, after the unfortunate catastrophe of the Varennes journey, I found her getting out of bed. Her features were not very much altered; but after the first kind words she uttered to me, she took off her cap and desired me to observe the effect which grief had produced upon her hair. It became in one single night as white as that of a woman of seventy. Her majesty showed me a ring she had just had mounted for the Princess de Lamballe; it contained a lock of her whitened hair, with the inscription, '*Bleached by sorrow.*'"*

It is the last day of the monarchy—the fatal 10th of August. There is the queen, in the darkness of the night, listening with blanched cheeks to the terrible clang of the tocsin until it mingles with the stir of the gathering multitude. An awful night of tears and agony. But with the rising sun comes resolution—the king must be roused from his lethargy—a defence must be made. Alas, at the last moment, Louis resolves to seek the protection of the Convention. The brave Swiss guards are left in charge of the Tuileries. The mob gibe at the sentinels, as they pace up and down the terrace above them, and drag some down with boat-hooks. But all is endured without retaliation, until a ruffian dashes out a soldier's brains. They are roused at last, and fire a terrible volley among the surging mass beneath; it falls back for a moment, then, rallied by the fierce "Marseillaise," dashes forward with demoniac howls, to be again driven back by the leaden hail. These sounds penetrate to the Hall of Convention, where Louis and his family have to be iron-screened against mob-fury. They do not stir his sluggish blood or quicken his heart to resolution; on the contrary, he sends to command the Swiss to cease firing. He has not the energy to strike one blow in defence of wife, children, or crown. He deserves to lose it, and his head in it. What brave man can sympathize with such a sluggard? Paralysed by the command, the guards cease firing, and the next moment the wolves are upon them, stabbing, crushing, rending—soldiers, servants, male and female, in one indiscriminate butchery. During three days, sometimes fourteen hours at a stretch, have the royal family to endure insufferable heat, fetid atmosphere, and cruel insults in that crowded hall. At the end of that time the deposition of the king is pronounced, and all are consigned as prisoners to the Temple.

A little time after the separation from her child, Marie Antoinette was consigned to a dungeon of the Conciergerie. Richard, the *concierge*, and his wife had hearts in their bodies, and endeavored to alleviate her sufferings by some acts of kindness; these being discovered they were placed under arrest. Another jailor, who dared to solicit for her the loan of a cotton blanket, was threatened with the guillotine. To the outrage of all decency, two gendarmes were stationed in her cell night and day. She was almost naked, for her gown and stockings rotted and fell to pieces with the damp.

But the end of all was at hand—her trial and death. No one could be found bold enough to defend her, and the tribunal was itself obliged to appoint the mockery of a counsel. It is on a dull October morning that she is conducted from the Conciergerie through the dark winding passages of the ancient monastery in which the trials are held. The

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* Madame Campan.

* Madame Campan.

Hall of Convention is large and gloomy, with sparse and narrow windows, through the dusty panes of which the dull, yellow wintry light without creeps sluggishly. A few dimly-lit lanterns are scattered here and there, but the atmosphere is heavy and foggy, and half the Hall is indistinct and full of shadows.

On the lower benches sit the butchers with their blood-stained aprons, and long sharp knives gleaming in their belts. Above them sit the *tricoteuses*—terrible as the Parcæ weaving the weft of fate; some have cards in their hands, upon which, by the prick of a pin, they count the votes for and against as they are declared from the Tribune. Everywhere are scattered scowling faces eager for the blood of the unhappy prisoner.

From without come the murmurs of the savage crowd, threatening death to every deputy who dares to vote against the condemnation of "*l'Autrichienne*"; and as the doors open and shut, the stir and the fierce cries surge heavily into the court. The trial lasts three days. On the last day the proceedings begin at noon and last until four the next morning. All these hours the Queen of France stands in this fetid stifling atmosphere, without aught passing her lips. Burning with thirst, she begs for a drink of water; no one dares to stir, lest he should be marked as a *suspect*. Faint and exhausted, she asks a second time, and then an officer of gendarmes, in whose heart a spark of humanity yet lingers, puts a cup of water into her eager, trembling hands. A howl of disapprobation follows the act. He will be dismissed, but history will immortalise him.

The indictments brought against her are numerous, some absurd; for instance, one is the number of shoes she has worn out! The money she has distributed in charity is charged against her as bribes to buy over the people.* To all, her answers are calm, simple, and concise, until Hébert accuses her of having corrupted her own child. At that horrible accusation a shudder runs through the court. She is silent, but the muscles of her face quiver. The question is pressed, and then, with a heaving breast, she turns upon the ruffian with sublime indignation, crying, "If I have not answered, it is because nature itself revolts against such an accusation brought against a mother. I appeal to all mothers who are here—is it possible?" A murmur runs through the court—even the furies of the guillotine are softened by that pathetic appeal.† Calmly she listens to the sentence of death, and leaves the court without a murmur. It strikes four as she is conducted back to her cell.

A few hours more, and the tumbril conveys her to the Place de la Révolution. There, facing the gardens of the Tuileries, the guillotine raises its grisly head; and there, facing that palace, whither she had been conducted by a king amidst the acclamations of a nation, surrounded by adoring nobles who would have risked their lives a thousand times to win a smile from her lips, consort to the heir of the most splendid throne in Christendom, young, dazzlingly beautiful, brilliant in jewels, buoyant with happiness, knowing sorrow only as a name, a prematurely aged woman with white hair, a pallid worn face furrowed by tears, attired in filthy tatters, lays her weary head beneath the knife amidst the obscene songs, the execrations of the vilest of the human race; and the body of her who for thirty-five years had reposed upon velvet and satin is cast into a ditch and consumed with quicklime.

The character of Marie Antoinette was extraordinarily contradictory, even for a woman. It presents two utterly distinct phases. For thirty-three years she was vain, coquettish, satirical, passionate, haughty, recklessly gay, ardently fond of pleasure, and hoydenishly full of animal spirits. During the four last years of her life, the sublimest of heroines. For if heroism be the power of endurance, the sublime attribute of the soul which raises it above the ills of life—if it be the fortitude to bear the very extremity of cruelty and insult with calmness and dignity, unsullied by impotent rage or vengeful feelings, then Marie Antoinette was the most heroic of women. The faults of her youth were the exotic blossoms of her training and early associations; the virtues of her last days were the natural fruits of her soul. She was coquettish, because she was beautiful beyond her sex. Reared in the faith of the divine right of kings, she clung hard to prerogative. A heart full of fire, gayety, and animal spirits led her into many indiscretions, but no *guilt*. In her days of tribulation never was mother more tender, more loving, more devoted; never was wife more true, more faithful unto death; never was woman more sublimely courageous; never was Christian more long-suffering, more forgiving of injuries.

THE WANDERING JEW.

Of the many myths which diverge from every little incident of Our Saviour's career, the legend of Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, is certainly the most striking and widely distributed. According to the old ballad, in Percy's collection:

He hath past through many a foreign place;
  Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
Greece, Syria, and great Thrace,
  And throughout all Hungaria.

All the nations of the Seven Champions have it in some shape or other, and it is amusing to note the way in which the story adapts itself to the exigencies of time and place. In Germany, where he appeared A. D., 1547, he was a kind of polyglot errant, battling professors and divines with the accumulated learning of fifteen centuries. In Paris, he heralded the advent of Cagliostro and Mesmer, cured diseases, and astounded the *salons* by his prodigious stories. He remembered seeing Nero standing on a hill to enjoy the flames of his capital; and was a particular crony of Mahomet's father at Ormus. It was here, too, he anticipated the coming scepticism, by declaring, from personal experience, that all history was a tissue of lies. In Italy the myth has become interwoven with the national art here. When he came to Venice, he brought with him a fine cabinet of choice pictures, including his own portrait by Titian, taken some two centuries before. In England John Bull has endowed him with the commercial spirit of his stationary brethren, and, to complete his certificate of naturalization, made him always thirsty! But the Jew of Quarter Sessions' Reports, who is always getting into scrapes, is not the Jew of the rural popular legends; in which he is invariably represented as a purely benevolent being, whose crime has been long since expiated by his cruel punishment, and therefore entitled to the help of every good Christian. When on the weary way to Golgotha, Christ fainting, and overcome under the burden of the cross, asked him, as he was standing at his door, for a cup of water to cool his parched throat, he spurned the supplication, and bade him on the faster. "I go," said the Saviour, "but thou shalt thirst, and tarry till I come." And ever since then, by day and night, through the long centuries, he has been doomed to wander about the earth, ever craving for water, and ever expecting the day of judgment which shall end his toils.

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* A similar accusation was brought against the king—the only one that broke down his firmness. His eyes filled with tears and his voice quivered with emotion at this vile misrepresentation of acts of pure charity.

† When, some months afterwards, Robespierre sent Hébert to the guillotine, one of the accusations he brought against him was, that by injudicious charges he had made "the widow Capet" interesting!

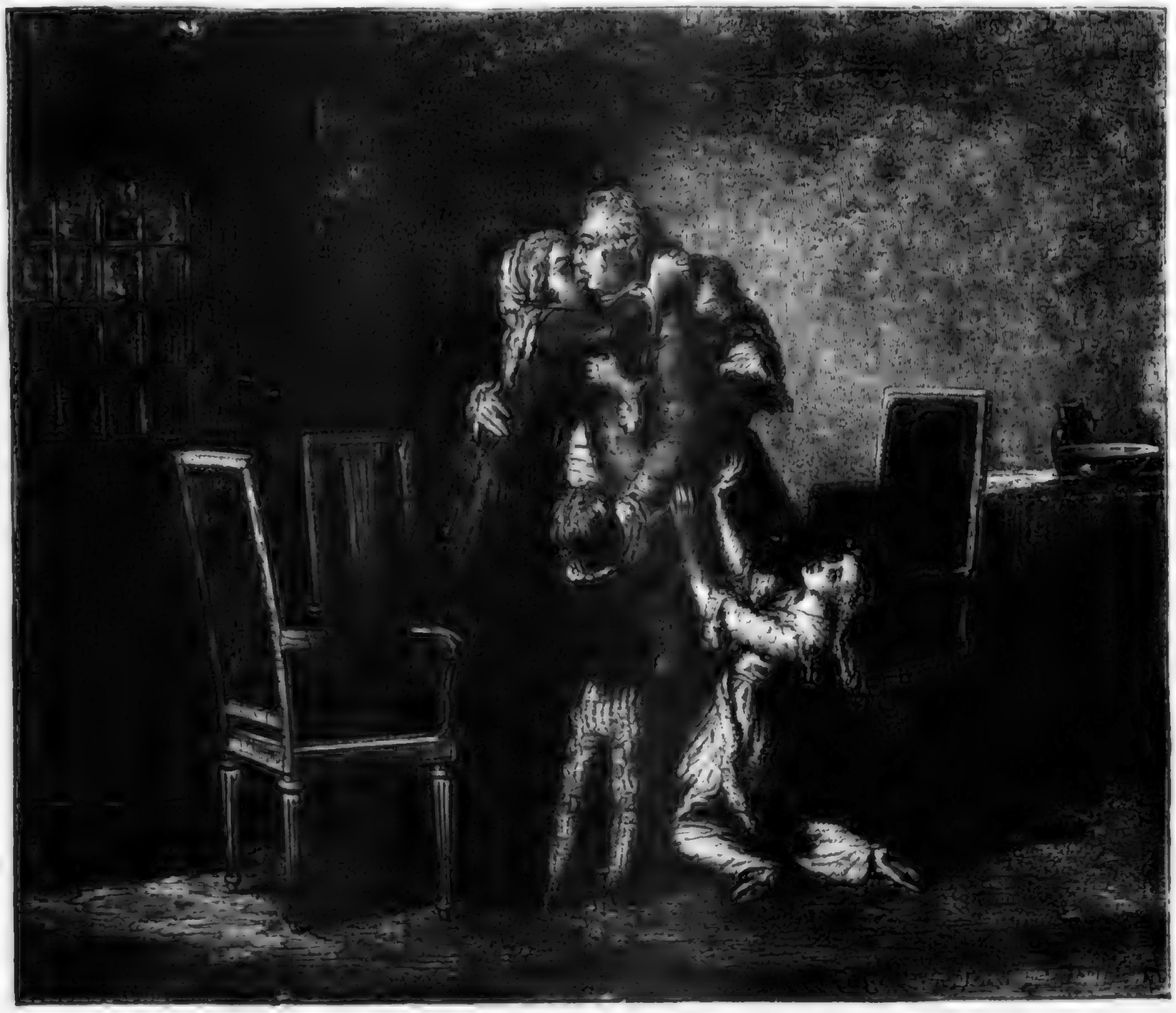
XUM

Sometimes, during the cold Winter nights, the lonely cottager will be awoke by a plaintive demand for "Water, good Christian! water for the love of God!" And if he looks out into the moonlight, he will see a venerable old man in antique raiment, with gray flowing beard and a tall staff, who beseeches his charity with the most earnest gesture. Woe to the churl who refuses him water or shelter. If, on the contrary, you treat him well, and refrain from indelicate inquiries respecting his age—on which point he is very touchy—his visit is sure to bring good luck. Perhaps years afterwards, when you are on your death-bed, he may happen to be passing; and if he *should*, you are safe; for three knocks with his staff will make you hale, and he never forgets any kindnesses. Many stories are current of his wonderful cures.

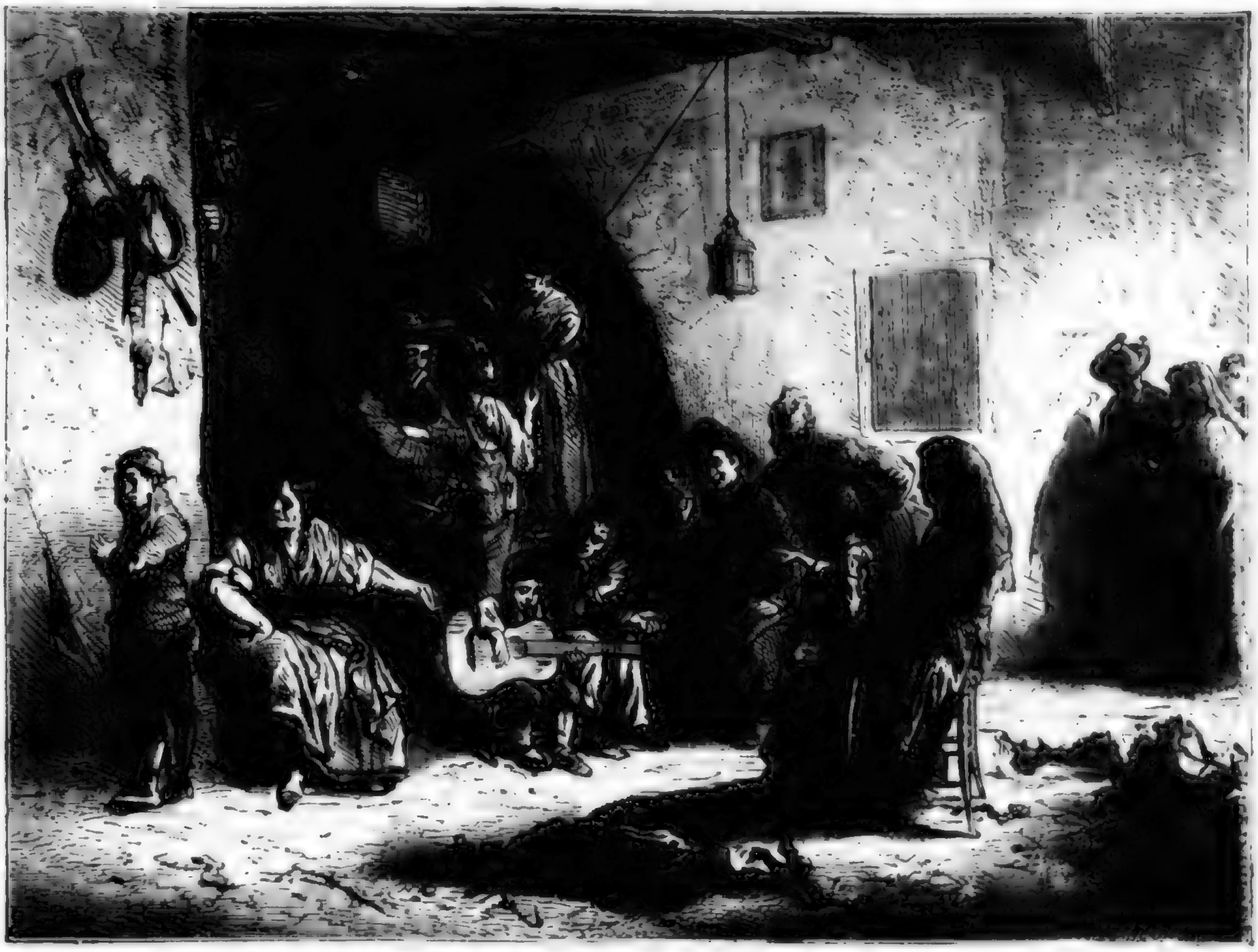
In the *Athenæum*, No. 2036, it is ingeniously remarked: "When it is remembered that these Wandering Jews were received at great men's tables, and were kept as guests as long as they had any wild story to tell (they all grew old till they were a hundred, and then began again, at the age at which Christ found them) it is simply astonishing that we do not hear more of these clever and erratic parasites." The writer then relates the last on the mysterious roll.

"From the year 1818 (perhaps earlier) to about 1830, a handsomely-featured Jew, in semi-Eastern costume, fair-haired, bare-headed, his eyes intently fixed on a little ancient book he held in both hands, might be seen gliding through the streets of London, but was never seen to issue from or to enter a house, or to pause upon his way. He was popularly known as 'The Wandering Jew,' but there was something so dignified and anxious in his look, that he was never known to suffer the slightest molestation. Young and old looked silently on him as he passed, and shook their heads pitifully when he had gone by. He disappeared, was seen again in London some ten years later, still young, fair-haired, bare-headed, his eyes bent on his book, his feet going steadily forward as he went straight on; and men again whispered as he glided through our streets for the last time, 'The Wandering Jew!' There were many who believed that he was the very man to whom had been uttered the awful words, 'Turry thou till I come!'"

Roger of Wendover, a monk of St. Albans, and Matthew Paris, a Benedictine monk of Chigny and likewise of St. Albans, give the oldest traditions of the Wandering Jew. According to Menzel ("History of German Poetry") the whole tradition is but an allegory, symbolizing heathenism. M. Lacroix suggests that it represents the Hebrew race dispersed and wandering throughout the earth, but not destroyed. In Germany, the tradition of the Wandering Jew became connected with John Bultadæus, a real person, said to have been at Antwerp in the thirteenth century, again in the fifteenth, and a third time in the sixteenth, with every appearance of age and decrepitude. His last recorded apparition was at Brussels, in April, 1774. Southey, in his "Curse of Kehama," and Croly, in his "Salathiel," trace the course of the Wandering Jew, but in violation of the whole legend; and Eugene Sue adopted the name as the title of one of his most immoral novels ("Le Juif Errant"), though the Jew scarcely figures at all in the work. ("Wheeler's Noted Names of Fiction.")



LOUIS XVI. PARTING FROM MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN.—SEE PAGE 666.



THE INFANT PRODIGY AND THE ENVIOUS YOUTH.

THE PINK COUNTESS.

By Joaquin Miller.

Chapter XXVIII.

THE OLD ADMIRAL PROPOSES.

IT was ten o'clock, and the boat from Colico at the head of Lake Como, which brought down the hosts of tourists from the Engardine and other places of resort in the Swiss Alps, was whistling off the little wharf.

The arrival and departure of this boat were the events of the day. This Bellagio was the great half-way place between the Alps and Milan. Everybody stopped here at least a day to rest; many stopped months. But it was on this boat that travelers came who had been in the Tyrol or the Alps, and it was on this boat that tourists took passage for the nearest point on the railroad, which was at Como, who wished to visit France, England, America.

Hence the coming and going of this boat was a great event; and there was meeting, and greeting, and good-by, and all that, all the time, from the moment the people began to land till she had taken on her load of down-passengers and pushed off into the lake for the edge of the plains of Lombardy.

The artist, wishing to forget for a moment the task before him and the fortunes and misfortunes that lay hidden away from him in the folds of the next few hours, stood out on the great balcony of the hotel that looked over the lake, and watched the coming and going of the people, the excitement, the embraces, the farewells, the hurry and bustle about the boat, which had just arrived and was about to depart.

There was a man being carried on the boat in a litter.

"Poor fellow!" sighed the artist; "he has come to Italy for health and found death. He will never live to see old England again; the long ride through the hot towns of France will kill him."

A carriage was driving tardily down the short road to the wharf.

The boat whistled, a bell rang, the rope was cast loose, the boat pushed off. Then a lady was seen to rise up excitedly in the carriage, call out in terror, wave her handkerchief, and call to the boat. She had been left behind.

The lady sank back in the carriage, and then a little boy put his arms around her neck, and they wept together. He moved on the other seat soon, and the crowd—which had hidden the carriage and all but the face of the lady—now melted away, and the artist started with amazement. It was the lady in pink, the Countess Edna!

He hastened down-stairs as soon as he could catch up his hat and cane, and was on his way to her side before he took a second thought. This man was not accustomed to take a second thought when he found any one in trouble. Had he reflected here, he might have been less demonstrative, but it is doubtful if he had deviated the least bit in his course, or in any of his conduct which followed his meeting with this woman in this unfortunate condition, at this most inopportune time.

Her little hand was fluttering with excitement as it reached to receive him.

"We have been left. My poor father is gone, and gone only with that miserable Italian servant to attend him."

"And, dear lady, how could you allow them to separate you?"

"There is something wrong; there has been all the time. I tell you some one is at the bottom of this. I suspected it this morning. I told the proprietor of the Hôtel Grande Bellagio."

XUM

"And you were at the Grande Bellagio? Why, I am there also."

"I know it, I know it. We only arrived last night—rested all night, and were trying to push on to England, for father is ill indeed, and wants to go home to his native land. Yes, I heard you were there, but as we had only sickness and concern to tell you about, I did not care to trouble you. But as I was saying, I told the proprietor of the hotel that these servants were up to mischief, and would either get my little boy away from me or leave my poor father behind."

She leaned her head over to the artist and whispered:

"I promised to not leave Italy, but I must. I must get my father to England. I cannot remain here without him, and then it is not right that he should travel the long and dreadful journey without me."

"Well, well! It is too bad. But you can't sit here in the hot sun. Now what is to be done? Tell me what I can do and I will be glad to do it."

"When can I go on?"

"Not till the evening boat. Your father by that time will be in Milan."

"Merciful Heaven!" sighed the lady, and she put up her little, helpless, baby hands, as if to hide her eyes from the sight of the admiral before her.

"I am rough but honest," said a great voice, and a man in many jewels came forward and put out his hand to the countess, which somehow she felt compelled to take. "Yes, I am a rough but honest sailor, and I have come upon the ground to help you,"

"Can you help me, Murietta? Will you, will anyone, help me and get me out of the clutches of these treacherous men that seem to hold my very life in their hands?"

"Countess!" thundered the old man, coming forward and stroking his chin and pulling his long gray moustache right and left, "I can help you, and I will help you."

"Only let me get to my father, get to England. I will give you money—heaps of money."

"Good! Now we will get on; now we will understand each other," said she man, lifting his hat and laying his hand on his heart.

"Get back to the hotel," said Murietta, "and out of the sun, or you will be ill, and then make such arrangements as you can to join your father. He will certainly await you in Milan and telegraph you from the first station."

The old admiral stood there, as if waiting to take possession of the countess so soon as the artist stepped aside.

"Will you please sit by me? Take a seat here," she said, as her little pink hand drew back the rose and pink and silks at her side nervously, as if she was frightened almost to death at the bold attitude of the admiral.

The artist stepped into the carriage, ordered the man, who was evidently in the pay of the admiral from the glances they exchanged, to drive back to the hotel, and sitting there as the carriage turned up the hill, he saw the doctor and the old admiral talking together in that loud and belligerent voice and manner common only among low and treacherous Italians.

The lady returned to her apartments, and the proprietor of the hotel smiled as she entered again, as if he had really done a good piece of business by detaining her.

"Now let us see what is to be done," said Murietta, cheerfully, as he sat down opposite her in her saloon, and saw how terribly she had been worn by her trials and troubles in the Tyrol, and how she was now shaken up by this new trouble.

"Think it out, Mr. Murietta, and tell me what to do and how to do it. I do not know. Father could give the directions and I could take care of him, and that is the way we managed it. But here I am with my little boy, quite broken down myself, and quite at the mercy of these wretches that surround me."

Murietta knew perfectly well that the case was just about as bad as it could be, but he pretended to laugh at it all, and assured her that she would be able to get off by the evening boat and join her father at Milan that night. Thus it was agreed to wait for the evening boat, since nothing else could be done, and then Murietta went out and down in the walk of trees by the water.

"Now, sir, I am a plain, blunt man. One word with you."

The artist attempted to pass on down the narrow walk of yew-wood, but the great monster of a man still stood before him.

"I have a proposition to make. You are a friend of the countess; she will do just as you tell her. Now, sir, you wish to serve her. She wishes to get out of Italy with her father."

"Yes, and will get out of Italy with her father, without either your assistance or mine. And now do you stand aside or I——"

"Do it! Please to do it, and I will put you in prison and take possession of the countess myself, body and soul."

"You insufferable old villain! What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. I carry my heart in my hand. I am a rough but honest man. And now, sir, since you will not oblige me by knocking me down, you will, perhaps, listen to my proposition. It is this." Then the old admiral stopped a moment, sighed, reflected a time, and then went on. "I have not lived the most regular life, I admit. I was born a gentleman, a poor Italian prince. Youthful indiscretions drove me to the sea. My brothers usurped my title and small estate. I have been a very unfortunate man, but now I have saved money, and am getting old and wish to retire."

"Then, old man, why not reform and retire, and leave off persecuting a helpless woman and a dying man?"

"Because—because I cannot leave that woman. Because I love her!"

Murietta clutched him by the throat for a second, but let go and pushed him from him.

"Please to choke me, sir. Please to do it, and I will lock you up and have the field for myself, and get damages for the assault besides. But listen to me. You are a man of the clouds. I am a practical man, I am at the head of the Brothers of the Altar. We are a host. I am at the head of a little army. You see what I can do. I knew the countess must come this way. There are but two roads out of the Tyrol. I came here with my men. I waited. You see what I have done. I have sent her old father off alone, in charge of one of my men. She cannot leave Italy without my consent. Now, sir, her weak and silly husband, the count, who dares not disobey a word of my commands, is and will remain in Rome till I give him leave to come away. Now I wish to get out of all these meshes of orders and associations that are no longer either creditable or pleasant. I swear to God that I will reform. I wish to go to America, and there settle down and end my days in peace. The countess can take me with her. Go to her—tell her to take me with her out of the country. I can escape under the pretence that I am still watching her, for you see I too am watched as well as others, and watched by my own men. Tell her to take me and I will treat her honorably. I will never say an impure word to her now, but will win her love by devotion to her interest and her pleasures. Tell her that if she refuses me this she shall not leave Italy. No! her boy will be taken here, her father there, and she will be so tormented that she will wish a thousand times that she had taken even the vilest of my propositions."

Murietta had stood there with his arms folded up and doubled in, lest he should be tempted to strike this monster and thereby only involve the countess in deeper trouble. Then as the man finished he turned away without a word and went down the other end of the walk.

"You will not serve the countess, then, by delivering my proposition?" The artist did not answer or look around.

"Well, then," thundered the man down the avenue of dark wood, "her blood and the blood of her father and her child be on your hands!"

Chapter XXIX.

KIDNAPPING.

IT was nearly evening, and the countess was walking in the little wood by the lake waiting the arrival of the boat. She was quite ready for her departure. Murietta had done what little there was to do, so as to put everything beyond the reach of accident, and now, all ready to step into the boat, she was walking up and down in the little avenue on the edge of the lake. The child had wandered off, only a few steps, to the edge of the vineyard.

A man, a bare-headed man with enormous ears and a red face, came up out of the grape vines, spoke to Giuseppe, the courier who had charge of the child, and then darting forward caught it under his arm, and turned to fly. There was a struggle and a scream, and the thief stumbled and fell there as he looked back, for Murietta was upon him.

The kidnapper dropped the child and escaped into the field of vines. The little thing was terribly frightened and fearfully bruised about the head. Life seemed extinct.

The boat came and went, but the countess sat all the time by a little bedside with her hands wrung together, and weeping through her falling hair as if her heart would break.

Who should stand by her side at such a time? This man, who had waited for this present hour saw it go by. He saw his promise broken, as he sat there alone with the lady and the little black-eyed villain of a doctor, whom they had called in as the only person present bearing the name of doctor, and watched with the little unconscious child whose life flickered like a dying lamp on the edge of eternity, and did not speak of Annette even to himself.

The little sufferer sat up in the morning and spoke to its mother. The danger was over, and the little doctor once more, in the good favor in which his skill had placed him, tried to approach Murietta on a subject uppermost in his mind.

Italians advance directly upon nothing. If they wish to talk about paradise they begin about purgatory.

The doctor stood before Murietta washing his hands in the morning sunlight on the little balcony before the lady's parlor.

"The old gentleman, her father," he began, "will not stop long in Milan. It is too hot. Besides he is dying, and dying men are never satisfied anywhere. If he lives he will push on to England at once. But then he will die when he comes to the end of the journey by the great sea, for the excitement of travel will be over. There will be a reaction, and then the man will die."

He stopped talking, stopped washing his hands, and waited for the artist to answer. But he did not answer. He lifted his face up toward the little pine-topped mountain and a house there with a balcony looking down on the two lakes, but did not speak.

The low-browed, black-eyed Italian doctor began again to wash his hands, and to wag his tongue. This time he moved a little nearer to the subject of his thoughts.

"The admiral wishes to get out of Italy, I think," said the doctor cautiously, and washing his hands very slowly. "You see, he has got all the money, and he intends to keep it. He got at least a hundred thousand francs from the countess when she left Rome; and here! just look at my clothes. Not a centime! No, sir! not a sou did I get out of all that sum! I have followed him, sir. He intends to try to cross the border. He lingers about the edge of Italy with the pretence that he must follow the countess, and keep her from revealing the secrets of the Order of the Brothers of the Altar."

"Well! well!" said Murietta, sharply, as he turned upon the man, for he was not in a mood for diplomacy, "come to the point. What do you propose? What do you want?"

"Signor, I want money. If I cannot get what is really mine from the admiral; if he persists in keeping me in rags and wretchedness, I shall enter the service of some one who will be more just and generous. Ay! even enter the service of the State of Italy!"

"Very well, I certainly have no use for knaves. Enter the service of the State, or the State prisons, for aught I care;" and Murietta turned back to the countess who had just re-entered the saloon.

"I have just dismissed Giuseppe and my maid," she began. "I have paid them off and paid their wages to Rome. They were in a league against me, and I am certain were in the pay of the old admiral. Now I am a little more free," she said, coming forward and half smiling at some remark of the little invalid, who was sitting up in bed and playing with a lot of toys.

"Dismissed them both? And how, then, do you expect to get on your journey?" exclaimed Murietta, for he knew full well that these dismissed servants would now make mischief.

"Well!" exclaimed the lady, sharply, "I could not get on my journey with them. If I do not get on without them, I shall be no worse off. I cannot afford to have brigands and kidnappers by my side at such a time, for I know there is no law in Italy that will protect me from them, with my husband on their side."

Chapter XXX.

A BOAT-RACE ON LAKE COMO.

"These men, whoever they may be, who float that barge and fly that banner, must now assist this woman. I have done all I can do. I have sacrificed everything, and achieved nothing. I am not a patient man. I shall now go to older and abler heads, and tell them just how this lady is situated. I will get up a feeling among her countrymen in her favor that will bear her right along lightly and safely over all this sea of trouble."

So musing, the man passed through the gate, stepped into a boat, and drove with double oarsmen across the lake to Menagio.

He met a party of young Americans under the trees before the half-primitive house known as the Victoria Hotel. He told them at once the story of this unfortunate lady, and, all the time leaving his own name out, asked them what should be done.

"Wal," answered the Yankee spokesman, "send for her husband, let her send for her husband. Or else go down to Rome with the courier. If she has been with him through all the Alps, she can certainly go the ten days' ride to Rome with him, and not hurt herself. As for her father, I reckon the old man is of age, and can take care of himself."

"Yes," said another sovereign from the great Republic "let her go down to Rome, where her home is. Let her go to her husband if he won't come to her. If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, let Mohammed go to the mountain. They say she's about half-crazy anyhow, and a fellow don't like to get mixed up with a crazy woman; bad enough when they are in their senses."

"And so you have heard something about this poor lady already?" inquired Murietta.

"Heard about her! Wall now, I reckon we have; guess everybody has. It's the talk all over the lake. You see she's got a fellow with her that's about as crazy as she is, and that makes the thing a great deal worse. If she'd pitch him into the lake, and give some other fellow the full sweep, she might get on. But I guess she'd better go back to her husband, the Italian count."

"Why, what do you mean, sir? Do you know this lady?" said Murietta, excitedly, as he rose up from the iron seat under the pine-tree.

"No, no, not at all," answered the other, quietly. "Only I've heard a great deal about her to-day, and they say she's got a sort of a painter, or a fiddler, or something of that kind."

Murietta had stepped rapidly down into his boat as the man began to drawl out this speech and reveal to him the current stories that the cunning Italians had set afloat and made the gossip of the lake, and, lifting his hat, did not wish to hear its conclusion.

His boat touched at Cadanabia as the craft with the broad canvas and canopies, with its bands of music and pleasure-party, drew in to the shore. He had resolved to make one more appeal to simple manhood.

As the gay party stepped ashore he was delighted to see a face here that he had met in Rome. It was that of McCrary, an Irish porter of San Francisco, and the millionaire who had purchased the new antiquities in Rome.

The Irishman extended his hand with a voluble welcome to Como, and a pressing invitation to the artist to remain and make one of his party at dinner.

"Yis, yis, ye must remain wid me and dine, and meet the Prince of Lodi. That is the Prince of Lodi, a walking wid my wife into the hotel."

The Irishman pointed with his thumb over his shoulder and stooped his back as he did so, as if he was bearing a trunk on his back upstairs.

And then he went on to talk about this wonderful Prince of Lodi in the most garrulous way, and about every other word was sandwiched in between "the Prince of Lodi."

A wonderful boy was this young Prince of Lodi. The Irishman was full of anecdotes and adventures of and concerning this Prince of Lodi. Not that he had ever been in war, or even in the saddle or out of Italy, or even long out of the hands of his nurse, but still a wonderful man was this Prince of Lodi.

"I will present ye."

"No, do not disturb him."

"But he will not mind," urged the Irishman, who perhaps for the first time had found himself the companion of a prince, and was quite carried away; "he will not mind it in the least."

"Look here! Mr. McCrary, I am busy," said Murietta, nervously. "I have a matter on my mind and hand, and have come to see you about it, and at once. Hang your prince! What harm have I done that I must be bored by this idiotic and stripling prince? What good has he done that he has a right to my time? Why, he is a helpless toy. I am weary with toil in the world. I am covered with the scars of battle, and yet you would make this man my companion and my equal, and condemn me to tolerate him. Now, come! Here is a matter worthy of the attention and the strong arm of a prince of nature. Will you assist me?"

"Wid all me heart, barrin' your poor opinion o' the Prince of Lodi."

"Spoken like a brave, warm-hearted Irishman," cried the artist, reaching his hand. "Now, sir, here is a work that the most chivalrous knight ought to be proud to strike a blow to promote."

"And ez it a Californy gold-mine? or an oil-well?" asked the shrewd ex-porter.

"It is a lady in trouble," replied Murietta, soberly. And then he proceeded to tell the whole story of the day and the day before to the Irishman, as they sat on an iron seat under the shade of the great sycamore-trees by the lake.

"Come now," said Murietta, as he concluded, "you sail the largest craft on this lake that carries the American colors."

"Yis, yis, I carries the flag o' my country; but what has that to do wi' the countess?"

"Only this. She is an American—you are an American. Since these Italians are so clannish against strangers in the land, let Americans be a little clannish, too, and stand by each other. This woman will have her child taken from her to-morrow morning. That child will not be taken to Rome, I am certain, but will be carried off to some hiding-place by these brigands in disguise, and kept there till ransomed by her money. Now, sir, what I ask is this. Send your boat and your men under your flag, and take that lady and her child to Como to-night."

The Irishman rose up, stooped, picked up a pebble, pitched it into the lake, and then turned to the artist and laughed in his face.

"Take her to Como," pleaded Murietta. "From Como to Milan—it is but one hour—and at Milan she will be under the protection of the American consul, and even the British vice-consul will not see her separated from her child. Nay, there is not one Englishman in the ten outside of a shopkeeper but would put his shoulder to the wheel and see her through it all, if he saw this case and understood it as I see and understand it."

"The Prince of Lodi——" began the Irishman.

"Will you, can you assist the countess to get to Milan to-night?"

"The Prince of Lodi——"

"Hang the Prince of Lodi!" cried the artist, furious at the thought of having to entreat this vulgar fellow to do the simplest service for a lady in trouble; "will you do this or not?"

The Irishman shook his head, stooped, picked up another pebble, tossed it into the lake, and then said he thought it would hardly pay.

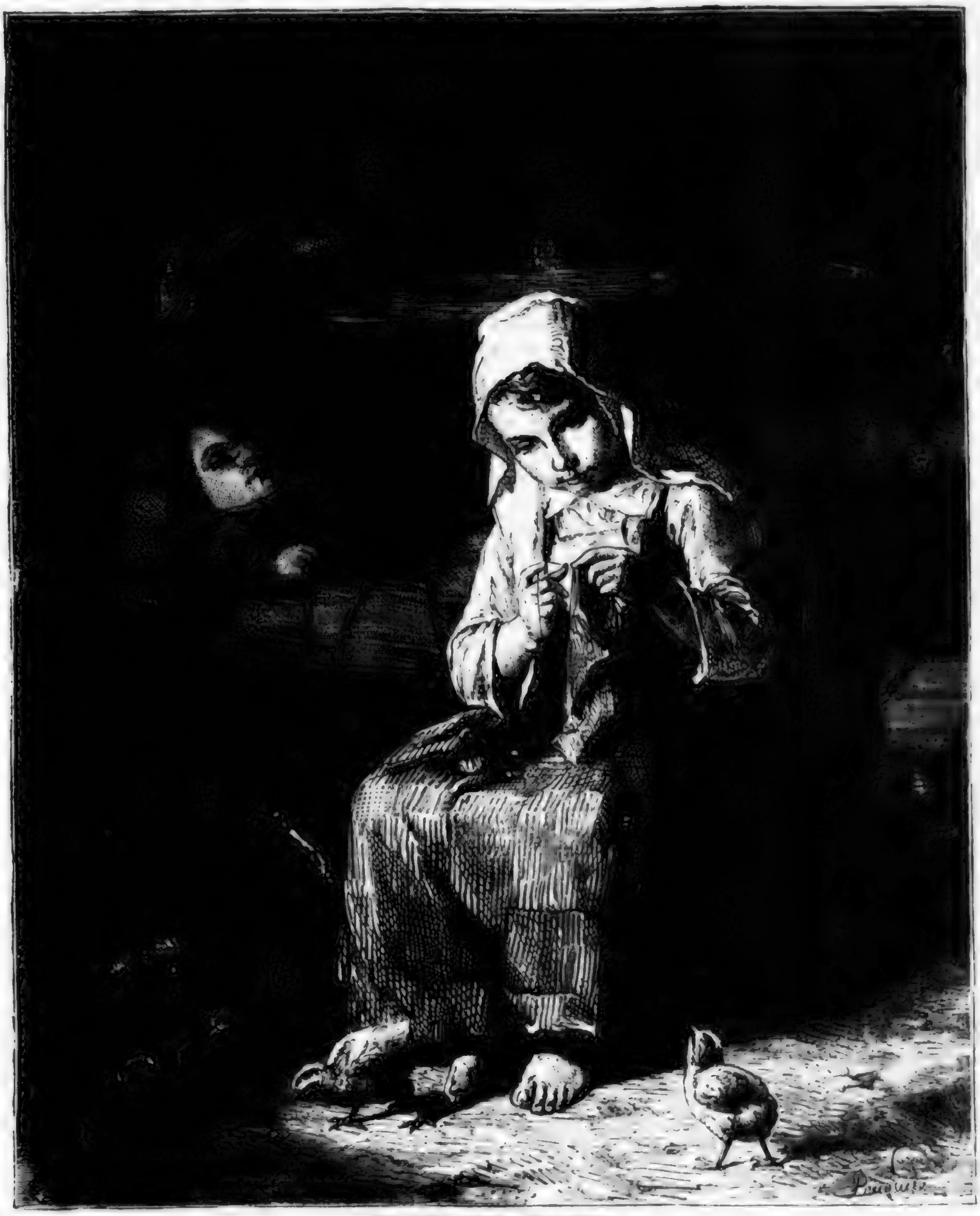
"No. You are right, it will not pay," answered Murietta, as he entered his boat in despair, and now pushed off with the prow toward the Grande Hotel Bellagio. "I forgot," he continued, talking to himself, "it really will not pay him. He is only a porter still; I mistook him for a gentleman."

"You have left me all alone all day. You knew how lonely I was here, and yet here I have been left without a friend—left with that terrible little monster of a doctor, who would poison us all for a penny."

The countess was bitter in her reproaches. The poor, spoilt child! She had never been so alone before. She did not even have her keepers about her now.

"I have got another doctor," she said, leaning over the balcony and looking down at a fine young fellow leading the little child in a walk slowly up and down the avenue of trees by the lake. "Here, take this roll of money and go find the other doctor and pay him off."

The beautiful woman was severe and imperious, but Murietta had too much on his mind to heed anything she said or did. He had resolved now to see her through this peril at every hazard. The insinuations, the sneers, and the cold caution of those to whom he had appealed had maddened him. He was now desperate with this resolution, and heeded nothing but that which either facilitated or retarded his contemplated enterprise. He therefore took the money as if he had been a courier or sort of upper servant, and went down, found the doctor, paid him liberally, and came back.


THE LITTLE NURSE. BY FAUQUET.

The lady had just received a telegram from her father. He was at the Royal Hotel, Milan.

Poor lady! She walked the floor, half-wild again. Yet she did not dream of the greater trouble that now encompassed her, and Murietta did not dare to tell her. He feared she would break quite down under it, and he did not see the good that would come of reciting the unpleasant truths.

Giuseppe did not put in an appearance at the Grand Hotel that day. He was a coward, every inch of him, and the recollection of the little encounter in the anti-camera of the palace in Rome no doubt had something to do with keeping him aloof from the presence of Murietta. "I like the looks of that new doctor," said Murietta to the countess, attempting to divert her thoughts.

"He is a gentleman," she answered, as she came up and looked down and threw a kiss to the little one at his side; "he is a born gentleman, the only one I have seen in all this place. I should have died but for him to-day."

The artist felt the bitter taunt, but only went down and

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joined the little party in the walk. Then the countess came down, and as they stood there by the lake the boat from up at Colico with the travelers from the Alps and the Tyrol came and discharged her load of tourists for Bellagio, and took in her load for France, England, and America.

"Oh, why can I not go, too?" cried the countess, as she saw the boat push off. "Why did you not tell me to get ready to go? I could get into the boat, go to Como, drive to the station, take a ticket, and be in Milan with my father before morning. I can do it. I will go and get the very next——"

The old admiral was walking up and down through the cypress avenue on the hill-side above them, and as the lady saw him she stopped suddenly and bowed her head, and hid her face in her hands, and, trembling, sank into a seat. She knew too well that this man was her keeper, and that while he lived and was free she must remain a prisoner.

The young doctor was greatly affected. He also now saw that something was certainly wrong here, and he, though a Frenchman just from school, had lived long enough in Italy to make a pretty shrewd guess at the cause of the trouble.

"I must get away from here, and soon, or I shall go mad," said the countess, lifting up her face and looking through the cypress avenue for the cause of her terror, as a woman always will when she has been frightened.

"Lady, I am arranging to go to-night," said the artist.

"To-night! Can we go to-night? Oh, let us go to-night, now! Come, let us go!"

"Soft, soft; mind what you say. These very trees have ears. The old admiral is on the watch. He has sworn that you shall not go without taking him."

The lady looked at him with her great eyes wide open, and helpless as any babe. He had seen fit to tell her this much in order to put her on her guard, and make her the more cautious in getting away. But more than this he did not tell her.

The sun went down, and the party retired to prepare for the departure. The young doctor kept the child constantly by his side, for he had been engaged by the countess to remain with her, unless called away by a case of most urgent necessity. As he was a young man and a stranger, it was not likely that that event would happen for a long time.

It was ten o'clock at night. Fire-rockets and Roman candles were going off in every direction. It was like a great battle-field. These vulgar hotel-keepers, forgetting that people came there for peace and rest, took this means of advertising their respective houses. There were persons who remonstrated with the long-nosed, shrewd Swiss fellow who kept the Grande Bellagio, but it did no good. Every evening at eight, and from eight to ten, the whole garden and groves and hill-side were ablaze with these intolerable fireworks.

"I wish to take the countess and her child out of this noise for an hour," said Murietta to the proprietor. "Is there not a place around the forks of the lake, on the other side of the little pine-topped mountain, where there are no hotels with rockets and fireworks?"

The man answered that there was, and also told the artist that on the other side of the little mountain there was a famous echo that the countess would certainly be pleased to hear.

"Give me a boat with four oarsmen, and the best young men to be found, for the countess has been sorely tried, and must have some diversion."

The man promised the boat should soon be ready, and also that he should have the best men in Bellagio to pull him and his party around the mountain; and the artist withdrew to his room.

He rolled up a picture that was there, with his face averted. He did not look at it. He did not dare to. He rolled it up tight, tied it, and then, taking up his brush, wrote on the back of it this one word, "Rubicon."

Then he went down and stood by the side of the countess on the balcony. The doctor and his little charge were watching the lights with great pleasure and interest from another balcony within call. The artist left the countess a moment, stepped to the doctor, whispered in his ear, after making sure that no spies were at that moment watching them, and then went back to the countess.

"It is all right. He will be with us as far as Como. He does not know all the trouble that surrounds us; you do not know, perhaps I do not know, and, after all, it is not best to know. But we are off in half an hour, and you must not say one word till safe away on the water."

"Safe away! Oh, Heaven! And you will see me through it all?"

"I will see you through it all, God helping me," the man said, with a trembling voice, for his face was lifted to the hill and the house in the pines where his heart should be left for ever behind him.

"Murietta," said the lady, "I know what it costs you to go away with me to Milan."

"Do you know?" he asked, looking in her beautiful, childish, and helpless face. "Do you know what it costs me?"

"Ah, yes. I know what it costs you to leave here and go with me down to hot and dusty Milan. I know you want to stay in Como for a month still, and to rest here and be quiet. Instead of that, you must go down just in the flush of the season to dull, dusty Milan, and all only to oblige me. You see I know what it costs you. I appreciate what you are about to do, and Heaven will reward you, for I cannot."

"Oh, woman! woman! woman!" sighed Murietta, as he once more, and for the last time, lifted his face to the house hidden away among the pines and ruins on the woody little mountain. "And you fancy you really do know what it is costing me to go to Milan!"

"All ready, signor."

"Very good. Say that we will be there presently," said Murietta to the man. And the man bowed low and withdrew.

"No, no; leave that," whispered the artist to the countess, as she began to throw her shawl over her shoulders. "Leave everything just as it is in the room. Touch nothing. Take nothing with you. It is too sultry at this hour for shawls and wraps, and however much you may need them to-night, they must be left behind. This is a desperate game, and it must be played reckless of cost."

The party entered the boat and pushed off and drove hard for half an hour up the lake and around the little high pine-topped mountain with its nose pushed into the forks.

"What a beautiful night for a ride to Como!" exclaimed the countess, as if in a spirit of banter.

"Beautiful!" answered Murietta; "but you would get very weary of it before you rode that distance."

"Would I, though! Not half so weary as you, my dear artist."

"Try it and see."

"Try it and see! Do you dare me?"

"Well, I think I can endure almost as much boat-riding on Lake Como as the fair countess—that is all."

"Captain, how much to Como and back, and without touching land all the way down, or stopping to rest, or doing anything by which my friend the artist can find other diversion than sitting in the boat?"

It was indeed a dangerous enterprise. Two people of this party were attempting to deceive Italians. That is a hard thing to do.

The captain of the boat spoke to his fellows in the *patois* of the country, and then he answered, politely, "Fifty francs, Senora Countess, at night, with four oars."

"But you would get out as we neared the hotel, would you not?" she said, turning to Murietta with a well-assumed air of banter.

"Try me, and see. I think I can sit here certainly as long as your ladyship."

"Oh! I will not give you a chance to leave us. You shall not even be in hail of Bellagio again till we return from Como."

"Captain! Como!" cried the beautiful woman, half rising with excitement, and acting her part with a skill that amazed Murietta.

"It will be fifty francs, Senora Countess, and the sum that we were to have for the excursion besides."

"You shall have it; and *bona mana* besides."

The Italian boatman bowed and smiled in acknowledgment, and the little craft spun around and the prow was pointed down the water toward the plains of Lombardy.

It was a moment of intense anxiety as they came opposite Bellagio and glided on their way down through the still, warm water of the lake. What, if the wily Italians suspected something, and should make some excuse to pull in—to get their coats, a little wine—anything?

No; the boat did not veer from its course. Not an oar lost a note. The tall, handsome, half-Greek boatmen kept time, and they shot ahead with a speed that was surprising.

The artist sat silent, and with folded hands. He had not slept for the past two nights, but even now his brain was at work, and he was wide awake and watchful; he had done what he knew to be his duty. Yet, sitting there, he knew that on the morrow men and women would couple his name with that of the countess in a way that would cover his head with shame. He had sacrificed all—everything. He had sacrificed more to serve this woman by his side, to help her through a trouble, than most men ever possess. He had counted down his good name, broken his idol, left his heart, with all his broken hopes, on the pine and vine-clad hill at Bellagio.

Yet, for all this that he had done, he, sitting there with folded hands, knew perfectly well there could, among men, be but one reward—the reward of a ruined name. He was not regretting anything now; he was simply sitting there looking back at the ugly fact, and sometimes asking himself if he could not have done otherwise, and all the time answering that he could not have done otherwise and had his own self-respect.

This, then, was the outlook. He had lost the world's good opinion, but had retained his own. After all, if he had been compelled, at any time of his stormy and troubled life, from the date of his discretion, to choose which should be sacrificed and which retained, the world's good will or his own, he never would have hesitated or had two opinions for a moment. He had been driven to the wall here, and had been compelled to choose. He had made his choice, and did not regret it. Yet it was so hard, so very hard, to leave her, and disgraced! He was thinking that if he had died then it had been so very much better. She then would perhaps have thought of him at least with respect; now, she would never think of him but with shame.

And this is all for woman—to aid a woman who will forever be a stranger to me, in soul and body, because she, like the world, will never understand me; and she is bearing me away from my love.

"She is bearing me away from this one woman—the One Fair Woman—of my life! The light that I have followed, the lady I saw on the mountain of fire, and in whose path I strewed roses. This boat is bearing me from her presence, and in eternal disgrace."

It was a sultry evening. Away down the long narrow like there was a great waterfall plunging down from the high, savage mountain into a little bay, to the left of the weary oarsmen.

They asked permission to rest a moment in the cooling spray; and the kind countess, who was now light-hearted and full of hope, cheerfully allowed the boat to lie still, and rock and rest at will.

The bold, strong boatmen soon pushed on again, for a wind was springing up ahead, and the fair face of the lake began to grow wrinkled, as if getting up a storm.

The air was chill now as the wind blew in, and the doctor took off his cloak and folded it around the countess and her child.

Murietta sat there silent and still. His pliable and easy nature had at last been intensified, and now he was as a man of iron.

There was a sound of oars. A man leaned over the boat and listened. The artist drew a pistol, cocked it, and said, "Pull! pull for your lives! Double pay if you reach Como before them!" And then he lifted the shining steel to the moon, "Death if you do not!"

"Is it—oh! is it—the admiral?" asked the countess.

The doctor looked terrified, and tapped the plank in the boat with his boot, and sat very restless in his seat.

Singularly enough, the captain and his men only smiled with pleasure at the lifted pistol and the promised double pay. These fellows had seen runaway affairs before. They now leaned to their oars, and entered into it with heart and soul. They thought this was a love affair, and laughed to see how cleverly it had been managed, for Como has long been famous for its many adventures in this field. These fellows supposed the artist was stealing the countess, and they liked his dash and daring, and particularly liked the promise of double pay.

Notwithstanding the promise of the proprietor of the Grande Hotel that the boat and the men should be the best on the lake, this was now doubtful, for the pursuers were gaining at every stroke. They were now almost within a pistol-shot.

The doctor crouched down, so as not to catch the wind, and the countess, with her child in her arms, lay almost flat on the seat, while Murietta turned his face to the boat that followed, took another pistol from his side, and calmly waited results.

"You will take notice, captain, and all of you, that the doctor here, and the countess, have no hand in this matter. It is all my own affair. If any of these men are killed who come after me, remember it is I, and I alone, who do it," said the artist, with an iron expression in his voice, as he lifted a pistol toward the pursuers.

It was breaking day at last, and the boats began to leave the little towns along the edge of the water, and put out on the lake, for business or pleasure, and cross to other towns.

They were now nearing the city of Como. The boat that followed hailed, but had no answer. Murietta sat silent as a man of stone, waiting his opportunity to send the admiral into eternity. He had endured quite enough. He was now desperate. His heart was really set on the death of this man. His mind was full of murder!

It is a sad but a true confession that this man, the artist, sitting there with his half-hidden pistol, was really wishing that the boat was only a little closer, so that he could send the bullet to his heart with perfect precision. He had determined to kill him, and to kill him with his own hand. Having once made up his mind to this, he was impatient for the moment to come.

It was unfortunate that the doctor was in the boat. Every pound of weight was now telling against our party. The men were bold, strong fellows, and, no doubt, faithful enough, but they had been on the water at least an hour before the

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pursuers had taken their cars. Besides, when the admiral determined to make chase, he had the pick of the best and swiftest boats in Bellagio.

The Italians were pulling indeed for life. They had seen how settled and determined was the artist, and they knew that blood must flow if they were overtaken. For very good reasons they wished to avoid anything serious, and were, therefore, making the best possible use of their strength.

The pursuers were dangerously close. They could almost pierce the boat of the countess with a pike. The artist had been too anxious to kill this old admiral; his mind had been too determinedly set on murder to exhibit his pistol as he drew near. He even held it low down in the edge of the boat, as a sportsman holds his gun out of sight when coy game is coming near. He was only waiting for a dead-centre shot to the heart.

There was a boat putting sharp across the lake in front and at right angles. It was driving straight across their course. It whistled, but our boatmen did not heed. Closer and closer they drew together. The steamer and the little boat were closing in, bow to bow.

Once, twice, thrice, the steamer whistled, but the Italians were desperate. To stop then would be to give themselves over to the pursuers.

"Stop, in the name of the law!" cried an officer in the pursuer's boat, as he held up a paper.

Murietta lifted a pistol in each hand, and half rose. "I will shoot the first man who dares to slacken for a second!"

"But the boat! the boat! the steamer!" cried the terrified captain.

"On! and under her! On, I say!"

The men sprang to the work as if they had been springs of steel.

Right under the prow they shot, with barely room for their oars, and as they came out and darted on from the other side—on over the swelling waves, and shot for the shore, there was a shout of admiration from the steamer's deck, and a waving of handkerchiefs from fair hands, that showed how the reckless deed had been appreciated, even by those who had been about to run them down.

As they touched the shore and climbed into a carriage, they looked back, but the boat of the pursuers was not to be distinguished. Other craft were crossing the lake, and perhaps it was confounded with them.

Then, as they drove further away, and up the little sloping hill toward Milan, they saw that the steamer had turned about on the lake and was lying there quite still. It was not yet fairly dawn, and they dashed away toward Milan in doubt of what had become of the admiral or his men. The countess wondered why the vessel had stopped in the middle of the lake and was resting there. Perhaps she was picking up the pursuers, who had fallen under her wheels.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN MILAN.

It is one hour from Como to Milan by rail, or more; but you can drive to it in three hours. The railroad is not so direct as the carriage-road. It is a lonesome ride through a bare and not over fertile land, considering that it is the plain of Lombardy. There was no train for two hours, and they took a carriage.

You pass through a dozen or two poor, tumble-down towns, all with one long street, and all paved with cobblestones, over which your carriage bumps and thumps in the most agonizing manner you can imagine.

The wondering doctor had been left with the delighted boatmen, who were wild with delight at their accidental feat and their trebled pay; and the countess held her child in her lap and sat looking with her great brown eyes at Murietta, who scarcely spoke the whole weary way to the gates of the city of the plain.

There lay Milan. A wall of five miles girdle, and wide enough for a small army to march abreast upon. This wall is the great drive of the great city. It is called the Bastion, and is planted with double rows of great trees. This was built by the Spaniards centuries ago.

In the centre of this city stands a little mountain of marble, in a low and uncomely site. This mountain of marble is topped by a forest of barren and boughless pines, and all are as white as if wrapped in perpetual rime and snow.

If you wish to see and enjoy the great cathedral of Milan, keep away from it. At all events, never enter it. It is a lonesome place inside. It is so large you may get lost. And the famous silver bishops and popes are not solid silver. Tap them with your finger, and you will find them hollow and as thin as tin—as thin and hollow, in fact, as if they were still alive and striding up time, professing Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Down-stairs, for five francs, they will show you the black and ugly bones of a good man, who deserves a better fate than this foul exhibition of his decaying corpse. And that is about all there is to be seen inside, save the cunning frescoes away up in the arches overhead, and some stained windows. There is nothing here to compensate you for the disappointment you feel on entering, after you have contemplated the beauty and airy proportions from without.

Climb to the top of this awful edifice, and you will find that the figure of a mountain with a forest is not altogether inappropriate. You will find a garden of flowers there, all of marble. In fact, every plant of Italy, even to the most common vegetables of the garden, are chiseled out and set up there for you to walk through and admire.

There is something more here on those little spires, and in this marble garden of plants and flowers, than all that. On one of these spires is a hen and her nest. It is made very beautiful, singular as it may seem, and is much admired.

Away yonder, in an obscure corner, looking down into the crowded street, stands a statue of Adam. He is leaning on his mattock, and seems very weary of life. His face is a blended face of Christ and of Cain. It is the best of all the thousands of statues here.

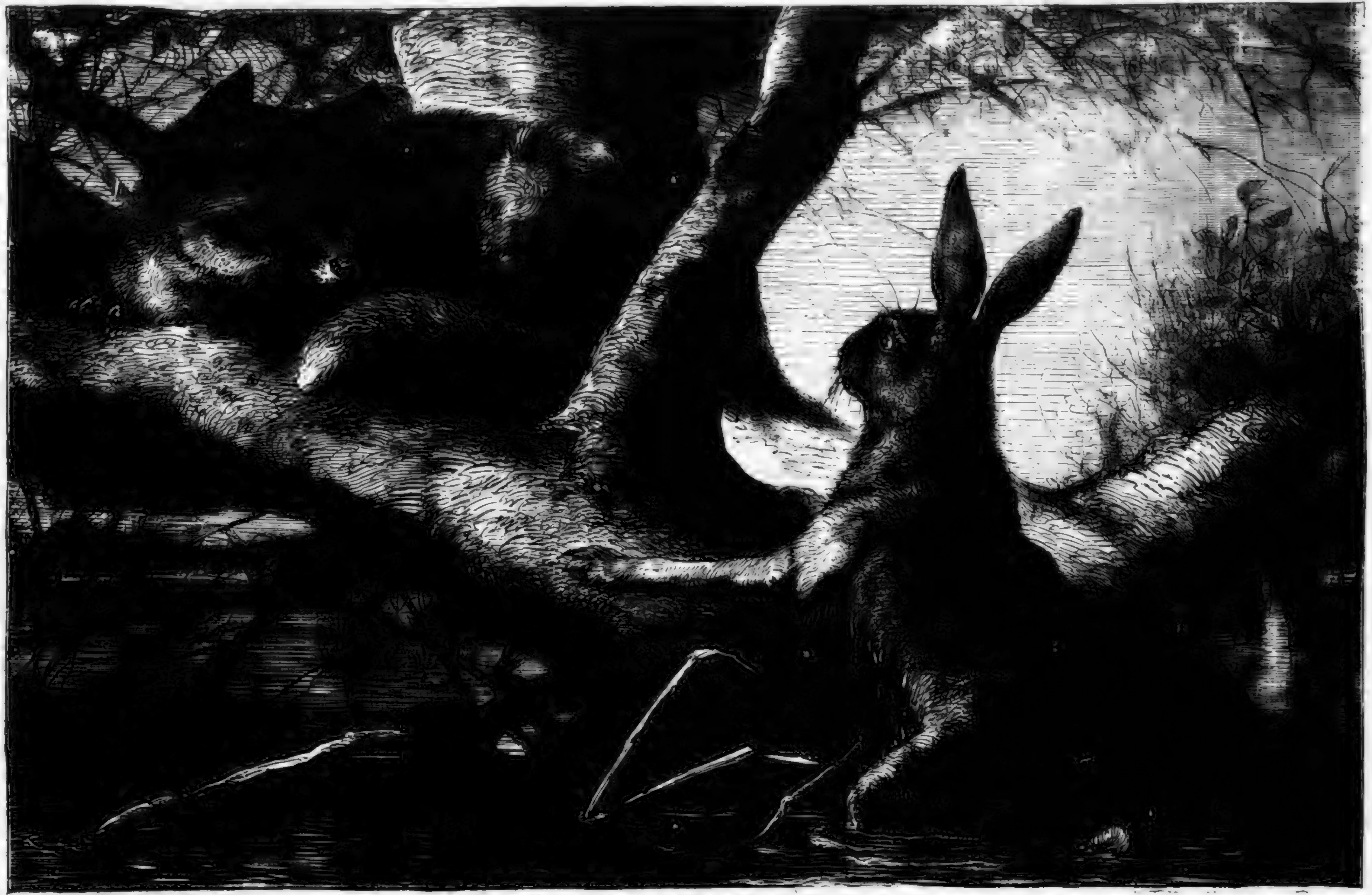
Our little party of three reached the Hotel Royal, and in the heart of Milan at last, worn and exhausted.

The countess had been so overcome by the agony and intense excitement of the past few days that she had to be borne from the carriage to her room.

There lay Milan in the middle of the great plain, teeming in yellow corn, and covered with fruit and flowers and vines, and literally steaming in the intense heat. It was intolerable. The old father of the countess had pushed on the next day for England, leaving kind messages and most urgent letters for her to follow at once, for he was dying, and he could not live a day longer in Milan.

It was impossible for our party to move that evening, eager as they were to leave the burning town, Italy—everything—while all seemed clear and open for the flight. The countess was prostrated, and must remain till to-morrow.

They rested. Yet, long before the countess had opened her eyes, the artist was, next morning, down in the court of the old palace, which was now converted into a hotel, quietly arranging for the departure. He sometimes felt certain that the end was not yet. Where was the count? What had become of the doctor with the retreating moustache and low brow? And had the admiral and his crew of followers really perished? Certainly not, else the event had been chronicled in the journals of Milan. The artist looked



OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE.—FROM A PAINTING BY BECKWITH.

them eagerly through. He found no tidings there; nothing to tell him the fate of those who had followed that fearful night of the flight from Como.

Then, if the old admiral was not dead, he was alive. If alive, he would be upon the track of the countess, and that soon, again. That big chin of his would brook no delay, or hesitate at nothing. It had the iron energy of an engine, and the man was now moved with a sort of desperation and hate that must find vent either in the capture of the countess or the death of Murietta.

The sun was just rising in sultry Milan. It was but a few minutes' walk to the great cathedral, where there was room and place to breathe in the great open space surrounding it.

The artist stood on the steps in the fresh morning shade cast by the great marble edifice, and had not yet entered the cathedral. The people were as thick in Milan, even at this early hour, as in a Roman carnival. You could hardly move along. Standing there on the marble steps, Murietta could scarcely see the ground for the moving masses of people. Italy is so very, very populous.

There was a heavy hand laid on his shoulder. The artist started, for he was still nervous from the excitement of the past few days, and backed against the wall.

"Shake hands. Come! let us be friends. I carry my heart in my hand. I am a rough but honest man, and you will yet live to see it. Take it! Take my hand, it is the olive-branch of peace. I offer it to you now for the last time. Will you not take my hand?"

Murietta had backed close against the wall, and the old admiral stood there reaching out his hand and offering him his friendship. The artist only shook his head, and looked the old monster hard in the face.

"Very well, very well. But you shall remember this. I will bring this back to your mind some day, and in a way and in a place that you little suspect."

Then the old admiral, black with passion, pulled at his long gray moustache, and twirled it about his finger.

At last he began again, standing all the time boldly before Murietta as if to prevent his escape, and pulling mercilessly at his long grey moustache with his stained fingers. "If I prove to you that I really want to leave Italy, and that it is necessary for me to leave Italy, and to leave in the company of the countess, and if I take the place of courier, or even of a common servant, will you not advise her to take me? Think, think, before you answer. She must get on if she ever sees her father alive again. You see what I have done, and you know what I can do. It was only an accident that pulled you through at Como. Now, sir, if you wish to serve this lady, if you really are the bold, chivalrous, and disinterested friend that you profess to be, take me with you. I will go as a common servant. Nay, more, I will pay you to let me go with you; to go in disguise. Come! I can prove to you that I am, at least, honest in this matter. I must leave Italy. I knew you would come to the cathedral. I have stood here all night waiting for you. I offer you my hand once more. Is it war or is it peace?"

Murietta was not the least part of a politic man. He had stood there pushed back against the wall with this old villain's vile breath in his face as long as he could bear it. He stepped forward, pushed him aside, and returned to the hotel.

All over the city were posted great red posters, headed with this tempting announcement: "Fifty thousand francs reward!" People were reading these posters eagerly. They had just been put up. They were still wet and warped from the fresh paste. The artist stopped and read one of them at the portal of the hotel as he returned. It was a reward offered for the arrest and conviction of forgers of Italian currency.

"Ah," cried the English clerk of the hotel, who had seen the artist reading this bill, "they should have made the reward at least a half a million. Italy is full of it. Look there! The prettiest forged paper you ever saw. It is really better than the original, finer than the genuine. That is the way we detect it."

"There is a gentleman waiting to see you, sir, and he says his business is urgent," said a boy with a silver plate in his hand to the artist as he passed on up to his rooms.

It was the black and low-browed doctor. He was dressed up now, and looking very smart. His fee for healing had healed his threadbare dress, and but for his villainous face he might now have been quite presentable.

He stood bowing before the artist, twirling his hat in his hand, and looking nervously around him as if he half suspected he was watched.

"You wish to get rid of the admiral," began the visitor, twirling his hat faster than ever.

"And you propose to poison him for me, you dog; is that what you are here for this morning?"

"No, no, no. Really, signori, you do me a great wrong. Nothing of the kind. I told you I should leave the service of the admiral, and enter the service of my country."

"Well, go on, get done with what you have to say, and then get out of my sight, and soon."

"Well, signori. If I was to have the admiral locked up in the prison at Milan, so that he would never again be free, how much money would you pay me?"

"Not a sou. Is that all you have to say?"

"No, signori, not quite all." The hat twirled in the nervous hands faster than ever.

"Well, you had better go. If you must betray your friends you must take them to some other market. I am a poor man. Besides that, I would not bribe you; nor could I trust you if I should."

"But will signori listen one moment more? You have seen the immense reward that is offered. Good! You have noticed the stained finger-ends of the admiral. Good! Signori, listen to me. All the plates for printing Italian money were made in America, with few exceptions. Why? because this new Italy could not trust her own men. She was afraid if these plates were made at home that there would be duplicates made also. Very good. These plates were made abroad, and duplicates were made notwithstanding the suspicions of the new Italy."

"Well, this is very tiresome; and what has it all to do with locking up the admiral?" asked the artist, very impatiently.

"Ah! that now is the point, that is the pith of it. The admiral is a miser. He is worth a million. He has loads of money, and he has starved me for years. I want my revenge. He pretends to despise me. I will show him! I will show him!"

"Come, fellow, come to this point you speak of. What is it you propose?"

"Signori, I come to you. I say, give me twenty—ten—five thousand francs. Give me that sum, and I will lock up the admiral, and you can go on your ways uninterrupted. You refuse. Very good. You will not give me money. No matter. I will have that which is dearer to an Italian than money, or fame, or estate. I will have revenge! Revenge, signori! Revenge! Revenge!"

Murietta beckoned the man to the door. He did not move, and the artist stepped to the bell.

"One moment, signori. The Government offers fifty thousand francs. But I do not like the Government. I therefore ask you but five thousand francs. You refuse a single sou. Very good. I accept the offer of the Government. I turn State's evidence. The admiral will follow you no further. Signori, I wish you a very good-day."

The black-eyed, narrow-browed, doctor bowed himself out, and the artist stood there alone, wondering what the fellow really meant.

Fifty thousand francs reward! The old admiral worth a million! Counterfeit currency! The stains on the admiral's fingers! His eagerness to get away in the company of respectable travelers, if even in disguise! Putting this and that together, the artist began to feel pretty certain that there was really something in the wind, and that the mission of the dark-browed doctor that morning meant something more than to beg for money.

Chapter XXXII.

A VERY UNFORTUNATE MAN.

THE countess could not leave her bed all that day. Still there was hope that if no further trouble was encountered they could leave sultry Milan the day following.

It was nearly midnight when the doctor, walking between two officers, called to see Murietta. The Italian's face was black and red and white by turns. He was wrinkling his brows with all his might.

"It is not me, Signori Murietta, that is a prisoner. It is not me. It is the admiral. And it is all as I told you it should be. You can leave Italy to-morrow, but the admiral will never leave Italy. Revenge. Ho, ho! Revenge, and fifty thousand francs! No, no, no, I am not a prisoner at all. These officers are not sent with me till I find bail to appear on the trial. But I will appear. Do not fear that. Even if I do not find bail I can walk about with these officers, my friends, and be quite happy till the day of trial. You would see the prisoner in the morning? Good. A little present, Signor Murietta, and one of the officers will lead you to the prison in the morning."

"And the admiral is really under lock and key? A big man with a big chin?" continued the artist to one of the officers.

"A big man with a big chin and a long gray moustache," answered the officer, politely. "He made flight and fight also. He leapt over the bastion at last, and then he swam the canal, and at last, when brought to bay, he fought like a wolf."

The artist took a long breath of relief. He walked to the window, looked out, and felt a sense of satisfaction that he had not known for days. There was even a smile on his face as he handed the officers each a real Italian note. After all, this man was very human, and perhaps enjoyed this almost as much as the revengeful Italian. Yet his was an unselfish satisfaction. This meant the freedom of the countess and the end of her persecutions.

I will have a few hours to spare in the morning before the express leaves for Paris, and I want one of you to come and take me to the old admiral in prison," said the artist, as he opened the door and wished his tall visitors good-night.

They bowed all the way downstairs, and promised to call at sharp ten in the morning.

You cannot tear up the heart by the roots and let it die like a flower, try as you might. Murietta had so often and so devoutly wished he could, for his heart was all the time turning back to Como, and hovering there like a lost bird of night over the pine and vine-covered mountain that rose up in the forks of the beautiful lake.

He was an older man now. He looked in the glass next morning as he stood waiting for his promised visitor to lead him to the prison, and there saw that a tinge of frost was on his temples. Snow had fallen here in the terrible storm of the heart in the days just past, snow that only the wings of death should brush away.

How sober this man was now! He was as a monk that had renounced the world. Yet for all that he could not keep his heart in Milan, do what he might.

A savage sense of duty, an iron independence, and a pretty clear sense of what was right at the bottom of things, no matter what the world might say, had led him into terrible straits. However, these same qualities will lead a man through to the pure white light and up to the shining hills of heaven. You have only to persevere. The straight road, even though it be out of the great highway and popular road of life, will lead you finally to the right place, though you be *torn* by briers and *set upon* by wild beasts in the new way. The only danger in the whole matter is that you may get discouraged and attempt to turn back or reach the high road, when in the midst of briars and beasts, instead of pushing ahead.

At ten o'clock the artist stood before the prison. And such a prison!

With the most splendid edifice that Christianity has ever reared, Milan has under its very shadow, as it were, the worst prison that the barbarian ever built.

The city has been destroyed time and again. More than once it has been leveled to the ground. Yet this old, ugly, massive heap of stones crouching down there under the bastion has never been touched save by time. It crouches down there, as if it were ashamed of its own ugliness. The light of the sun refuses to touch it.

How the old ruin groaned as the great doors swung open! Chains, and bolts, and great rusty rings in the iron-bound windows and in the black stone floors. The place was damp and even cold. It was more terrible than the tomb.

At last they came to the narrow stone coffin where the admiral was confined. It was a miserable little cell, but better than many of the others, for this one really had a window.

The daylight came in at this window, but timidly. It came in as if it was afraid—was not used to the place, and was very doubtful about the propriety of being there at all.

There was a row of stout rusty bars, drawn up like a file of grenadiers on guard, across this window, through which the sunlight stole into the prison. And it did not pass unchallenged, for a number of busy spiders were very busy mending a broken web that had run right across the front of this file of iron grenadiers, as if to shut out the light altogether.

The admiral sat there on a stone bench, with his head bowed down toward the door, and his hands dragged down between his legs by the weight of the rusty chains. Or more properly, one hand was drawn down, for but one hand and one foot were bound in irons. He lifted his eyes, but did not lift his head as the artist and officer entered.

"I am a very unfortunate man."

He said these words very slowly, and one at a time, and as if to himself. They came out of his throat as if jerked out one at a time by fishhooks, and from very deep down.

He moved his hands as he spoke, and the chains clinked and chimed in between the words, as sometimes do the bells between the braying of the mules in the Sierras.

"I am a very unfortunate man."

The old audacity was gone. The dash and dare-devil character which this man had assumed and played—and played very well—for perhaps half a century, had quite forsaken him now. He was now drawing from his true nature and he found that, once thoroughly caught in the coils, he was the veriest coward alive.

XUM

Prick a child's balloon, and you can hold it between your thumb and finger.

The old admiral sat there on the stone bench with his head down, and he kept picking at and rubbing the ends of his stained fingers, as if he found them burning him now.

He was utterly overcome, and could only keep rubbing and picking his fingers, and still slowly repeating his brief but mournful story, "I am a very unfortunate man."

"Well, admiral, I have come to see you, to make sure that you were here, and now, finding you, I must say good-by."

The sun kept hesitating and hanging about the iron row of sentinels up in the narrow window, and the spiders kept busily weaving at the broken web. What had broken that web? There was the mark of a man's hand on the high window-sill, in the dust. A link of the chain had touched there also. One of the iron sentinels had the rust rubbed off about his waist. It was the middle sentinel. The rust on these bars was scaling off like the bark of a tree. A chain had certainly been passed around the rusty waist of this iron guardian. What had the admiral been doing at that window all the night? He certainly could not have hoped to escape through it. It was not large enough to admit half his body through.

It was very pitiful. The conquered old man was utterly crushed. His utterly forlorn and helpless state touched the heart of the artist.

"Can I do anything for you to make you more comfortable here?"

"Nothing, nothing, nothing! It is all over! They have betrayed me at the last moment. And now that you are kind enough to come to see me," said the prisoner, for the first time lifting his head, "I wish to say to you that I was perfectly sincere in what I proposed. I really wished to get away and live a better life."

The old man's throat was dry and his voice was husky.

"They will not let me have any wine. They have taken away all my money, and no one comes near me now or sends me a glass to refresh my bruised and broken body and mind."

"Bring a flask of wine and a case of cigars, and keep the change for your trouble." Murietta handed a red Italian note to an officer as he said this. The officer soon returned with a large flask, a glass, and a case of cigars.

The admiral took up the glass, tilted the flagon, filled the glass to the brim, and drank it off at a draught. He drank like an American, and not at all like an Italian, for the latter only tastes his wine and never drinks it.

He filled the glass again as before, and emptied it as before. Then taking a cigar, he drew a long breath, looked up and about his cell, up at the busy spiders in their conspiracy to keep out the last bit of daylight, then taking a light which the officer had brought him, he began to resume the old devilish look and air of audacity.

"You have saved my life, sir, and I thank you. You are, after all, a very kind-hearted man," said the prisoner, from behind a cloud of smoke, as he again emptied the glass. "Now, sir, look here! I am a blunt but honest man. Ah! you smile at this. You seem to think you have heard it before. No matter. Some day you will come this way in your journeys through the world, and you will find my tombstone and grave, and above the dust of the old admiral you will write, "Rough but honest."

The old nature was rising under the flask of wine which he had entirely emptied. He kept the cigar burning like a furnace. It was nearly up to his gray and grizzly moustache. He filled his glass again, and glancing up at the window, with its row of rusty sentinels and the busy spiders, he said, as he again looked at Murietta:

"Your health, Signori Murietta, and a pleasant journey to Paris, and a long and a pleasant life with the countess."

Murietta bit his lips but said nothing.

"You may find trouble at Turin," continued the old admiral, as if he again held matters in his hand and was about to dictate terms of surrender. "Yes, you may find trouble at Turin, for the Prince Trawaska is stationed there with Giuseppe. You see, the Order cannot allow so wealthy a lady as this to leave the country. Besides, there are certain Catholics interested in keeping this little boy in the folds of the Church."

"Trawaska and the knavish courier at Turin?"

"Yes, yes; I do not mind telling you and doing you any service in my power, since they all have deserted me, and some of them have betrayed me. If they hear of my arrest and confession, however, they will be the last to trouble you. But, if not, they will still go on under my orders given last night, and will surely intercept you before you touch the line of France."

The man again emptied his glass and then blew the last of his cigar through his gray and unkempt moustache.

The artist stepped up to take his leave of the old man, and offered his hand.

"You triumph, now!" said the admiral. "You triumph at last! But it was not my fault. If men had been true to me, I should have landed you in hell." And the then terrible man laughed a terrible laugh, that sounded as if it came up from the abode of the damned.

The artist said good-by, and was going. The old admiral arose and said, looking down at the chain about his leg, with that perfect Italian politeness, and a bow that was courtly and elegant, "You will excuse me for not seeing you to the door."

"Certainly, admiral."

"Signor Murietta," called out the prisoner.

"Well!" answered the artist, turning back.

"I will not ask you for money, but I must ask you one little favor, since my friends do not come near me, and I am almost dead from pain and trouble."

"What can I do?"

"A little more wine. And, Signor Murietta, you wear a rich, red sash about your waist."

"Well?"

"Will you not give me that sash as a keepsake? I will wear it as long as I live."

The artist hastily unwound the sash, stepped back, handed it to the man, and then leaving a note with the officer for another flagon, hurried away to the light of the sun.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

VIS-A-VIS WITH TWO MONKS.

SEATS in the express train had been taken by the little party for Paris, without the least ripple of trouble.

The countess had received a telegram from England. Her father had reached the shore of the great sea that lay between him and his home. But he was dying.

"For the first time in five years," said the lady, as the train shot away over the fertile fields of Lombardy and over the battle-field of Magenta—"for the first time in five years, I feel like a free woman. I am no longer watched."

She did not know the fate of the old admiral. She still fancied he might be at the bottom of Lake Como, and thought all their troubles over. Yet she was not cheerful, but unusually sad.

As they neared Turin, and looked up at the little Campo Santo on the hill, with its tombstones and monuments shining in the setting sun, she suddenly turned to Murietta and said:

"It seems to me, if Count Edna, my husband, were here, and going home with me, I should be almost perfectly happy."

Murietta looked out at the white tombstones, as they shot past, tapped the butt of a pistol, just visible under his waistcoat, and said to himself, wondering, "Oh, woman, woman, woman! you are certainly past finding out."

It was raining at Turin, and dark, as they changed cars for the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

"You will remain here in this *coupé*, you and your little boy together, and you will remain locked up. It is just big enough for you two. I will have a seat in the car adjoining. I entreat you, do not move," said Murietta; "we may have trouble yet."

He turned, and two monks with immense cowls were looking over his shoulder at the countess and her little boy.

He stepped into his adjoining car, after handing the conductor a liberal present, and took his seat. The monks instantly followed and sat together opposite.

Around the rocky spurs of the Alps, under arches, over bridges that those perfect Italian engineers have made for the world to wonder at, and the line of France was near at hand.

The monks whispered together. In half an hour they would be at the station, where you are expected to show your passport, or bribe the officer. This latter is, perhaps, the most common, as well as the most convenient way. The little boy had no passport. As the monks whispered together, one of the cowls was tossed off by a sudden lurch of the car, and the large red ears of the wearer were uncovered.

Murietta caught his breath, but said nothing. By a sort of inspiration, he then at once knew that these monks were Prince Trawaska and the courier Giuseppe, and he knew that the last struggle would be made at the little mountain-town where you are expected to pay or show a passport.

"I am sick of this pistol-practice; it is getting monotonous. But come, my little iron bull-dogs, you may have to bark at these men, and bite—and bite even to the death."

He cautiously drew his hands under his cloak, and drew his pistols around where they could be pulled in an instant.

"Trawaska!"

The man in the monk's cowl and gown sprung up, only to find a pistol pointed into his face.

"Sit down, sir. There, that will do. Your hands behind your back. There, fasten them there. Lock your fingers in together behind the back of your neck. There! so! The moment a hand comes down, you die!"

"Giuseppe!"

Giuseppe did the same without being told in words. He understood the signs.

"There! you will both keep your hands in that position till we pass this station. I will see about your passports. Fifty francs will settle the whole matter. No, no! Take care; take care, there! You see, I should be perfectly delighted to kill you both. It would sound so well to have the name of a Polish prince and an Italian colonel mixed up in a matter of this kind. Child-stealing, eh! A valiant business, indeed! And then, an Italian colonel to be found in the car in monk's clothes, with a bullet through his head. How would it sound, Trawaska? Just let me kill you to see what a sensation it would produce. Or even let me just mention the matter to the next officer we meet, either civil or military. Let me turn you over to him in your monk's clothes! Bah! my brave men! An Italian colonel and a Polish prince have obtained leave of absence to go child-stealing in monks' clothes. Soft, there!"

The men were trembling in their seats, and suffering from their painful positions.

"Come, we will vary this a little. Here is another pistol; one for each of you. Yes, it hurts you, I know, to hold your hands there; it affects the spine finally, and stupefies you. If you were to take your hands down now you would find them helpless; the blood and the strength is gone out of them. Take down your hands and try them, Giuseppe, if you like; you will find them as useless as the hands of the dead man you hid away in the dark vault at Rome."

The train stopped for an instant, and a man ran along on the rail at the side of the cars, taking money and glancing up at passports, or old letters and the like, which men saw fit to hold up for a second, still folded, before his face.

Murietta stood at the window, looking back over his shoulder at the two motionless men that sat there his prisoners. A pistol was in his right hand, and held down behind him.

He drew a fifty-franc note from his vest pocket with his left hand and held it out to the officer.

"These good fathers do not need passports. The lady and the little boy are my friends, and go to England in my charge. Take this, and drink our healths and a happy voyage."

The officer smiled, bowed, put his finger to his lip, and hurried on.

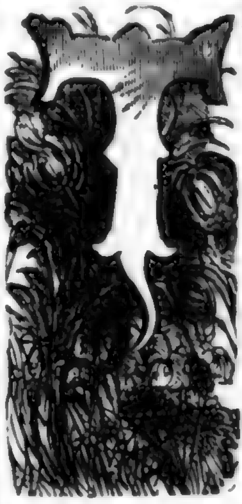
In less than an hour they stopped once more. They were now in France. The two men were pale and helpless.

"Now you can get out and go about your business; or would you prefer to be handed over to these French gentlemen in this garb?"

Murietta stepped out on the platform as the train was about to move off, and the two men, with great effort, followed him. Then, turning about, he returned to the car and took his seat alone as it shot out of the station, and left the two men standing there on the platform alone in the dark.

Chapter XXXIV.

IN THE BLESSED ISLES.



THE work was done. Nothing was now required but time and patience to complete the journey which had been begun and carried thus far under such fearful difficulties.

They reached England, and found the old father there waiting for his child.

He put out his hand to his daughter, and said, faintly:

"I am waiting here—I am waiting to cross the great sea and go home."

The countess, pale now with travel and trouble, turned to Murietta, for her heart was bleeding at sight of this.

"Oh!" said she, "it is not the great sea that he will cross to go home; it is the dark river of death."

And so it was. Still talking of home, and rest, and peace, under the cool trees on the other side of the great sea, he folded his hands and died.

And now the poor, beautiful, but broken-hearted woman was more alone than ever before. She fell down and wished to die and be buried, and be at rest from it all. Then for many days she was very, very ill, and was wild and out of her mind with a fever.

Murietta watched with her then, and did all that a brother could do—all that a father could do, for now he was, indeed, old. He was as cold at heart almost as the old man he had just seen borne to his grave.

While he watched by the bedside of the countess, and when she was almost recovered again, he received a package of papers from the consul at Milan.

There was one, an illustrated paper, with a frightful picture. It was the picture of a man—a large man—hanging by his neck to the bars of his cell. A cord—a rich red silk sash—the paper stated, had been passed around the middle bar, and by this the man had hung himself, and was found dead the second day after his imprisonment.

The old admiral, the founder of the Order of the Brothers of the Altar, was dead. Murietta shuddered as he thought of the red sash, and then remembered how that once on the banks of the Tiber the countess had shuddered at the sight of it, and said that it looked like blood. Carlton had said, "That man will be hanged!" The prophecy had been fulfilled.

During her illness the countess had spoken more than once about her husband. Would he come to her? Could he come to her? Then she would begin to talk about the admiral, and say that it was impossible, and that he loved his clannish companions better than his family.

Murietta had noted this, and had not been idle. But now that he knew the admiral was no more, he at once decided what to do, and acted accordingly.

Soon the countess was able to be wheeled into her parlor. She seemed more beautiful than ever, yet more sad than ever. Murietta tried in vain to rouse her and call her spirits back again to the beautiful things of the world. I was no use.

One day she was standing by the window with her little boy as the artist entered. She was nearly well now, and he, still weary, still worn from strife and trouble and thought, had come to say good-bye, for he wanted to get away, to be alone—to go up into the mountains and pray, as it were.

"I have written to the count," she began, smiling sadly, "and—and I have written him a long letter to-day. Perhaps you had better read it."

"*I* read your letter, lady!"

"Well, no, not that. But you understand how things are better than I do, and perhaps you might dispose of the letter." Then she hesitated, drooped her great brown eyes, liffed them up again, and said, "At all events, I want you to send him some money. Send him plenty of money. Send it at once—by telegraph—to-day—now."

"Lady, I have sent him money. All the time that you have been ill you spoke of it, and he has not been left in want."

The brown eyes were again on the carpet, and then looking up and opening them very wide, she asked:

"Do you not think he would like to see his family?"

"Certainly I do."

"But no, no, no; he cannot come. That oath, that order, that terrible man, the admiral. Ah! I shall go mad at last!"

"As for the old admiral, he will trouble you no more. He is dead," answered the artist, solemnly.

She clasped her little hands, and (shall it be told?) said "Thank God!"

She held her head down a long time in thought and in tears. At last, looking up, she said:

"You will send for Count Edna for me at once. Send at once—send by telegraph and say he is needed here. Say anything, only so that he leaves that country and comes to me, to a Christian land."

"Lady, I have already sent for him."

"What! Have you?"

"I sent for him days ago, and have had answers, and he is on his way to join you."

"Heaven is merciful! And when will he arrive?"

"This evening—this hour."

She sank in a chair, and hid her face in her hands as if in prayer. Murietta stood up before her, and was very pale. Her delicate foot tapped nervously on the floor in the old way, as she looked up, half-smiling through her tears, and with a brighter face than she had shown for a long, long time.

"I have come to say good-bye, for I am going away. I shall return now to my work, and busy myself once more with creatures of imagination."

Her little fingers were winding themselves up in the tassels of her crape shawl. At last she put out her round, soft, baby hand. She looked down into her lap with her great brown eyes, half hidden under the drooping lashes, and said:

"Good-bye."

Murietta did not speak. He leaned forward, bowed above the beautiful woman, kissed her tenderly on the fair brow—kissed her for the first and the last time—and was gone.

He had done what he had conceived to be his duty. He had done this at a countless cost. What she thought of it now was another matter. What the world thought of it was nothing to him now. He left her with her husband, and went on his way alone. He was satisfied with himself, and that was his recompense.

* * * * * * *

Murietta had returned to Italy. Fair Italy! With all its faults, the fairest land upon earth. Gentle Italians—with all their follies, the only real artists—saving the exceptions—in all the world.

He felt that he was in disgrace in the great cities, and kept well away. He had a studio in Perugia, and worked there very faithfully. He was a silent man, and as abstemious as a monk. His hair was turning gray, and yet his heart was warm to the poor and the distressed about, and people came to understand that this man hiding away among them, and who was growing prematurely old, had a history.

There was a beautiful picture of a beautiful woman in his studio, and the Italian artists, who sometimes came to visit him, often stood before it with silent admiration. This was the picture of a lady looking back over her shoulder. On the back of this picture was the one word, "Rubicon."

The artist had been here nearly a year alone and quiet, and, in a measure, contentedly at work. Two people climbed up to the lofty studio, with its windows looking out on the Upper Tiber. He did not look up from his work. He supposed them some other artists who had more leisure than he, and that they knew how to make themselves at home. He went on with his work. He was dreaming.

And this man was dreaming now of Annette, the One Fair Woman. In fact, it would have been difficult to find a moment in his life now when he was not dreaming of her, and her only. The world took no part of his time or attention. He thought only of this beautiful real ideal, and went on with his work.

There was a rustle of silk, and a soft hand touched his own. He turned his eyes, and then he dropped his brush. He could not realize it at first, but stood gazing into the face of the wonderful being before him, and mute and quite overcome.

Then he thought it was a vision, for he had been thinking of her, but there was the dreamy old general behind her, and he was looking at a picture on the wall close by.

"This is the picture, Annette, that was promised you, I know."

"You see, Mr. Murietta, we have come after my picture. And will you not shake hands? Will you not speak to us?"

How gentle, how like a dream she was, yet how matchless and magnificent! All the man's life came tiding back to his veins again, and the blood mounted to his face in confusion.

He did not reach his hand to her. He could not speak. He was stopping to pick up his brush.

"No, no," she said, laughing pleasantly at his confusion; "let your brush lie there on the floor. Let it lie there for a time, at least, and let us shake hands over the dead year that is gone.

He reached his hand, and looking in her face said, earnestly:

"Beautiful woman, is it best to reach hands over the gulf that rolls between us? You see I am satisfied here—tranquil at least—half content. Why shall I suffer myself to return again to the rack and torture? Fate decided against me at Como. I accepted the verdict."

"At Como you were a simpleton." The lady laughed, and he looked puzzled. "You are the veriest child in the world. Why did you not come to me with that poor lady's misfortune instead of running to strangers? Do you not know that I would have been proud to assist you through it all?"

"And then you know all and understand all?"

He looked in her face as he spoke, and holding her hand, drew her close to his breast, and called her his own in a whisper, and she did not shrink away, but held her head and listened to what he chose to say.

"No, do not think women blind," she said at last. "Men do not deceive women as often as they suppose, either for good or evil. I understand you better than you understand yourself. Had you flinched from your duty to that lady when she needed your help, I should have hated you, my hero."

THE END.

EXPLANATION OF THE WATER-CURE.

About three-fourths of the weight of the human body consists of water; and as it is constantly being thrown off by the skin, lungs, and kidneys, it requires to be continually renewed, and water is therefore an essential alimentary principle, and more necessary to our existence than even solid food. In the few observations we have to make on liquid aliments, we shall not, however, enter into the various uses of water, but only advert to the effect which an increased employment of water produces, by its solvent power, in augmenting the wearing away of the tissues, thereby increasing the quantity of the secretions, and either diminishing the weight of the body, if more food be not taken, or improving the appetite, by which a supply is created to obviate the increased waste. The experiments made by Dr. Boker, of Bonn, on himself, have not only shown this, but have likewise afforded a reasonable explanation of the cold-water system of treatment, which is undoubtedly of use in some chronic diseases, where an evacuating and renovating action (waste and renewal of the tissues of the body) is required in conjunction with hygienic bracing treatment. Since the use of a quantity of water beyond what is required for the performance of the functions, and what the feeling of thirst prompts us to take, has this remarkable power of accelerating the waste of the tissues and of causing their removal by increased excretion, whilst at the same time the digestive functions are quickened, it is easy to understand that the nutrition of the whole system must be improved; and it is not, therefore, surprising that not only dyspeptic disorders, but others arising from inactive habits and such causes as impair the activity of the excreting organs, should be greatly benefited by the abundant use of cold water, and by the bathing, the regulated diet, the exercise, and pure bracing air, with which this mode of treatment is conjoined.

Money is a useful servant but a tyrannical master.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

The Countess Bertha sat in pride,
Her lovely daughter at her side;
Behind her oaken chair of state
The ladies of her castle wait.
"What sounds are those?" the countess cried;
When thus her little page replied:
"An aged minstrel, lady, waits
Your pleasure at the castle gates.
So weak he seems, he scarce can bear
His harp against the mountain air.
And with him is a little girl,
About whose head the breezes whirl
In mazy folds each golden curl."
"Go, trusty page of mine, and bring
The girl and minstrel to this hall,
And we will hear him play and sing
The high-born ever heed the call
Of Song and Sorrow."

Forthwith hies
The page, and soon they stand before
The countess on the hall's broad floor.
Delight came from the young girl's eyes
As she beheld the gorgeous room,
Tempered to a stately gloom,
Through the golden pageantries
Of painted windows, which flashed through
On the curious tapestries,
All the splendors of the skies.
"Bear to them both some cake and wine,"
The countess said, "Oh, page of mine,
And then we'll hear the minstrel's might
In songs of sorrow, love or fight."

THE ARMS OF THE DOUGLASES.

This house, which is one of the most celebrated in Europe, is in all probability of Norman origin, although tradition assigns to it a more remote antiquity. It is said that *Solvathius*, one of those early Scottish kings whose existence is problematical, having been nearly routed by Donald Bane of the Isles, was enabled to restore the battle and gain the victory by the assistance of a stranger chieftain, who came up with his forces. On asking for him after the fight, and inquiring his name, the bystanders pointed out to him one whom they called in their Gaelic speech, "Sholto dhu glas," or "Sholto the black or swarthy-colored man," and as the king, mistaking these latter words for a family name, constantly applied them to Sholto, they were at last actually converted into a surname. Possibly the savage man cinctured, which forms the dexter supporter of the family, may refer to this swarthy-colored man.

The ancient coat of the Douglases was, azure, three stars, (or mullets) argent; but their present paternal coat is—Argent, a man's heart gules, ensigned with an imperial crown proper, on a chief azure three stars of the first. The heart and crown were added from the following circumstance: Some time before his death, King Robert Bruce made a vow to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but having been continually prevented by the cares of his kingdom and the frequent attacks of the English, and finding himself at last seized by a fatal malady, he called to him the Lord James of Douglas, one of the firmest and oldest of his friends and supporters, and said to him:

"Thou knowest how that the grave cares of my realm and the malice of my southern enemies have hindered me from journeying to Christ's sepulchre, which of all things I most heartily desired to do. Now, since my time of departure is nigh, and I know that with the eyes of the flesh I never may behold that which I most craved to see, I pray and command thee, as my friend and liegeman, that when I

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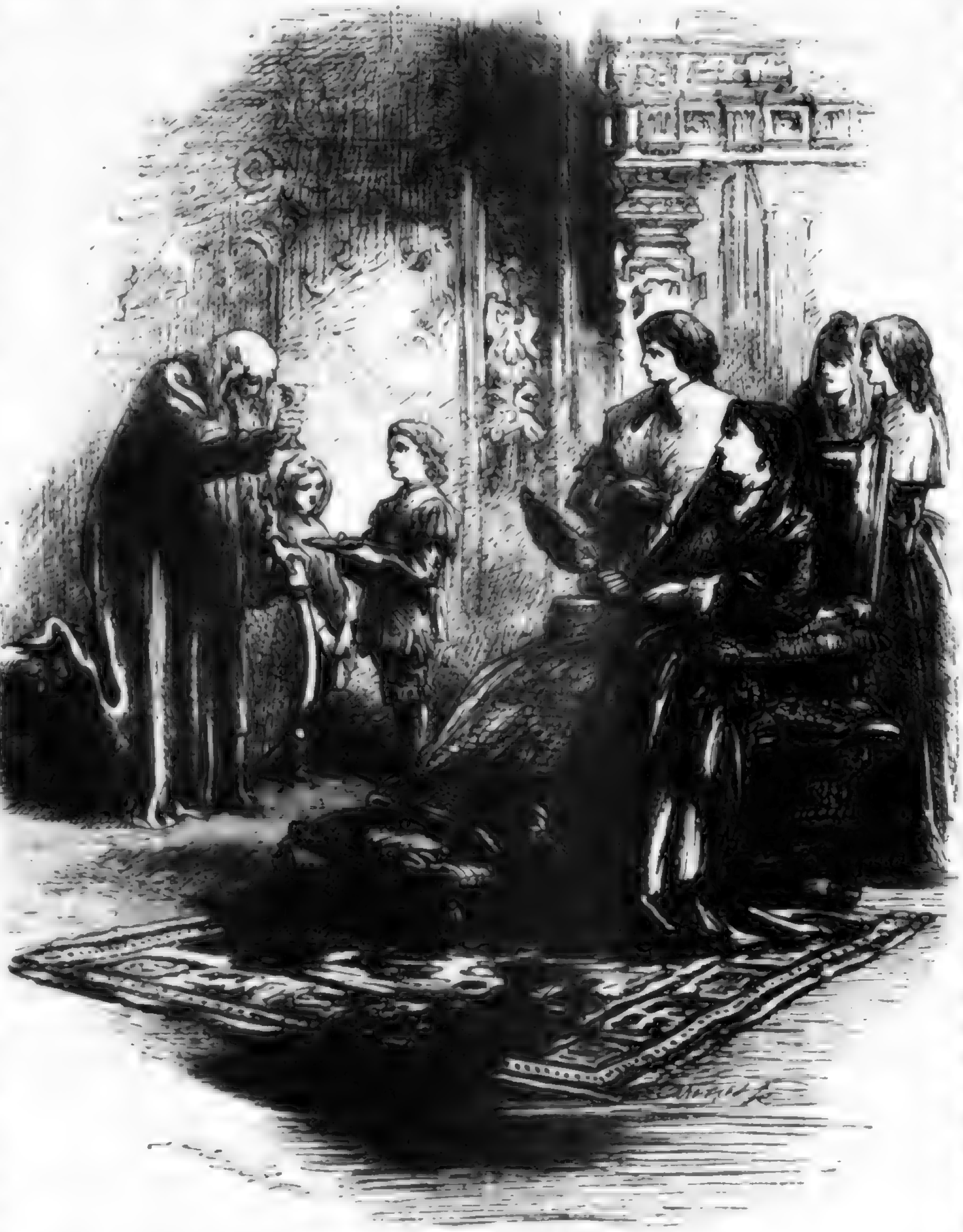
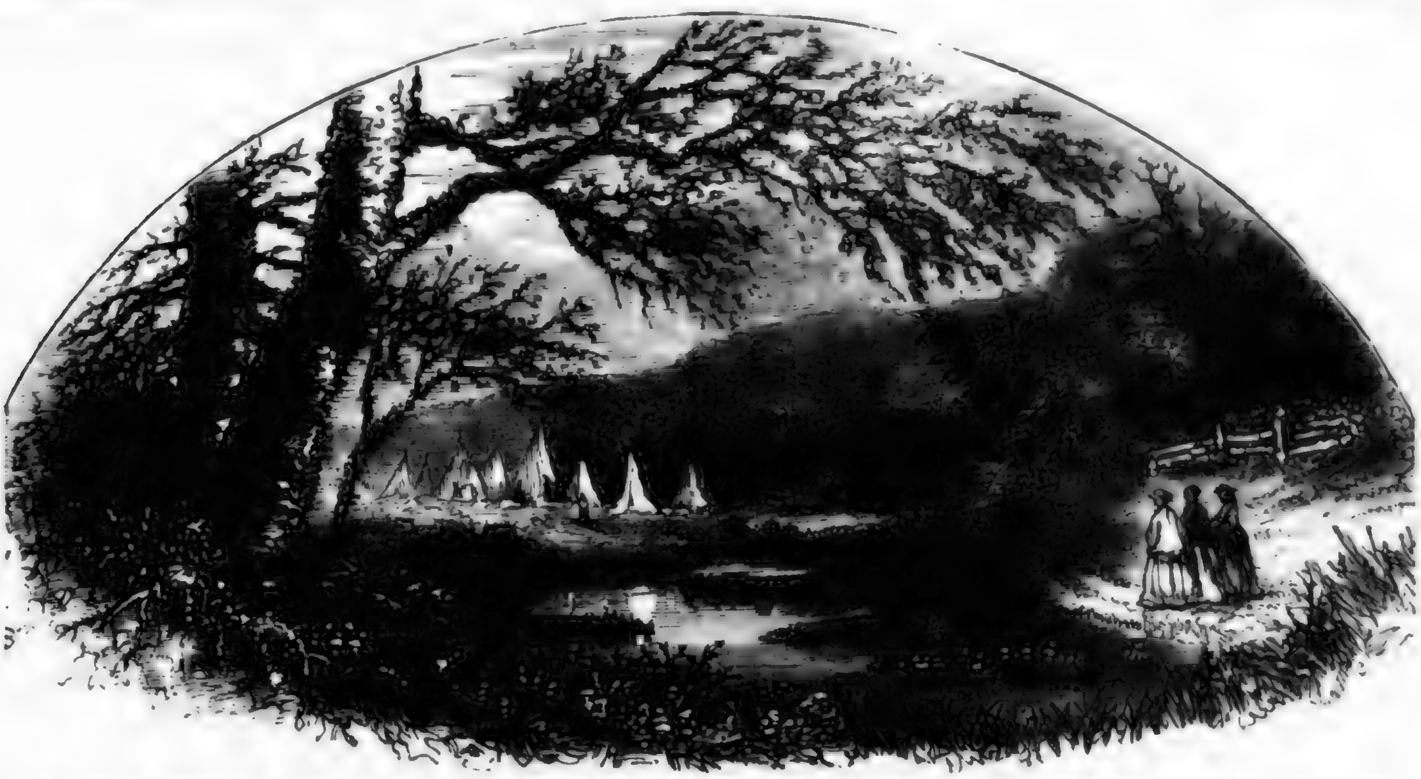
am dead thou take my heart from my bosom, and, putting it into a casket, or take such order as shall seem good to thee for its safe keeping, so carry it with thee into Palestine, and there bury it by that blessed tomb to which, when alive, it might not attain."

To this dying request of his king and friend Lord James assented, and accordingly, when the heart embalmed and placed in a casket, set out, attended by a body of trusty knights, for the Holy Land. On his way, however, having been driven on the coast of Spain by stress of weather, he, at the request of the Spaniards, who were then at war with the Moors, went with his comrades to their assistance. When the battle was joined, and infidels pressed so hard upon the Christians, that the latter began to give way, upon which Douglas, the more to encourage his little band, who were in the foremost rank, threw the casket with the heart of Bruce into the midst of the Moors. The Scots charged with redoubled fury in order to rescue their monarch's heart, and Douglas was unhorsed and slain in the *mêlée*. The rescued casket was carried to Palestine by some of his surviving companions, and his family, to record the charge intrusted to him, and his glorious death while fighting against the unbelievers, assumed the crowned heart as part of their armorial bearings.


THE POWER OF LOVE.—SEE PAGE 687.

The supporters of the arms of Douglas stand within a pale of wood wreathed for a compartment, which is said to have been taken in memory of a former exploit of the said Lord James while he was only Sir James Douglas. Having heard that a strong body of English were entangled in Jedburg forest, he went after them with all the forces he could collect, and succeeded, without alarming them, in shutting up every approach to the place in which they were encamped so closely with stakes and palisades, that it became impossible for them either to advance or retreat. The story does not inform us whether they were forced to surrender at discretion, or whether they preferred starvation to death at the hands of one so merciless as the good Lord James. The mullets in the more ancient coat of this family most probably refer to those predatory exploits which, by the dwellers on both sides of the border, were held to be not merely profitable, but honorable also.

MAN'S intellect has indeed great power over all outward things. This we are not disposed to question. In these days, more especially, we all take far too much pride in it, and make presumptuous boast of it—nay, are apt to fall down and worship it, as the one great miracle-worker, the true mover of mountains. But, powerful as it may be, omnipotent as we may deem it to be, over the world around us, over the outward fields of nature, there is one region where our hearts and consciences tell us—sometimes in half-muttered whispers, sometimes in cries of anguish and agony—that it is almost powerless; and that region is the dim, visionary, passion-haunted one within in our own breasts. We all know but too well—every one whose life has not flowed away in listless inanity—every one who has ever struggled against the evil within him, must have felt but too deeply that our intellectual convictions, clear and strong as they may have been, have never of themselves been able to shake the foundations of a single sin, to subdue a single vice, to root out a single evil habit. Ever since that severing of the heart from the intellect, which took place when man gave himself up to the lust of godless knowledge, the Passions have made mock at the Understanding, whenever it has attempted to control them, and have only flattered and pampered it, when it was content to wear their livery, and to drudge in their service; while the Will has lifted up its head against the Understanding in haughty defiance and scorn. Moreover, this lesson, which we learn from our own grievous experience, is confirmed by all the evidence of history; where, in example after example, we see how vain and impotent the enlightening of the understanding has been to elevate and purify man's moral being; and how, unless that enlightenment has been working together with other healthier powers, and been kept in check by them, its operation on the character of nations has rather been to weaken and dissipate their energies, to crumble the primitive rock into sand.



AN HOUR OF TERROR.—"AFTER A LENGTHY AND SOMEWHAT TIRESOME WALK, WE CAME IN SIGHT OF THE ENCAMPMENT. IT WAS A MOST PICTURESQUE SIGHT—THE WHITE TENTS DOTTING THE DUN-BROWN EARTH."

AN HOUR OF TERROR; OR, MADGE'S FORTUNE.

"COME, Madge, and you, too, May. We are going to a gipsy encampment, only two miles from here, and we want you to join us."

The words were addressed to my pretty girlish sister and I. We were twins, but Madge was the handsomest and merriest, and her blue eyes sparkled and danced with anticipated delight, as our mutual friend, Sadie Selwyn, rushed (I can use no other words to express her impetuous entrance) into our cozy sitting-room.

"You see brother Dick came home and told me, last night," Sadie continued, hardly pausing for breath, "and this morning I started out, and Daisy Brent, and her cousin Minnie, and Lu Payne, have promised to go, if you will both go. Now, do say yes, and begin to get ready;" and Sadie looked coaxingly into my face, for she had Madge's consent in her bright bewitching face, all dimpled with smiles at her friend's impetuous outburst.

"Sadie, something here warns me not to go," and I pointed to my heart as I spoke. Had I received a warning?

"Ha, ha!" and Sadie's gay laugh caused me to smile. "Is the dear girl afraid of losing her heart to a jetty-eyed gip? Well, we won't let her, if she'll only go. We'll say to the naughty fellow: 'Go way, and don't let our pretty May see you, because she don't want to fall in love with you!' Oh! May, do go! We'll have our fortunes told, and it will be such fun!"

And my gay friend put her arm caressingly around my waist, and looked so sweetly coaxing, that I consented, and in a short time we were ready—all of us as merry and mischievous a party as ever made the woods ring.

After a lengthy and somewhat tiresome walk, we came in sight of the encampment. It was a most picturesque sight—the white tents dotting the dun-brown earth (for it was the first week in October, and Nature had donned her autumnal robes); the various and gorgeous hues of the leaves that lay thick on the ground; the forms, tall and lithe, dressed in gay and many-hued dresses, the men having gorgeous scarfs knotted around their heads in the style of the Italian brigands.

We paused in admiration, a short distance from them, to take in the truly beautiful landscape, but a loud laugh from merry Sadie caught their attention, and at first they seemed to be angry, by their loud gesticulations and angry voices; but a small girl, of seventeen, soon came forth from one of the tents, and directing her black eyes toward us, invited us to come nearer. We were emboldened at the glimpse we had of them to go nearer, when the girl addressed us in the gipsy dialect. We, of course, could not understand her; when, with a light ringing laugh, she spoke to us in English.

"Will the pretty ladies have their fortunes told? Yes! yes, the pretty ladies will! Cross my palm with silver, Sky-eyes!" and she addressed Madge, who, eager and merry, placed a silver half-dollar in the small brown palm.

And then such a fortune as we listened to—of "how a beautiful man, tall and dark, was coming across the sea to woo and win the pretty lady, and take her back to his splendid home; and the pretty lady will be so happy." And the young gipsy's brown palms went together ecstatically, while Madge's white hand fell to her side, and she burst out into a peal of rich laughter.

"Oh, thank you, for my fortune, Black-eyes! If it comes true, I'll appoint you a rich living on my future husband's estate. But now tell my friends' fortune; you first, Daisy, Lu next, then Sadie, and lastly, my other self, May."

The bold black eyes of the gipsy glanced round the group, and singled out myself. Something in the eager eyes of a tall swarthy, but splendid fellow, arrested my attention from the fortune-teller while she was engaged in telling my sister's fortune; and now, as I was addressed, I started and shivered, and could find no reason for my folly.

"No, let Sadie have hers told," and I laughed, trying to shake off the terror—for terror it was that came over me.

The fortune-teller frowned, but in an instant laughed scornfully.

"The pretty lady fears to have her fortune told!"

This taunt had the desired effect. I instantly held out my hand, and listened to a lengthy and somewhat terrible future predicted for me.

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The other girls had good fortunes, and I laughed at the petty malice of the girl, and glanced to where the tall gipsy stood, and saw him not; indeed, they had all disappeared as if by magic, and with a grand wave of the little brown hand, our fortune-teller was soon out of sight, and into one of the camps.

We started for home, and on our way met a gipsy lad of ten; my sister stopped him, attracted by his great beauty (for Madge was an artist, and went half crazy over a beautiful face and form), and untying a crimson and orange silken scarf from her white throat, fastened it picturesquely around the boy's jetty curls. He kissed her hand in passionate gratitude, and ran gayly off.

We soon reached home, all gay and happy save myself; and the girls laughingly asserted that "May had really lost her heart to that tall, splendid gipsy, and it was no wonder indeed."

But they were mistaken; a strange terror had taken possession of my heart, and it was many days ere I could shake it off.

Two months after our frolic, we were invited to a large fancy-dress ball at a friend of mamma's—Mrs. Orancliffe's—and we were half wild with joy, for it was to be our first appearance in society. My sister's dress, of cerulean blue velvet, trimmed with white lace and rare old pearls, became her exquisitely, while I fancied that my corn-colored *crêpe* became me equally well.

Arrived at the rooms of Mrs. Orancliffe (our hostess), we were soon introduced to a friend of hers—a tall, handsome man, dressed in the costume of Louis XIV. He was unmasked, and a more magnificent specimen of manly beauty it was never my fortune to behold. Such starry eyes, such coal-black satiny hair, such white gleaming teeth, such a rich creamy complexion! Oh! I was fairly enraptured with him! I looked at Madge. She was suffused with blushes, and I plainly saw was deep in love at first sight.

Benita Madrure was Madge's constant attendant that night, and many nights after; and I soon saw my sister bend to every wish of her foreign lover's. I beheld her form quiver as he approached, saw the beautiful blue eyes droop in maiden bashfulness, and noted the deep carmine on brow and cheek. Surely this was love; and I wondered not at it, for I had half lost my heart to him when I first beheld him.

Mrs. Orancliffe, when questioned by my mother as to "Senor Madrure's standing," said that he brought her a letter of introduction from a dear friend of hers in Italy. This letter spoke of him as being wealthy and distinguished. And my mother breathed a deep sigh of relief at the intelligence, and gave an earnest assent to the senor's proposal for Madge's hand that night, and in a few weeks the marriage was to be solemnized with great pomp, and my sister was to leave me for years—perhaps forever. I shivered at the thought, for we loved each other with an almost idolatrous love. Again that unknown terror seized me.

I was seated alone in the parlor (for mother had long ago retired to rest, and Madge also—at least I fancied she had). I loved dearly to play on the piano when all was quiet around me; and so I went in the parlor, and turned the gas but half on—for this dim light was another of my whims. As I sat idly running my fingers over the instrument, I thought of the gipsy's prophecy, and smiled as I said to myself:

"For once a gipsy spoke the truth. Dear little Madge's fortune has come true."

In thinking this over, my fingers had unconsciously lain idle, and a sound as of some one moving startled me into the present position of affairs.

It was after one, I learned on consulting my watch, a tiny *bijou* of green and gold enamel, that mamma had given me but a few days before. I placed it in my belt, and, turning again to the piano, almost lost my sense and reason at the sight of an eye peering cautiously out from the folds of the satin damask curtain. For an instant only my brain reeled, and I almost fell from the music-stool—only for an instant. I ran my fingers again over the instrument, to collect my scattered senses, and form some scheme to outwit this thief, burglar, or whatever it was. My hands had several costly rings on them, and I imagined the robber counting the costs of them. Suddenly a footstep outside the door made me jump in spite of myself. I turned toward the window, and saw a knife gleam for just one second. Then it disappeared as the door opened to give ingress to my sister.

"What, not yet gone to rest?" was my eager query as I met her loving smile. "Why, mamma has gone long ago, and I thought you had also." And I laughed, not knowing what else to do.

"No, but I'm going now. Do hurry up, dear; I'm so sleepy; and I want to see you as much as possible before—before——"

She hesitated.

"Before you are married. Eh, Madge?" I finished for her, all the time in agony for her safety as well as my own. "There, do go now," and I sprang up and kissed her. "Let me finish just this little *canzonette*, and then I'll run upstairs." And I hastily thrust her out into the hall, and she immediately came back again.

"No. I'll wait here for you. I'll be as quiet as a mouse." Then, with a little shiver: "I don't like to go up alone, May; and I won't." And she half pouted.

It was an hour of terror to me, for the moments seemed to drag by as hours, it was so terrible for me to remain, almost crazed, with my cherished and willful sister to share the unknown danger.

Something must be done, and quickly. I remembered on mamma's dressing-table lay a loaded revolver that she kept there—more to frighten herself with than aught else, though she said "It was well to be prepared for burglars." To reach that was my one hope. In that "our lives" were held.

I looked at Madge, then controlled my feelings sufficiently to say:

"Madge, did you take that sweet *canzonette* and leave it in mamma's room?"

"Oh, yes! How stupid I am! I'll run and get it," was her quick answer. "I was fixing my hair, I remember, and left it on the toilet-stand."

"No; I'll go, and then we'll go to bed;" and I yawned sleepily.

In an instant I flew across the hall to mamma's room, and snatched up the revolver, and like a flash I was back again by my sister's side, only to find her crouching low down, with terror showing plainly in her face as well as in her attitude.

"See there!" she whispered, and pointed spasmodically to the bay-window, whose curtains were swaying gently.

I glanced forward, caught the gleam of those eyes, saw the flash of steel, and, raising the revolver steadily in the range of his eyes, fired. A groan and a fall, and we both screamed. Mamma and the servants were soon in the room, and they went to raise the dark form from the window recess. One glance into the pallid face, and I groaned aloud.

"God help us! It is the senor!"

And it was, in truth, my sister's betrothed. And—horror of horrors!—it came to me then, the dreadful truth, that the "tall gipsy and Senor Madrure were one and the same."

I looked at my sister, who was bending over the prostrate form lying now on the sofa. She was showering kisses on the white lips and face, caring nothing for any one but the man she so wildly and passionately loved.

Medical skill was called in, and, after a long illness, he recovered from the wound he received from my hands—

recovered, a changed and penitent man, acknowledging the imposture he had practised, and his intended crime.

For months my beautiful sister was almost an imbecile; but after awhile she became more herself. She was sought after by many, but she could never love again. The wealth of her young affection had been given to an unworthy object, and life could never wear a roseate glow for her.

It was a long time ere I recovered from that "hour of terror" and its results. But I have been a happy wife and mother many years, and, as I look up to the pale, sad-eyed woman by my side, I sigh for the wreck there, caused by Madge's Fortune.

REGNIER AND VESINS.

Vesins was a Catholic, of an austere character, but of the utmost bravery. Just before he was killed in the battle of Cahors, he had performed an act of rare generosity, considering the bigotry of that time. His bravery, degenerating sometimes into ferocity, had made him numerous enemies; among these was a gentleman named Régnier, of mild and polished character. Their neighbors and friends had exerted themselves in vain to reconcile them. Régnier was a Huguenot and Vesins a Catholic.

Whilst the cities of France were being stained with the blood of the Huguenots, Régnier retired to Cahors for safety. But the king had made Vesins governor of that city, and Régnier was living in daily expectation of being sacrificed to the vengeance of his enemy, when his door was broken open, and he saw Vesins, with a drawn sword in his hand, and with the appearance of furious rage, enter, followed by two armed soldiers. Régnier, believing his death certain, fell upon his knees and implored the mercy of Heaven. Vesins, in a menacing voice, ordered him to get up, follow him, and mount a horse that was standing at the door. Régnier left the city with his enemy, who conducted him as far as Guienne without stopping, and without speaking a single word to him. They arrived together at the château of Régnier, where Vesins, without alighting from his horse, said to him:

"I had it in my power, as thou mayest see, to profit by the opportunity I have been so long in search of; but I should have been ashamed to avenge myself thus on a man so brave as thou art; the peril must be equal when our quarrel is settled; and it is on that account I have spared thy life. Thou shalt always find me as disposed to terminate our differences in a manner suitable to a gentleman, as thou hast found me prompt to deliver thee from an inevitable death."

"I have no longer, my dear Vesins," replied Régnier, "either resolution, strength, or courage against you. Your kindness has extinguished the heat of my enmity; it is destroyed by your generosity, which I can never forget. I will henceforward follow you whithersoever you go; I will be always ready to employ in your service the life you have given me, and the little bravery you attributed to me."

Régnier wished to embrace his benefactor; but Vesins, preserving all the asperity of his character, said:

"It is thy business to see whether thou art my friend or my enemy; I only saved thy life to put thee in a condition to make a choice."

Without waiting for a reply, he put spurs to his horse, leaving Régnier, stupefied with this strange adventure, to wonder at the greatness of soul and generosity of him whom he had considered as his most cruel enemy.

LE CHATEAU D'HEIDELBERG.

The City of Heidelberg was called by the Romans Myrtiletum, and is celebrated for its famous Tun, which was once the largest receptacle for wine in the world. Its celebrated Château we give on page 696. Heidelberg is the city of the Grand Duchy of Baden, on the Lower Rhine, and has a population of about fifteen thousand persons. It is also famous for its university, which was founded by the Elector Rupert I. in the fourteenth century. In 1384 the Emperor Wenceslas signed in the Château the celebrated union of Heidelberg, by which the different leagues of German cities were united in one.

THE BLIND GIRL'S STRATAGEM;

OR, THE CODICIL.

CHAPTER I.

JOB PENTHORNE, my father, was the schoolmaster of the quiet, obscure village of Essex, and I was his only child. To say that he was much respected would only convey a faint idea of the real esteem in which he was held by both rich and poor. That I should love him very deeply was only natural, for I never remember hearing an angry word from him. Even in his gravest moments he would contrive to muster up a sunny smile for me, although I have thought since what a plague I must frequently have been to him, and how many faults he must have had to pardon in me.

Essex was a pleasant village, cozily sheltered under a range of sloping hills. Our cottage stood solitary and alone, some little distance from the old gray church, with a pretty flower-garden in front. An abundance of roses and honeysuckle grew round the doorway, and went clambering over the windows, filling the air with a delicious perfume. Swallows built their nests under the thatched roof, and birds twittered in the great apple-tree which stood in the middle of the garden. Serenity prevailed, but there was a charm even of sweeter peace within that humble abode.

At length, however, a great change came, startling and sudden. My father was stricken down with paralysis, the school was closed, and through many weary months he lay prostrate and helpless. It was a bitter time for all of us, and my mother seemed to feel the blow with unusual severity. Her step grew daily heavier, and the lines in her smooth face perceptibly gathered into deepening furrows.

The Summer was gently waning into Autumn, the sun was slowly sinking down the western heavens, and the first faint shadows of twilight came creeping silently into the sick-chamber. With them, too, came the noiseless shadow of death. Tranquilly as a young child falling into a peaceful slumber, my father's spirit glided to its eternal home; and the cheerful face that had never been darkened by a forbidden frown toward me was fixed in its last smile. A week later, as I turned from his silent grave, I felt that new and solemn duties opened before me. My father's lingering illness had swept away all that his frugal industry had scraped together; and when the expenses of the funeral had been defrayed, my mother and I were almost penniless. Murmurings and repinings I knew were useless. The cross had fallen on my shoulders, and I must bear it with a brave and self-reliant trust.

I had been taught the art of lace-making, more with a view to fill up my leisure time than as a means of livelihood. The employment was not a very lucrative one; still, by assiduous application, I could earn sufficient to procure many of those small comforts we had been accustomed to in my father's lifetime. At this period I was about eighteen, and, except the remarkable brightness and fullness of my eyes, and the profusion of brown hair that

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hung in abundant curls round my neck, I possessed no peculiar traits of beauty. Indeed, I believe that by most people I was considered a plain girl. There was, however, one in the village who appeared to be of a different opinion. What my thoughts of him were in that far-off time I cannot now define; I well remember, though, that whenever Andrew Glenford came to sit an hour with us, his presence seemed to fall like a fresh burst of light, and his hearty voice seemed to ring with a silvery sound in my ears. There was a marked refinement in his nature, and a truthful manliness in his character that went straight to the heart at once. When a child, he lost his father, and had been brought up solely by his mother.

REGNIER AND VESINS.—SEE PAGE 691.

It appeared that Miss Heyrick's marriage with Martin Glenford, the miller of Essex, had severed every link that bound her to her father's home; and, after her husband's death, Squire Heyrick, who owned the best farms in the neighborhood, still kept his heart relentlessly steeled against her. Those who knew him intimately called him eccentric; he might have been so, but I thought him very wicked.

The only fault the squire could trace in Martin Glenford was his poverty, and when he discovered that, although he had previously encouraged his advances toward his daughter, he immediately forbade him ever again to cross his threshold. But it was too late; to uproot the love he had once smiled upon had outgrown his strength, and on his own conscience lay the sin of his child's disobedience.

At length, after fighting the battle of life singly and nobly by herself for twelve anxious years, Mrs. Glenford was laid beside her husband in the peaceful churchyard, and soon after the doors of Andrew's home were closed against him. I always admired him for the dauntless courage with which he bore up against his hard fate; and though a strange pang struck to my heart when he told me he had entered Farmer Woodthorpe's service as a common plowboy, yet I felt proud to see how modestly he bent his head to the storm.

Nearly every evening through the Summer and Winter Andrew would take his seat in the arm-chair beside the hearth. It was in the long Winter nights that I first became conscious of a growing weakness in my eyes, and when I looked at them in the glass, I perceived a bright, tremulous glitter in the pupils, which I had never noticed before. Then a dimness, as if a thin film was forming over them, vailed out distant objects or rendered them obscure. I kept the painful knowledge fast locked in my own breast for many months, hoping, trusting, that when the nights shortened, and I could pursue my toil entirely in the daylight, the old strength would return to them. Vain hope—vain trust! The bright Summer flooded our little room with its rosy light, yet my eyes received no gleam from its radiance, but darker and darker the misty shadow closed over them.

A glimmering beam from the fading sunlight was stealing noiselessly across the window-sill; the cawing of the rooks in the old elm-trees that grew in the green lane, and overshadowed the churchyard, intermingled with the vocal music of the birds, filled the drowsy air, as, pausing in my work, my ear caught the sound of a footstep walking along the garden pathway. Presently the cottage-door opened, and Andrew Glenford entered the room. My wearied fingers trembled a little, and I felt conscious that a tingling blush was suffusing my cheeks as he fixed his eyes upon me in thoughtful silence. After looking at me for a minute or more, he placed a basket which he held in his hand on the table, and taking from it a nosegay of fresh-gathered flowers, said:

"There, Eleanor, I cut them for you myself."

I tried to speak my gratitude, but my tongue remained perversely silent. I tried to repay his kindness with a smile, but a tear rolled down my cheek, and dropped amongst the flowers. He went back to his basket, and handing it to my mother, said:

"Here are some plums and a few peaches for you, Mrs. Penthorne. Mrs. Woodthorpe gave me permission to gather them."

"Thank you, Andrew," smiled my mother; "leave them on the table, and take your old seat in the arm-chair. I am glad to find you are so happy and thoroughly comfortable at the farm."

"Oh yes," he said, in a cheery manner; "and I think the farmer has taken a fancy to me; he is going to raise my wages at Michaelmas."

"You are a good, deserving lad, Andrew," said my mother; "and I am as proud of you as if you were my own son. I am sure, too, that Eleanor loves you as much as though you were her brother. You must be frugal and put your money in the bank; then, by-and-by, when you have saved a nice lump, you will be able to turn it to good account."

"That is what I intend to do," replied Andrew, in a tone of honest pride. "It would be a dreary prospect if I thought I should have to spend my days at the plow.

No; I'll have a bit of land of my own yet, and a stack or two of wheat, or my name is not Andrew Glenford. But there," he laughed, "I have boasted quite enough about myself."

"Nay, Andrew," said my mother, "you are no boaster."

He came to my side then, and bent his face close to mine, noticing, as I thought, the painful habit I had contracted of half-closing my eyes.

"Your eyes are still weak, Eleanor," he said, in a subdued voice.

"They will be better soon, I trust," I said, as a suppressed sigh escaped me. "Doctor Lintfold has examined them, and he says they will be as strong as ever if I follow his prescription."

"Yes," said my mother; "but he has forbidden her to work, and says that his medicines will be of no avail unless she has entire rest."

"There is no necessity for that, mother," I replied, although my conscience inwardly reproached me for falsehood.

"There is," persisted my mother, "though you will not acknowledge it. You only perceive the stern necessity of my wants."

Andrew stepped back a pace or two, and stood with his eyes fixed upon the two bright rows of buttons in his waistcoat, as though he was holding an important consultation with them. At length he said, "Eleanor, there is no doubt you must get well. A month or two of rest may do wonders; don't shake your head, and don't be offended at the offer I am about to make you. Promise me that."

I felt my heart beating very audibly, as I answered, "No Andrew, not offended."

"Well," said he, "I have saved a little money, and I wish you to make use of it. You can repay me when you are strong enough to begin work again, and you can give me interest, too, if you like. It will afford me so much real pleasure, Eleanor, to know that even in the smallest way I have been enabled to release you from the drudgery that is wearing out your health."

His kindness touched me deeply, but my pride rebelled against his offer, and I resolutely answered "No."

"And why?" he asked, "there is nothing wrong in it."

"I think there is, Andrew," I replied, very decidedly; "to take your little stock of money, without a certain prospect of repayment, would be a crime in my estimation. But I do not require your proffered aid. If it be the will of Heaven that my affliction should increase, I have still a little fund of my own to fall back upon."

My mother seemed sorely puzzled at my answer, as though she fancied I was indulging in some wild dream, and well she might; the many sacrificings and pinchings we had been put to since my father's death, the trifling vanities of a new ribbon or a smarter shawl which had been so cheerfully renounced, came into her doubting mind, and her dear wise head shook with a severe solemnity. It was true, though, notwithstanding. Every week a trifling sum had been abstracted from my earnings, and secretly hidden away. An inward foreboding had crept into my heart that a darker hour than any that we had yet experienced would one day overshadow us, and I prepared myself to meet it.

Andrew remained silent; what his thoughts were I do not know. He dropped the subject, however, at once, and never recurred to it again. After a lengthened pause he said, "It is growing quite dusky, Eleanor; will you come with me in the garden?—the tulip-bed wants thinning."

A perfect Eden was that tiny patch of garden, thanks to Andrew's careful pruning and grafting and planting. The little summer-house, too, embowered amongst lilacs and fuchsias, and overrun with roses and clematis, was delightful. Beside it murmured a narrow stream, that ran scampering through woods and glades, until it widened miles away into a stately river.

By the time Andrew had culled the weeds from the different flower-beds, darkness had fallen, and, after exchanging "Good-nights," he took his departure.

On the following evening I looked for him at his customary hour, and felt a sickening fear at my heart as I watched the deepening shadows fall into the room without his presence.

It was toward noon on the third day when I heard his well-known footstep on the garden-walk. Before I had time to recover from my surprise he was standing in the room, not in his usual working-garb, but in his well-kept suit of mourning, which I had never known him to wear except on Sabbath-days. As I lifted my dull gaze to the bright sunburnt face, and caught its expression of grave excitement, my heart throbbed with a trembling fear. My mother was the first to speak.

"Andrew," she said, in a quaking voice, "not at the farm?"

"No," he replied, quite cheerily; "I have left the farm."

"Left the farm, poor lad!" exclaimed my mother, fairly taken aback.

"Oh," he laughed, as if enjoying my mother's bewilderment, "I have parted very good friends with the farmer and his wife. And as for Susan Woodthorpe, her eyes looked as though she had been peeling onions when I went to say good-by to her."

Susan Woodthorpe! It was the first time that I had felt an inward sting when he mentioned her name; not that I did not feel sure of Andrew's love as if he had uttered all the vows that man ever spoke. Besides, I had too profound a faith in my own worth, and was too proud to dread his inconstancy; yet a sort of dread came over me even to hear her name, especially from his lips.

"Whatever will you do, Andrew?" inquired my mother.

He gave a quiet laugh, and sat down in the arm-chair. After a pause he said, "There is such a thing as conscience, after all."

"Conscience!" stared my mother; "what has conscience to do with your leaving the farm?"

"A good deal, I fancy," he replied, with the smallest tinge of sarcasm in his voice. However, not to keep you longer in suspense, you shall know all about it. I was sheafing barley in the holm field two days since, when chancing to turn my head, I saw a face peering at me over the fence. Whose do you think it was?"

My mother lost herself for a minute or two in a maze of wild conjecture, and then despairingly gave up the puzzling question.

"It was my grandfather, Squire Heyrick," he replied.

"Squire Heyrick!" we exclaimed, simultaneously.

"'Who are you?' he asked, in a gruffish voice, that nettled me a little, for I thought he might have found time to have solved that question many years ago.

"'I am one of Mr. Woodthorpe's laborers,' I replied.

"'I am not blind, booby!' he shouted out at the top of his voice. 'What is your name?'

"'My name, Squire Heyrick, is Andrew Glenford,' I answered.

"'Then,' said he, 'throw down that sheaf of barley, Andrew Glenford, and come with me.' He saw that I hesitated, so he squeezed a sort of half-grin into his face, and added, 'There isn't a man on old Woodthorpe's land that wouldn't give his best limb for half the fortune that is waiting for you, if you have the wit to look before your nose.'

"I looked before my nose at once, and sprang over the fence. He walked on in silence, and I followed, still looking before my nose, until I found myself in the library at the manor-house, with my grandfather seated opposite to me, and my eyes fixed in a broad stare on his fat, purple face.

"'You are my grandson,' he began. 'Don't interrupt me, but hear me out; I am not going into the past, so don't you name it. You know the Cherry Farm. It has been held by Matthew Dunstead, until every acre of land about it is either under a blight or choked with weeds. But I know the soil, and if any man goes to work in a sensible manner he can make it grow what he likes. Here is the lease of it for twenty years. The stock can be had at a fair valuation, and the purchase-money may stand over. I only require a nominal rent. I offer the lease to you. Will you have it? Yes or no?'

"'Yes,' I promptly answered.

"'There it is, then,' he said, as he placed the lease in my hands. 'You can take possession of it to-day, if you like. Come to me in six months and tell me how you are getting on.'

"He opened the library door at once, wished me good-morning, and closed it with a bang. I walked straight over to Cherry Farm, and took possession."

My poor mother's tongue wandered into such a silvery stream of congratulation that I began to fear it would never find its way back into its old sober trim.

"And what did Farmer Woodthorpe say to your good fortune?" she inquired, with a mild flourish.

"Well, to say the truth," replied Andrew, "he has puzzled me even more than my grandfather. 'You will need some cash to start with,' said he; 'laborers can't wait for wages till crops are in the market. I will lend you five hundred dollars on your note of hand.'"

"Well, that was kind," exclaimed my mother.

A strange suspicion took possession of my mind. Farmer Woodthorpe was reputed to be a shrewd, calculating man, and one whose benevolence was far from being proverbial in the village. That he had some hidden motive for his seeming generosity I felt assured. I lost myself a thousand times in the solution of the problem, and the only answer I could get from my musing thoughts was "his daughter Susan."

My reverie was broken by Andrew coming unexpectedly to my side, and, laying his hand on my toiling fingers, said:

"Eleanor, you are pleased, I am sure, at this unexpected change in my fortune."

"More than pleased, Andrew," I replied, still keeping my face bent down on my work; "most proud, most happy."

He took my hand in his own, and with a fervent pressure, whispered, "Your eyes will soon have a chance to rest now, Eleanor."

My heart seemed throbbing in my throat, and a dizzying rush of blood swept across my brain. His love had never been spoken, and yet I knew he loved me, and never till that moment did I feel how insuperable a barrier was growing up between us.

"My sight is stronger now than I have felt it for a long time, thank you, Andrew," I said, in a cold, almost harsh tone, and I drew my hand from his and pursued my work.

He returned to his seat, and sat musing for some minutes. At length he rose abruptly, and referring to his watch, said, "I have to meet Farmer Woodthorpe at three o'clock. He made me promise to drive him and Susan over to Cherry Farm, as he wishes to look over the stock."

Susan's name again! Another stab at my jealous heart.

Andrew lingered a short time in conversation with my mother, and as he left us, said, in his usual cheerful voice, "Good-by, Eleanor, I shall have better news for you than ever when I come again."

I worked on through the afternoon with an acute pain in my eyes, and long before the sun went down I was compelled to throw aside my task, and seek relief in rest.

The next morning, when I returned to my toil, a shadowy mist seemed to darken my vision, and a sharp, pricking sensation in the pupils of my eyes pained and bewildered me. I could no longer see my work, and the thought of that appeared to increase the agony.

Days passed on without one comforting voice save my mother's; six weary days, and no form crossed our threshold except Doctor Lintfold's. Had Andrew's brighter prospects darkened me in his memory? Had Susan Woodthorpe's gold purchased the love I felt assured was mine? Six weary days, and my malady had increased with every hour, until I stood upon the verge of total blindness.

I was seated at the window overlooking the little garden, with my head bowed amongst the roses, musing over the past. My mother had been wandering amongst a number of our air-built castles, and had selected one as my particular habitation, which she designated by the modest name of Cherry Farm. Not liking to disturb her pleasant visions, I suffered her to dream on, and yet I felt a sort of inward self-reproach, for my own heart too fatally told me that I never could be Andrew Glenford's wife; but the kind soul looked into the future, and saw a world full of Summer and joy, whilst I saw only gloom and affliction.

Suddenly the little hand-gate leading from the lane into the garden creaked on its hinges, and the next moment my painful reverie was broken by my mother's exclamation of "It is Andrew! he is come at last."

With an irresistible impulse, I sprang from my chair to meet and welcome him, but as his form darkened the threshold I shrank back as if I were about to commit a sin.

"Why, Andrew," cried my mother, "what a stranger you are! We feared you were ill."

"You have missed me, then?" he asked, in his old homely way. "And Eleanor, too?"

"Oh, yes, A drew, I have missed you," I replied, in quite a careless tone; "and so have the flowers. But we must expect your absence now, and learn to bear it."

"Eleanor," said he, losing all at once his cheerfulness, "this little break in our old life has not been caused by any willfulness, by any change of mine. Since I saw you last I have been working almost night and day, toiling harder than I have ever done before. The farm was a complete wilderness of stones and briars. Matthew Dunstead had suffered everything to run to waste. However, I have done a trifle toward putting the place in order."

"Ah!" cried my mother, with a sage shake of her dear, wise head, "you'll be a great man one day."

"I have no wish to be a great man, Mrs. Penthorne," he replied, laughingly; "I have only one ambition," he said, and his hand stole into mine with a truthful, fervent pressure. "Need I tell you, Eleanor, that which you must have known long since. I have had but one hope in the past, and that was that I could one day build a home where you could be its mistress. That day has come earlier than my wildest dreams imagined, and now I am here to ask you to become my wife."

I turned my head aside from his truthful face, and tried hard to close my heart against the happiness his words promised.

"I have loved you, Eleanor, since we were boy and girl together," he continued; "but was too poor to ask you to share my humble lot. Now Providence has sent me unlooked-for prosperity, and I wish you and your mother to exchange this old home for a happier one, if I can make it so, at Cherry Farm."

"Ah, Andrew!" sighed my mother, "I am old and wrinkled now, but it seems but yesterday since I heard words like those spoken to myself."

The recollection of her own fresh, hopeful youth started before her.

My reply was on my lips, and although I felt conscious that my answer would leave a hopeless void in my future life, still I did not shrink from uttering it. I placed my sacrifice on the stern shrine of duty—with regret, perhaps, but not with reluctance.

"I thank you, Andrew," I said, as I lifted my filmy eyes to his face. "I shall always remember with gratitude your generous, honest words, and I will answer them as I think an honest girl should do. The last few days, which have been so full of promise and hope to you, have been the reverse to me. My malady has assumed a graver aspect. Dr. Lintfold told me only yesterday that I was threatened with total blindness."

"No, no!" cried Andrew, as he caught me to his breast, and bent his clear, penetrating gaze into my eyes.

"Yes, Andrew," I continued; "look well into my eyes, and see for yourself the misty film that has gathered over them. You are quite near me, and yet I see you only as through a thick vail. I have been compelled to cease from my labor; and my mother's face, the green fields, and the sunshine are quickly fading away into gloom and darkness. A wife should be a helpmate, not a useless burden. Ask yourself, then, whether I, who now stand upon the very threshold of blindness, and who, possibly, within the next few days, may be unable to cross our little garden-walk without a hand to guide me; ask your own calm judgment, not your passion or your love, whether I am fit to become your wife? No, Andrew, it is beyond my power to accept your offer."

"And you reject me?" he half interrogated, in a voice of deep emotion.

"Yes," was my unwavering, firm reply; "I reject you, Andrew, because my consent would bring sorrow, may be ruin, to you."

He pressed his hand to his forehead, and remained standing in deep thought for some moments. At length he asked, in quivering, half-doubtful accents:

"Do you love me, Eleanor?"

"If otherwise," said I—"if I loved you less than woman should love the man in whose keeping she would joyfully trust the weal or woe of her life—think you I should have spoken to you as I have?"

"But, my dear child," said my mother, "you ought not to despair. Dr. Lintfold said your case was by no means hopeless."

"Did he say that?" cried Andrew, eagerly.

"He did say that, certainly," I replied; "but——"

"But what?" he interrupted. "Is it time you require? I can wait submissively and patiently for the happy hour of your recovery. But tell me all Dr. Lintfold has said about your case."

"He told me that my malady required peculiar treatment, and greater skill than he possessed, to master it."

"And did he say where you could obtain it?" asked Andrew.

"Yes," I replied, "at the Hospital for the Blind, in New York, and where, he also stated, should my recovery become impossible, a trade would be taught me, by which I could still earn a livelihood for myself and mother. The doctor kindly offered to obtain for me an admission; but I cannot go—I cannot tear myself from my dear mother, and leave her here in lonely solitude. This cottage, too, where I was born, and where I have passed so many peaceful days, is so dear to me; and to separate myself from every little joy, and take up my abode with strangers—perhaps to die amongst them—would be a trial more than I could bear."

There was a long, painful silence, broken at intervals by my mother's fretful sighs. At length Andrew said, "There is great wisdom in the doctor's advice, dear Eleanor, and if you reflect calmly, you will perceive it. If you love me—and I do not doubt it—you will follow his advice. Do not fear for your mother; she will doubtless miss your companionship, but if a son's watchfulness and care can be any compensation, it will not be withheld. Let me hear you say that you will go."

"Mother!" I cried, with a bewildering look toward her. She held her arms out, and I hid my weeping face in her bosom.

"I can bear it, my child," she murmured—"bear any grief without a sigh, if I can only see the light restored to your dear eyes."

"Then I will bear it, too," I said, resignedly. "Yes, Andrew, I will go."

"When?" he asked.

"To-morrow morning," I replied.

"One boon more precious than all, Eleanor," he said, as he took my hand; "should the darkness of one long night be destined to fall across your life, promise me that when this ordeal is over, you will accept me as your light, your guide, your husband."

"No, Andrew, I cannot," I replied. "But if I return with this heavy affliction removed, and your heart still clings to its old love, then I will be yours till death."

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVING, under the care of good Dr. Lintfold's housekeeper, safely at the asylum, ere many hours elapsed I was taken to the physician's consulting-room. He assured me there was hope, if I would resign myself to a lingering treatment. His words inspired me with new courage, a new trust, and with the prospect of a crown to sustain me, I felt that I could endure my cross.

I pass over the painful operation, and the dreary weeks, now gleaming with hope, now chilled with despair, that followed it. At length my sense of pain slowly diminished, and then my sight came back, tremulous and uncertain at first, but gradually gathering its former strength and vigor. At the end of six weary, patient months, I was presented with my discharge, and the next day I journeyed back to Essex.

The May sunshine was playing among the elms and glimmering on the gray towers of the church as I alighted from the coach at the end of the green lane. The rooks were swinging and cawing high up in the branches of the trees, and the young birds were twittering in the hedgerows. My dismissal from the asylum had come so sudden that I had been unable to forward any intelligence of it to my mother. As I neared the cottage my heart thrilled with a wild joy, and as the dear, familiar spots came upon me I grew blind again with tears. I passed swiftly through the garden, entered by the dear old cottage-door, and the next moment my mother's arms were entwined around my neck, and my cheeks were wet with her tears.

"Look at me, my dear child," she sobbed, hysterically; "can you see my furrowed face?"

"Yes, mother," I smiled; "thank Heaven, my sight is quite restored."

"Oh, yes, she cried, drawing my face to hers, "your sweet blue eyes are as clear and bright as our running stream."

"True, dear mother," I said; "but I fear it will be some

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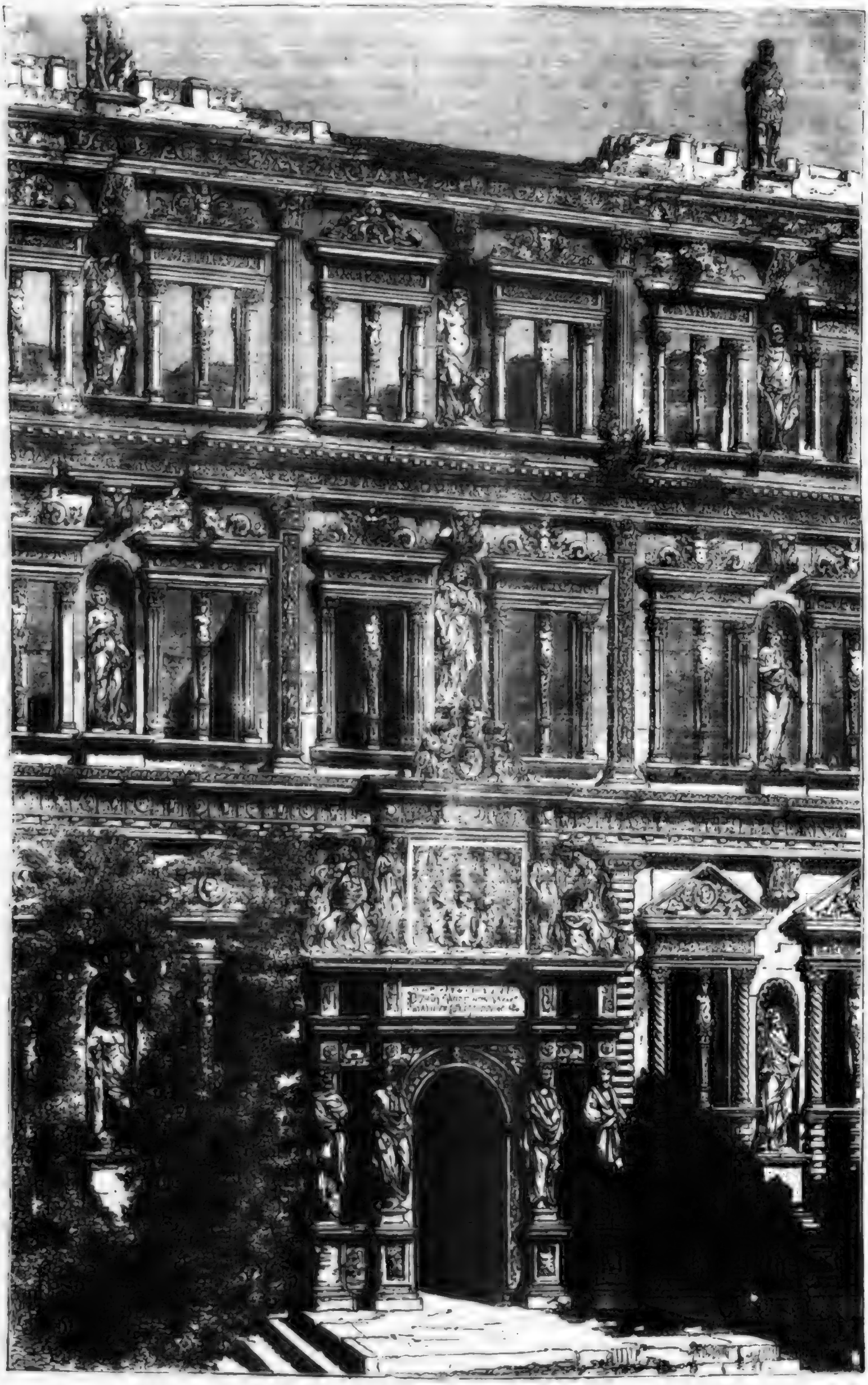
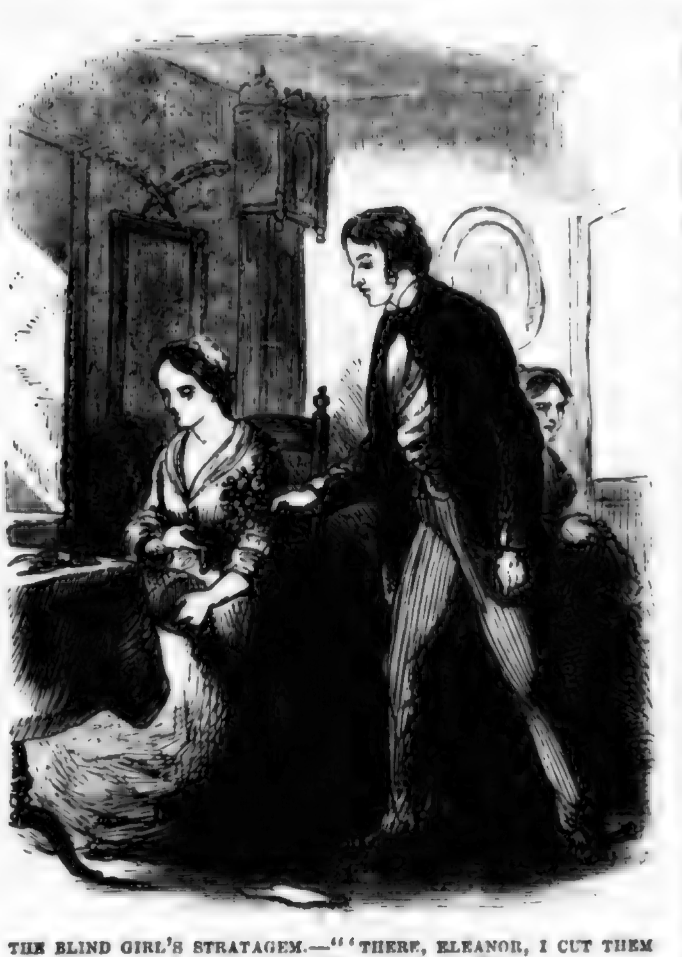


LE CHATEAU D'HEIDELBERG.—SEE PAGE 691.



THE BLIND GIRL'S STRATAGEM.—"'THERE, ELEANOR, I CUT THEM FOR YOU MYSELF.'"—SEE PAGE 691.

time yet before I can resume my old employment. The physician told me that for months to come rest would be more necessary than ever, and desired me more than all to wear a deep green shade over my eyes. Any continuous glare of light, he said, might prove fatal. You do not know how deeply, next to Heaven, my thanks are due to him; he has been so tender, so patient. And you, dear mother, how have you borne my weary absence?"

"In ceaseless prayers for this happy moment," she replied.

"And Andrew?" I asked.

"You have not forgotten him," she said, in a tone so peculiar that I felt a sudden chill at my heart.

"Forgotten him!" I exclaimed; "forgotten Andrew, mother?"

"No, no, I did not think you had," she said.

"Mother," I cried, almost impatiently, "there is something you fear to tell me. Don't keep it from me; I can endure it as I have endured all my sufferings, meekly and in obedience to my Maker."

"His grandfather, Squire Heyrick, is dead," she replied.

That was not the secret, I felt assured; still, I remained silent, and she continued:

"Died on New Year's Day, quite suddenly; so I suppose your marriage will have to be postponed."

"Is that all, mother?" I asked, after a long pause.

"It must be right that I should tell you," she said, reluctantly; "but the poor boy is in great trouble."

"Andrew in trouble!" I exclaimed. "What trouble?"

"He has been improving the farm, planning, and building, until he has turned it into a perfect Paradise," she replied, "and now his creditors have come down upon him like so many hawks upon a sparrow. They will not give him time to get his crops to market; and the most exacting amongst them is his old master, Farmer Woodthorpe, who, after encouraging him in his imprudent outlay, threatens to seize the farm, unless——"

My brain felt stunned by the prophetic fear that crossed it, still I quelled every outward show of the misery which came stealing into my senses, and said, quite passively:

"Go on, mother. Unless what?"

"Unless he consents to marry Susan Woodthorpe," she replied.

I felt conscious that my lips were moving, and yet I was powerless to utter a single word.

"Oh, Eleanor, don't look so pale, don't tremble so, my child," entreated my mother, as she nestled my head upon her bosom. "You need not fear for Andrew's truth; his heart is faithful to you still, and ever will be."

"How do you know that, mother?" I asked, with a reawakened joy in my voice.

"Because he told me so," she replied; "told me he would make any sacrifice, work through all his life as a common laborer, rather than break his word."

"Did he say that, mother?" I asked, proudly.

"He did," she answered. "Ah! if you knew his real worth, you would never doubt him for a moment."

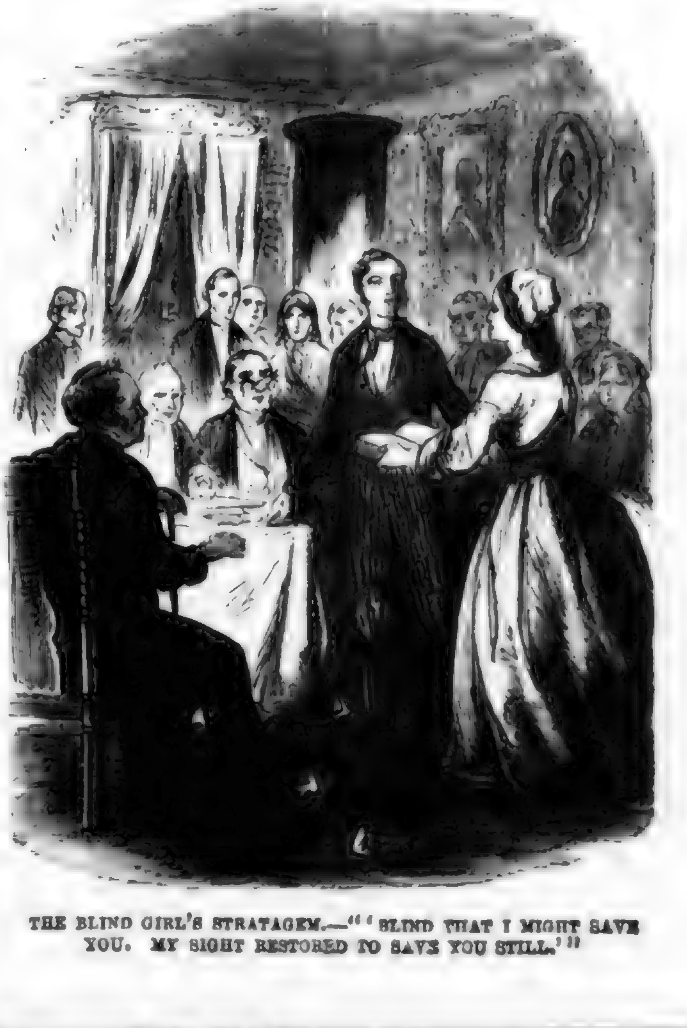
"Mother," I said, firmly, "I have not doubted him. But it would be a mean requital for his kindness were I selfishly to accept the sacrifice he is ready to make. In saving him from a life of poverty and toil I shall spare my own conscience from a ceaseless reproach. He must marry Susan Woodthorpe."

"He never will," was my mother's emphatic rejoinder. "Besides, could you break your promise to him? I was a witness to it, Eleanor; remember that."

"Mother!" I cried, impatiently, "would you wish your child to be a drag—an encumbrance—on the man who loves her?"

"No, no, Eleanor, I could not wish that; not with Andrew, especially," she replied. "It would break my heart to see it."

"He must be released from his plight to me, and in such a manner that he can hold his own conscience blameless," said I. "He must be kept in ignorance of my recovery; the deep shade which I am enjoined to wear over my eyes will



THE BLIND GIRL'S STRATAGEM.—"'BLIND THAT I MIGHT SAVE YOU. MY SIGHT RESTORED TO SAVE YOU STILL.'"

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assist the pardonable deception. You, I know, will preserve the secret."

"I do not like deceit, Eleanor, in anything," said my mother, gravely.

"Nor I," was my reply; "but what answer can I give to Andrew when he claims the fulfilment of my promise?"

"The truth," said my mother.

"I tell you, mother, I will not marry him to make him a beggar," I cried; "to see his brave, manly heart ground daily down at the miserable wheel of penury. No; prosperity lies before him; and Heaven forbid that my shadow should fall across his path to impede him."

My decided tones quieted, but by no means removed, my dear mother's scruples, and I clearly foresaw that with myself alone must rest the responsibility of the device I resolved to resort to.

We sat together, conversing over the many incidents which had befallen each of us—Andrew included—in the interval of my absence, until the twilight deepened into night.

In spite of our mutual sadness, we strove to assume a cheerfulness, and chatted on until the familiar old clock warned us it was long past bedtime. Amongst the topics of our conversation was one which, though apparently of slight importance, nevertheless clung persistently to my mind long after. It appeared that in accordance with Squire Heyrick's last request, the reading of his will was to be postponed for six months after his decease. That he had always borne the reputation of being an eccentric man I knew, and a sort of silent comfort nestled at my heart that, probably, some generous glimmer toward his grandson might yet be waiting to peep through that eccentricity.

At noon next day Andrew came. I was seated in the shadowy corner by the hearth, with my green shade drawn deep over my eyes, when he entered the room. I felt a wild gush of joy at my heart as his manly form stood once more before me, and it was only by a constrained effort that I could keep back my swelling tears.

"Eleanor home!" he cried; "home, and I not know it?"

"Is not that Andrew's voice?" I asked, drooping my face still lower, and stretching forth my hand.

"Yes," he said, as he came and pressed it to his lips. "Do you not see me, Eleanor?"

"No, Andrew," I sighed, with my face bent lower still.

"Not recovered! not well?" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"If so, why need I wear this shade?" I inquired.

His strong frame quivered and shook like an aspen leaf, as he nervously tightened his grasp round my fingers.

"Eleanor," he at length said, "men have been tempting me with serpents' tongues to be false to my vows. The bailiffs are at this moment in possession of Cherry Farm, because I would not cover the name I took spotless from my dead mother with a falsehood. Let the first words I hear from your lips assure me that I am still treasured in your memory."

"As a friend, a brother, Andrew, you ever will be, but nothing more," I said, coldly, although I felt as if my heart would burst.

"Friend! brother!" he cried, dropping my hand and starting from me, "and not as husband? Have you forgotten your promise?"

"No, Andrew," I said, in the same frigid, measured strain, "I can recite it word for word. 'If I return with this heavy affliction removed, and your heart then clings to its old love, I will be yours.' Judge for yourself whether the affliction is removed. Go, Andrew; you are free. Marry where duty bids you; and may you be happy in your choice!"

"And this is the end!" he cried, almost fiercely. "The woman whose image I have treasured for years in my heart, whose voice has sounded a hopeful music in my memory, whose smile has been as the fresh burst of Spring to the earth, bids me now be happy in another's choice!"

"It is best so," I said, meekly. "A life of hopeless penury stares you in the face if you lose the farm; and were you to marry me, the heavier burden of a helpless wife would crush you down."

"I doubt if you ever loved me; I doubt if you ever knew what real love means," he cried, passionately, "or you could never speak so bitterly."

"Think so, believe so, Andrew," I replied, resignedly.

"Even that poor thought," I inwardly mused, "may give him a gleam of comfort."

There was an evident struggle between his pride and love as he stood for some minutes silently looking through the window. At length he walked to the door, and opened it. Pausing on the threshold he said, "When you hear the bells from the old steeple yonder ringing out my wedding peal, it will be too late to try and heal the wound you have made today. It is not too late now, Eleanor."

I stifled the wail of bitter anguish that arose to my lips, and soon after, I heard his slow, heavy footstep on the garden-walk. Then the gate opened and closed, and he was gone.

"Eleanor," cried my mother, reproachfully, while the tears ran down her furrowed cheeks, "may Heaven pardon you this sin!"

"He will be saved, mother," I replied, calmly. That one thought has sustained me, hitherto; it shall sustain me to the end."

"What end?" she inquired.

"His marriage with Susan Woodthorpe," I replied, with a feeble attempt to smile; "and when that is over, and if I then grow faint, and need strength, shall I not find it in my mother's love?"

The peaceful kiss that she left upon my cheek assured me that I should.

Andrew came no more; but before the week was out, busy Rumor came blowing her trumpet in our ears. Everything was settled, so the kind gossips told us. Andrew and Susan Woodthorpe were to be married at midsummer, and, as a consequence, the old farmer had stopped the arrest on Cherry Farm, whilst Andrew's other creditors had agreed to give him time.

A month passed by, and we had fallen into our old habits at the cottage, I at limited intervals resuming my lacework, and my mother her knitting. We seldom spoke of Andrew; there seemed to be a tacit understanding between us that his name should be as little mentioned as possible.

On the last evening in June the declining daylight had compelled me to relinquish my employment, and I was walking with my mother up and down the garden pathway. The air was cheerful with the vocal music of the happy birds, and fragrant with the breath of Summer flowers. Nature seemed reveling in her most joyous garb; the trees and shrubs were in their fullest foliage, while the glitter of the setting sun seemed to surround them with a golden lustre. Never since my return had I felt such a consciousness of perfect happiness; whether it was borrowed from the peaceful scene around, or whether it ushered in the dawn of a lasting joy, I could not then discern. But I kept it, and clung to it with gratitude.

The twilight was deepening, and we were about to return indoors, when a strange voice calling my mother's name arrested our attention. Standing at the wicket-gate was Mr. Blandford, the village attorney.

"Is that your daughter, Eleanor, Mrs. Penthorne!" he inquired. "If so, I wish to speak with her."

I drew the shade over my eyes, and stepped to the gate.

"I had some business at the parsonage, so I thought I would just call and name it to you," continued Mr. Blandford. "You must be at the manor-house at twelve o'clock to-morrow. Squire Heyrick's will is to be opened, and your name is mentioned.'

"My name mentioned!" I exclaimed; "about what?"

"Woman-like, curious and prying; you would make splendid lawyers," he laughingly said. "How should I know? Squire Heyrick was famous for his eccentricity; he may have left you half his fortune!"

"Half his fortune!" I cried.

"Or he may have left you a silver toothpick and his blessing," he continued. "But don't neglect; twelve to-morrow."

Before I could find another questioning word the lawyer was half-way through the lane, and out of sight.

Oh, the suspense of that long night! Shall I ever forget it? The crowding fancies and visionary castles that came into my excited brain. And Andrew? If I could but throw aside the hateful mask and show him my true heart, I felt that I could bless Squire Heyrick's memory to my latest breath. My dear mother insisted that I was the destined heiress of half his fortune, and in her simple vanity selected a bewildering array of new gowns and bonnets, all of gorgeous hues, in which she was to appear at church on different Sundays, until I slyly whispered "toothpick," when down they tumbled from their imaginary pegs. The birds were piping their gay songs to the dawn as I awoke from my dreamy, restless slumber, and I thought the hands on the old clock never revolved so slowly as on that Summer morning.

At length they pointed to eleven, and my mother and I set out for the manor-house. Arrived there, I was conducted to the dining-room, while my mother retired in company with the housekeeper.

As I drew back my green shade a little and looked round, I discovered that I was alone. Rows of polished oaken tables occupied the centre of the room, and high-backed chairs, decorated with quaint carvings, were placed for the expected guests. The oaken paneling was overhung with portraits of the Heyrick family, and amongst them was one of Andrew's mother, painted in her fresh girlhood. She was much changed when I knew her, although even to the last she still preserved much of the same soft, delicate beauty, which the limner's art had transferred to the canvas. I fancied there was a sad, reproachful look in her full dark eyes, and I instinctively drew my shade over my forehead and averted my face.

Approaching footsteps met my ears, and the next moment the door opened, and a tall, portly man walked with a pompous air into the room. He was dressed in a glossy suit of new black. His gloveless hands were bony and red, and his long, lean chin was half hidden under the folds of a white neckerchief. His eyes were concealed behind a pair of huge gold-rimmed spectacles, which faintly suggested the idea as he came suddenly into the sombre shadow of the room that I was encountering a pair of gig lamps. He gave an important cough, placed his hat on a side table, drew his gold repeater from his fob, and held it admiringly at arm's-length for a couple of minutes.

"I like punctuality," he growled, as he dropped his body into the only easy chair in the room; "and so do you, madame, I perceive that. A pity everybody else is not of the same mind." I made no answer, and after a pause he resumed, "Related to the defunct?" I still sat motionless and silent, and after another brief interval he growled aloud, "Deaf, I suppose. Deaf and blind, too evidently. What can she expect to get? Why cannot she go into an almshouse and die quietly?"

Then came a hum of voices and a bustling sound of footsteps, and again the door opened. The first who entered the room was the solicitor, Mr. Blandford, and crowding behind him came a motley throng of the great squire's relatives. The last who passed into the apartment was Andrew Glenford. I saw his glance travel over the gathered faces until it finally rested in a surprised blank stare on me. He came to me at once, and touching me on the shoulder, said, "Eleanor, you here!"

"Yes, Andrew," I said, quietly; "I was told last night by Mr. Blandford that my name was mentioned in your grandfather's will, and that my presence would be necessary."

"Eleanor," he said, impressively, "whatever fortune falls to your share, I shall hail it with a thousand times more joy than any that may fall to me."

"Thank you, Andrew," I replied.

"Good-morning, Mr. Midgetts," interrupted the lawyer, directing a smile to the portly spectacled gentleman in the easy chair. Mr. Midgetts stretched his lean chin from his neckerchief and returned a supercilious nod to Mr. Blandford.

"There is a vacant chair here, Mr. Midgetts," smiled the lawyer, nothing daunted, as he pointed to a seat in close proximity to his own.

Mr. Midgetts rose from his half-recumbent posture, and strode with an air of increased dignity to the proffered seat.

Mr. Blandford whispered a few words to his clerk, who at once drew from his blue bag a ponderous volume bound in calf, and fastened with huge silver clasps.

The lawyer gave a preliminary cough as he opened the will with a sharp rustle, and the whispering hubbub of voices sunk into a profound and refreshing stillness. After a few trifling bequests and legacies to some old servants and friends, my own name sounded from the lawyer's lips, and sent my heart into a wild flutter.

"'To Eleanor Penthorne,'" the lawyer began.

"Who?" snarled Mr. Midgetts; "who is she? There is no such name in the Heyrick family that I am aware of."

"Silence, sir!" growled a dismal voice at the lower end of the table.

"I must beg that the company, out of respect to the dead man's memory, if prompted by no other feeling, will suppress their remarks until I have finished reading the will," said Mr. Blandford, with solemn severity. "'To Eleanor Penthorne, spinster, daughter of the late Job Penthorne, schoolmaster of Leighburne, who I am told is nearly blind, and to whom, I am likewise told, my grandson, Andrew Glenford, is about to be married, I give and bequeath the lands, outhouses, dwelling-house, and all the appurtenances thereto belonging, known as Cherry Farm, situated in Essex, N. Y., and at present held under a lease by my aforesaid grandson, Andrew Glenford. To the aforesaid Eleanor Penthorne, and her heirs forever, I bequeath it.'"

"Eleanor," said Andrew, turning his face with a joyous smile to me, "I fervently congratulate you."

"What is the size of Cherry Farm?" growled Mr. Midgetts, uneasily.

"It comprises about four hundred acres of the most fertile land in the county," replied Mr. Blandford.

Mr. Midgetts gave an audible groan, and lowered his spectacles to the tip of his nose.

"'To my grandson,'" continued Mr. Blandford, "'Andrew Glenford, farmer, of Cherry Farm, in Essex, N. Y., I give and bequeath——'"

"Ah! he comes in for the lot, I suppose!" again growled the dismal voice at the extremity of the table.

"Really, my good man, this is monstrous," remarked the lawyer, frowningly.

"So I say," was the stoic rejoinder of the dismal voice.

"'I give and bequeath,'" resumed Mr. Blandford, with imperturbable gravity, "'my large folio Bible, bound in calf, and fastened with silver clasps, which I herewith enjoin may be delivered to him at once, and I religiously command him to read it night and morning throughout his life.'

XUM

"There, Mr. Glenford, is your grandfather's bequest, and I strongly recommend you to follow his injunctions," smiled the lawyer, as he placed the book in Andrew's hands.

"There, Eleanor," said Andrew, placing the book on my lap, "there is my legacy. You cannot congratulate me, I suppose?"

He turned from me with a tremulous sigh, and his head sank, bowed between his clasped hands, never raising it again until the ceremony was over.

"'To Jonas Hedges,'" resumed the lawyer.

"That's me!" shouted the dismal voice.

"'Who asserts that he married a third cousin of my late wife, I give and bequeath the annual sum of fifty dollars, conditionally that he goes to church twice every Sunday.'"

"Why, the stingy old cormorant!" growled Jonas.

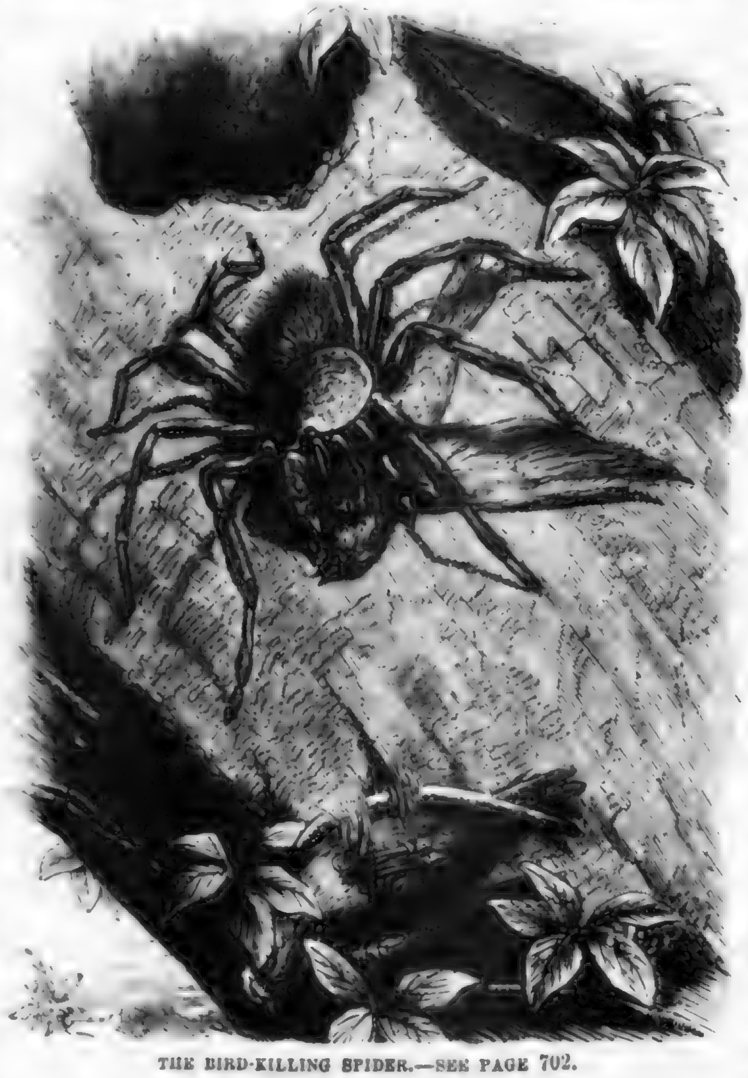
There was a number of similar eccentric legacies named in the will, to which I paid but slight attention. My fingers had mechanically unclasped the Bible, and I was carelessly turning over the leaves, when suddenly my eyes became riveted to a slip of paper, gummed carefully to the margin of one of the pages. As I perused the writing on the paper, the letters seemed to dance before my eyes, and it was some minutes before I could calmly scrutinize it. When I had finished I became lost in deep thought.

"'To Marmaduke Midgetts, Esquire,'" resumed the lawyer, and the name seemed to boom through my brain with an ominous sound, "'my nearest male cousin, who is reputed to be as rich as he is mean, and who once sent me a faded full-length portrait of himself in oil, which, as it was about the ugliest specimen of humanity I had ever seen, I put to the most excellent service by hanging it as a scare-crow in my orchard—to the aforesaid Marmaduke Midgetts, Esquire, I give and bequeath the whole of my landed property, money in the funds, dwelling-houses, including the manor estate, household furniture, plate, etc., etc., together with everything wheresoever and whatsoever I may die possessed of, save and except the before-named legacies and bequests, constituting him hereby my sole executor and residuary legatee.' There, sir," said Mr. Blandford, smilingly, "I trust you are satisfied; and I sincerely wish you joy."

A babel of voices rose in disappointed fury, hurling wrathful imprecations on the head of Mr. Midgetts, but he was not a man to be easily daunted.

"Come," he vociferated, "this house is mine. I will have you all arrested for felony, and trespass, if you remain here five minutes longer.

Andrew was the first to move from his seat. Mr. Midgetts measured him through his spectacles, as he turned with a dejected air to leave the room.



THE BIRD-KILLING SPIDER.—SEE PAGE 702.

"Stay," cried Mr. Midgetts; "I am going to perform a foolish act for once. I am not prone to that sort of thing, so don't seek at any future time to impose on me."

"I do not understand you, sir," said Andrew.

"No airs, young man," snapped out Mr. Midgetts, "they don't become your position. Squire Heyrick was your grandfather, and I am in ignorance of the many grievous faults you may have committed in his eyes. But he was a just man, as his will testifies. Out of respect to the relationship between us, I will purchase your legacy. Not that I require a Bible—I have got that book in every shape and form—still, I always like to see something for my money. If you like to part with it I will give you five hundred dollars for it."

"Five hundred dollars for that Bible!" ejaculated Andrew Glenford.

"Stuff! Do you take me for a fool?" snarled Mr. Midgetts. "Can't you see I am prompted by a fit of generosity. Only, as I said before, I like to see something for my money. Snap the bargain at once, or in another minute I button up my pocket forever!"

"Refuse it, Andrew," I said, eagerly.

"Refuse it, Eleanor—refuse five hundred dollars!" cried Andrew.

"Who said refuse it?" shouted Mr. Midgetts, glaring fiercely round him. "Show me the benighted individual who would be guilty of such stupendous folly!"

"I am that person," I replied calmly.

"You, madame," he sniffed out. "Allow me, Mr. Blandford, to observe," he continued, addressing the lawyer, "that I profess a profound esteem for the memory of the late squire, yet if one proof more than another was required that his eccentricity at times bordered on lunacy, it would be forthcoming in the clause which bequeaths to this simple-minded female four hundred acres of the best land in the county."

I tore off my shade, rose from my chair, and opening the Bible, pointed to the written document I had discovered amongst its leaves.

"Perhaps I can supply you with a further proof, sir," I observed, with a proud smile.

Andrew started back with a blank stare of amazement, his gaze transfixed on my clear, full eyes.

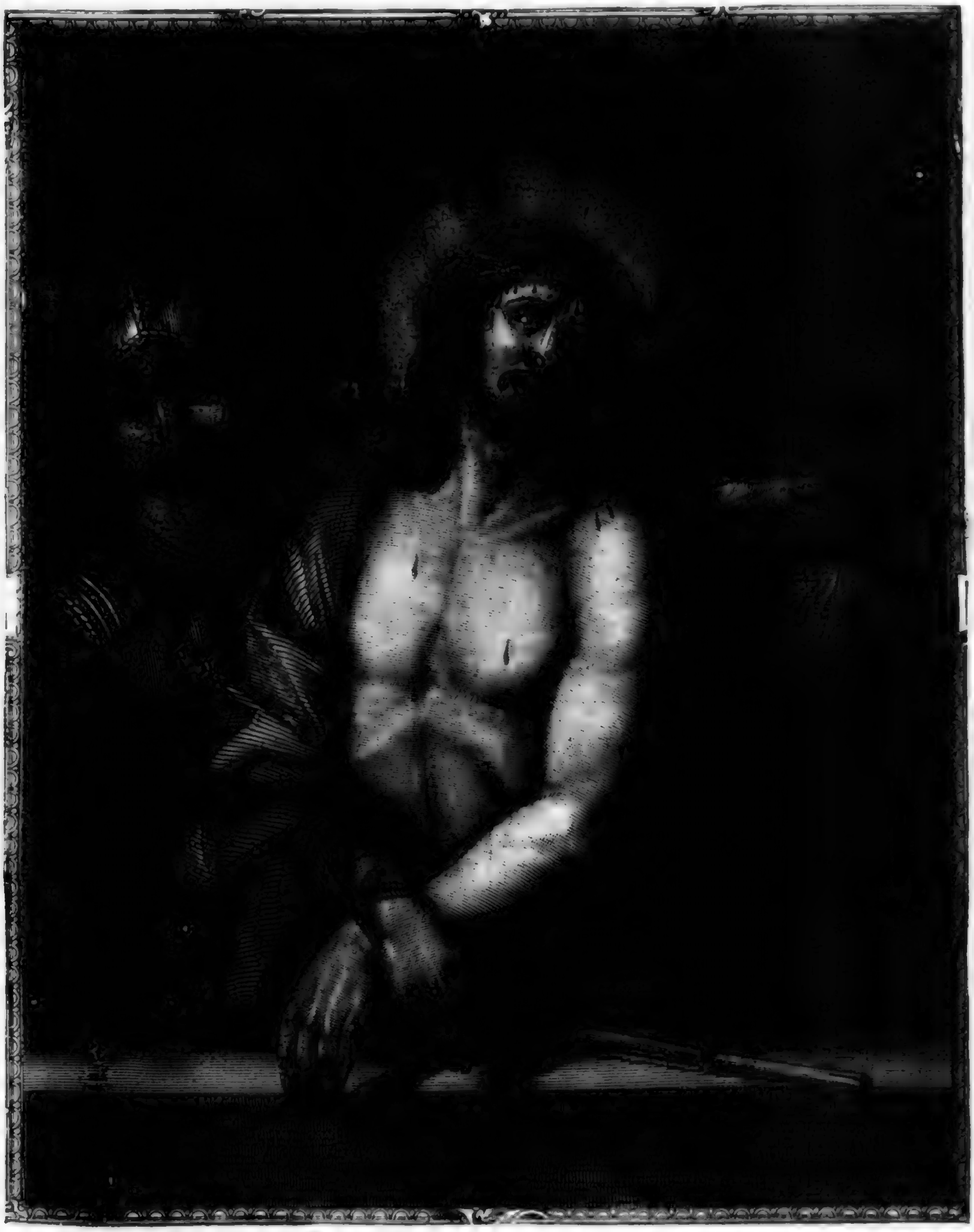
"A further proof!" gasped Mr. Midgetts. "Oh, no! we require no further proof."

"You and I hold different opinions upon that point, sir," I replied, with a frigid smile. "Andrew Glenford, this Bible is your grandfather's legacy; this document, if I err not, which you see gummed to the margin of this page, is his final will and testament."

"Eleanor, your eyes!" exclaimed Andrew; "I see but them, and I thought that you were blind?"

"Blind, that I might save you," I replied; "my sight restored to save you still. But read!"

He took the Bible and perused the paper. Oh! the bright expression of joy that came like a flood of sunlight into every lineament of his features as his gaze traveled over the writing. When he had finished he placed the Bible in Mr. Blandford's hands, and requested that gentleman to read the document aloud. He did so. It was a codicil to his last will, revoking the final clause therein, and declaring **Andr**ew Glenford to be the sole inheritor of the whole of **his vast** wealth, together with all his estates, real and personal, to which was added the estate of Cherry Farm, on condition that he married Eleanor Penthorne within twelve months from the date of the will. As Mr. Blandford reached the concluding words, a simultaneous cheer broke from every lip except Mr. Midgetts, who sat cold, wriggling, and gasping, like a new-landed fish.



THE "ECCE HOMO" OF GUERCINO.—SEE PAGE 702.

"It is a forgery!" he groaned.

"It is duly attested by two witnesses, and signed by the deceased's own hand," was the lawyer's quiet rejoinder.

"I shall dispute it," cried Mr. Midgetts, savagely; "the man was a lunatic, incapable of making a proper will."

"In that case," smiled the lawyer, "Mr. Glenford would still be heir-at-law."

Mr. Midgetts made a snap at his under lip, and reveled in a fierce enjoyment of the delicate morsel.

"Eleanor," said Andrew, "there can be no bar to your promise now. You will be mine to death."

"Impossible," I sighed; "you are pledged to another. Your word is given. Forget me."

"Pledged to another?" he asked, in surprise. "To whom?"

"To Susan Woodthorpe," I replied. "I have heard it all."

"You have heard falsely, then, Eleanor," he said, in a tone of wounded pride. "When Farmer Woodthorpe found that nothing could change my heart's deep abiding love for you, he relented, removed the bailiffs from the farm, and consented to give me time. I have had but one hope, one joy in life, and that was to call you wife."

"Can you forgive me, Andrew?" I asked.

"Forgive what?" he smiled, "your own self-sacrifice, your own crushing of your womanly affection for my advantage? Your true motives come before me now, and in their light I see a new beauty in your love, a fadeless happiness in the future."

It seemed like a sweet dream as he placed his arm round my waist and gathered me to his generous breast. A ringing cheer from the assembled guests startled me into a blushing consciousness of where I stood.

I have been Andrew Glenford's wife some years now; and the truthfulness of his manly face is stamped upon the features of four laughing children. May it also remain indelibly impressed upon their hearts!

BIRD-KILLING SPIDER.

Mr. Bates, in a walk in the neighborhood of Cameta, in Pará—noted for its "Brazil nuts"—chanced to verify a fact relating to the habits of a large hairy spider of the genius mygale, in a manner worth recording. It was the bird-killing spider, or one very closely allied to it; the individual was nearly two inches in length of body, but the legs expanded seven inches, and the entire body and legs were covered with coarse gray and reddish hairs. Mr. Bates tells us that he was attracted by a movement of the monster on a tree-trunk; it was close beneath a deep crevice in a tree, across which was stretched a dense white web. The lower part of the web was broken, and two small birds, finches, were entangled in the pieces. One of these was quite dead; the other lay under the body of the spider, not quite dead; and was smeared with the filthy liquor or saliva exuded by the monster. Mr. Bates drove away the spider, and took the birds, but the second one soon died.

"The fact of a species of mygale sallying forth at night, mounting trees, and sucking the eggs and young of humming-birds, has been recorded long ago by Madame Merian and Palisot de Beauvois; but in the absence of any confirmation it has come to be discredited. From the way the fact has been related, it would appear that it had been merely derived from the report of the natives, and had not been witnessed by the narrators. Count Langsdorff, in his 'Expedition into the Interior of Brazil,' states that he totally disbelieved the story."

Mr. Bates found the circumstances to be quite a novelty to the inhabitants hereabout. The mygales are quite common insects; some species make their cells under stones, others form artistical tunnels in the earth, and some build their dens in the thatch of the houses. The natives call them crab-spiders.

The hairs with which they are clothed come off when touched, and cause a peculiar and almost maddening irritation; the first specimen that Mr. Bates killed and prepared was handled incautiously, and he suffered terribly for three days afterward, not, he thinks, owing to any poisonous quality residing in the hairs, but to their being short and hard, and thus getting into the fine creases of the skin. Some mygales are of immense size; one day, Mr. Bates saw the children belonging to an Indian family with one of these huge spiders secured by a cord round the waist, by which they were leading it about the house as they would a dog.

The existence of any bird-killing spider has been disbelieved; but Mr. Bates's evidence establishes the fact of the spider killing, if not devouring, the bird. He adds that the number of spiders ornamented with showy colors is somewhat remarkable. Some double themselves up at the base of leaf-stalks, so as to resemble flower-buds, and thus deceive the insects on which they prey.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Where break with angry motion
The foam-crown'd waves of ocean,
On the rocks of Marblehead,
Stands the Lighthouse, white and dreary,
Sadly, lonely, and as weary
As the tombstone on the dead!

Where the white-winged snow-gales clatter
Along the coast, and shatter
The ice-fields into foam.
Still it stands there: ever throwing
Light to guide the sailor going
In before the storm.

In the tranquil nights of Summer,
When all earth is wrapt in slumber,
As the shroud around the dead—
Still it stands there: ever watching
For the fishermen approaching
The shores of Marblehead.

Though 'tis ever full of sadness,
And though ne'er a ray of gladness
Ever falls upon that shore,
Yet we love, above to wander,
By that Lighthouse, and to ponder
On the dear ones gone before.

Yes, it stands there, ever keeping
Watch above the sailors, sleeping
'Neath the waves on ocean's bed;
'Tis the tombstone of the sailors,
Who are resting from their labors
Till the sea gives up its dead.

THE "ECCE HOMO" OF GUERCINO.

In the centre of the grand square of Turin, near the Palazzo Real, rises majestically the old palace erected in 1416 by Amadeus VIII., Duke of Savoy. It is one of the finest architectural works of Turin, although, perhaps, too elaborate and profuse in point of ornamentation. This palace, or, we should rather say, fortress, the residence of the Dukes of Savoy, was afterward inhabited by the Duchess of Nemours, the wife of Charles Emanuel II., who built the fine façade and magnificent double staircase. In gratitude for these improvements, the building has since been called the Palace of Madama.

The eighteen rooms on the first floor, together with the grand hall or senate chamber, were dedicated by Charles Albert, to a public gallery of the royal collection of paintings, which thus, thanks to his munificence, became a national gallery, formally opened on the 3d of September, 1832.

The painting which we have selected for illustration is among the finest in the gallery. It occupies a prominent position in the room called after Raphael, and is by an artist who has allied art with inspiration, John Francis Barbieri de Cento, surnamed Guercino, because he squinted.

Standing before a window, opening doubtless upon some square filled with rabble, a weather-beaten soldier, with the face of a hangman, clutching a stick in his muscular hand, displays to the gaze of the populace his august victim, from whose wounded, bleeding form he ironically tears the vail. The halo around the celestial head throws into shadow the ignoble figure which by contrast seems all the more brutal and debased. Nothing can be more natural than this design, which owes much of its eloquence to simplicity. We admire in the painting, the work of an independent genius, which has voluntarily yielded to the severe and fecund discipline of the Florentine school, while borrowing at the same time from Titian and Veronese, their life and brilliancy of color.

This painting was the last which Charles Albert donated to his gallery. Although the Palace of Madama possesses a dozen works by the same artist, and although all are fine, the "Ecce Homo" commands the most attention, and is the most frequently copied.

"SIGHTS THAT I HAVE SEEN."

The Rev. Mr. Dutens, in 1811, published a work with the above title, whence the following are extracts:

"I have seen a king imprisoned by his son—Victor, King of Sardinia, in 1782; five emperors massacred—Peter III., John VI., Paul I., Emperors of Russia; Selim III., in July, 1803, and Mustapha IV., November 17th, 1808, Emperors of Constantinople; five kings assassinated—Joseph, King of Portugal; Louis XV., Louis XVI., and Louis XVII., Kings of France; Gustavus III., King of Sweden, in 1792; six kings deposed—Stanislaus Poniatowski, King of Poland; the King of Sardinia, December 10th, 1788; Ferdinand IV., King of Naples; Charles IV.; Ferdinand VII., King of Spain, May, 1808; and Gustavus IV.; five republics annihilated—Holland, Sweden, Venice, Genoa, and Lucca; a great kingdom effaced from the map of Europe—the kingdom of Poland; I have seen England lose in eight years half North America, after possessing it for more than a century. I have seen her (verifying the sentiment of an ancient, that the empire of the sea gives that of the land) take the Cape of Good Hope and the island of Ceylon from the Dutch; Malta, Egypt, and several colonies, from the French. I have seen her dictate the law to the King of Denmark at Copenhagen, and carry her victorious arms into the most remote parts of the world. I have seen this same England, in 1780, resist the combined efforts of Europe, of America, and of the Northern powers, who formed an armed neutrality against her maritime dominions; I have seen her, in the revolutionary war, often destitute of allies and alone, opposing the enormous power of France, of Italy, of Denmark, and of Russia—after the treaty of Luneville. I have seen the son of an English gentleman go out to India, as writer to a mercantile company (but quitting this service when very young to embrace the military life), afterwards rising to the head of the army, dethrone a powerful prince in the East, place another on his throne, conquer a part of Hindostan, and raise the British dominions in that quarter to its present pre-eminence—Lord Clive, from 1747 to 1767.

"I have seen what has no example in history: a little Corsican gentleman conquer Italy; force the Emperor of Germany to make a disgraceful peace—the peace of Campo Formio, on the 17th of October, 1797; preliminaries were signed April 17th, 1797, at Leoben; take Malta in two days; Egypt in a month; return from thence, and place himself on the throne of the Bourbons, and all in less than four years (from May, 1796, to November, 1799).

"I have seen him transport his army and artillery in the midst of Winter over the most difficult pass of the Alps, and in a single battle—at Marengo, on the 14th of June, 1800, after having passed the Great St. Bernard; decide at once the fate of Germany and of Italy. I have seen the same Corsican gentleman order the Pope to Paris, in 1804, to crown him Emperor of the French, and afterwards depose this same Pope, and deprive him of the temporal possessions which his ancestors had enjoyed for more than one thousand years—in December, 1809.

"I have seen him declare himself King of Italy. I have seen him braving a formidable league which was directed against him, march to Vienna, and even into Hungary, in six weeks; give the law three times to the Emperor of Germany—by the treaties of Campo Formio, 1797; of Luneville, 9th of February, 1801; and of Vienna, 14th of October, 1809; compel him to abdicate the Imperial crown of the Cæsars, deprive him of a part of his dominions; force the Emperor of Russia twice to retire—at Austerlitz, the 2nd of December, 1805, and by the peace of Tilsit, the 8th of July, 1807; and soon after oblige him to march to his assistance against the Emperor of Austria.

"I have seen him destroy the power of the King of Prussia in fifteen days, and strike all Europe with dismay; I have seen him dethrone five kings—the Kings of France, of Naples, and Sardinia, and two Kings of Spain, Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII.; and create eight others—the Kings of Etruria, of Italy, of Naples, of Holland, of Bavaria, of Wurtemberg, of Saxony, and of Westphalia; annex Holland to France—the 15th of December, 1809, the day of the most ceremonious and extraordinary divorce which is mentioned in history; dictate to Spain as if it were one of his provinces, employ her forces as his own, and at last take possession of the whole kingdom. In short, I have seen him extend his dominion farther than that of Charlemagne, and find nothing could resist his ambition but the King of Great Britain; sometimes alone against the whole host of European power, and sometimes with the troops of the Continent in his pay."

JENNER, AND THE DISCOVERY OF VACCINATION.

More than fifty years before Jenner commenced the inquiries which led to his great discovery, an immense benefit had been conferred on mankind by the introduction into England of the system of inoculation, or ingrafting, as it was then called, which consisted in communicating the small-pox itself to the patient almost in the same way as the cow-pox is communicated under Jenner's system. It is difficult now to imagine the ravages committed by this fearful disease before these great discoveries.

In Russia alone the small-pox is said to have swept away two millions of lives in a single year.

In the family of an English nobleman, Lord Petre, during the last century, eighteen individuals were found to have died of this complaint during twenty-seven years.

So fatal was the disease that it was found at the small-pox hospital, where the most careful treatment was resorted to, that one in seven at least of the patients died under it, while a large proportion were in some way permanently afflicted by its destructive influence.

In the London Asylum for the Indigent Blind, it was stated that three-fourths of the objects there relieved had lost their sight through small-pox.

Inoculation had long been resorted to as a preventive in Eastern countries, and was introduced into England by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in 1721, after her return from Turkey, whither she had accompanied her husband, then Ambassador from Great Britain. It is said that a similar practice had prevailed in some counties of England, under the singular name of "buying the small-pox"; but it was at least considered so strange in London, that even after this remarkable lady had boldly tried it upon her two children, none but criminals, induced by an offer of pardon, could at first be found to submit to it.

It was in August, 1721, that Dr. Maitland, in the presence of several eminent physicians and surgeons, performed this experiment upon three women and three men, all of whom had been condemned to death. The fact that these persons

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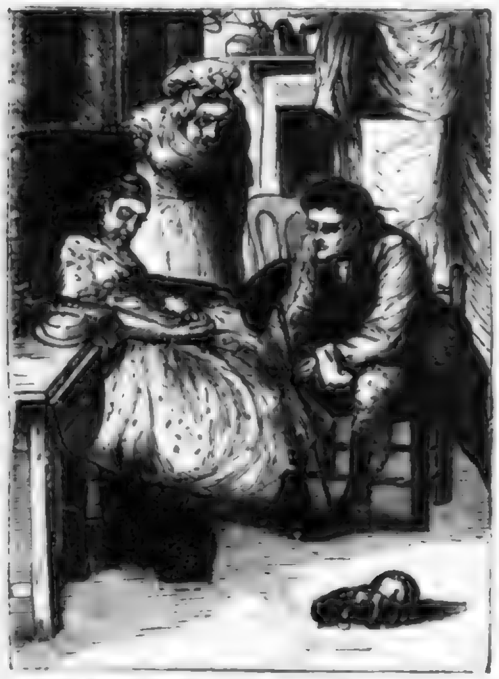


JENNER, AND THE DISCOVERY OF VACCINATION. SEE PAGE 703.

were found to receive the disease in a comparatively mild form—all of them recovering in a short time—led to further experiments; and in the following year, the Princess of Wales, afterward Queen Caroline, wife of George II., determined that her two children, the Princesses Amelia and Caroline, should undergo the operation. All these trials having proved remarkably successful, the practice began to extend; but a number of cases soon afterward terminating fatally, it received a serious check, and never became general.

According to Jenner's own account, it was some time before the year 1776, and therefore probably while he was practising as a surgeon and apothecary in his native village of Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, that he first began his inquiries into the nature of cow-pox; but, long before this, his attention had been called to the subject of the supposed effect of cow-pox in giving immunity from the more dangerous disease.

Jenner, who was the son of the Vicar of Berkeley, had been apprenticed to a surgeon named Ludlow, at Sudbury, a little village near Bristol; and it was here that he was one day called upon to give medical advice to a young countrywoman, who, doubtless, filled the place of dairymaid at a farm in the neighborhood.

Having casually mentioned in her presence the subject of small-pox, the young woman immediately remarked, "I can't take that disease, for I have had cow-pox."

Further inquiry showed that this was a popular notion in that part of the country; and although it was regarded by the medical profession as only a vulgar belief, it was too suggestive to be lost sight of by the surgeon's apprentice. He well knew that an eruption, chiefly showing itself on the hands of dairymaids who had milked cows similarly disordered, had attracted attention forty or fifty years before; and when he had settled down to practice as a country apothecary, he noticed that among those whom he was called on to inoculate in farm-houses, many resisted every effort to give them the small-pox.

These patients, he found, had all been accustomed to milk cows, and had undergone the disease called cow-pox. His path, however, was still beset with difficulties. Few sympathized with him in an inquiry into what appeared to be merely an idle notion of the ignorant; and most persons regarded the idea of communicating to a human being a disease peculiar to a brute, as revolting, or even impious.

Even the great John Hunter, in whose house Jenner, when a young man, had resided two years, paid little attention to the suggestion; and at a country medical club, of which Jenner was a member, the members denounced the whole topic as a nuisance, and sportively threatened to expel the orator if he continued to harass them with his importunate discourse upon his favorite notion.

These obstacles, however, would have been trifling, if the subject itself had not been complex and intricate. He found, to his bitter disappointment, that numbers of those who seemed to have undergone the cow-pox, nevertheless, or inoculation under the old system introduced by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, suffered from the small-pox just the same as if no disease had been communicated to them from the cow; and all the medical practitioners in the country around him assured him that the cow-pox could not be relied on as a preventive.

"This, for a while," says Jenner, "damped, but did not extinguish, my ardor."

Patient inquiry gradually led him to the truth, that the virus of the cow-pox underwent progressive changes, in the latter of which it had so lost its specific property that, although it was capable of powerfully affecting the human body, it afforded no protection from the attacks of the more serious disease.

Jenner's task was now simple. During his investigations into the nature of casual small-pox, he was naturally struck with the idea that it might be practicable to propagate the disease by inoculation, first from the cow, and finally from one human being to another. He anxiously waited for some time for an opportunity of putting this theory to the test.

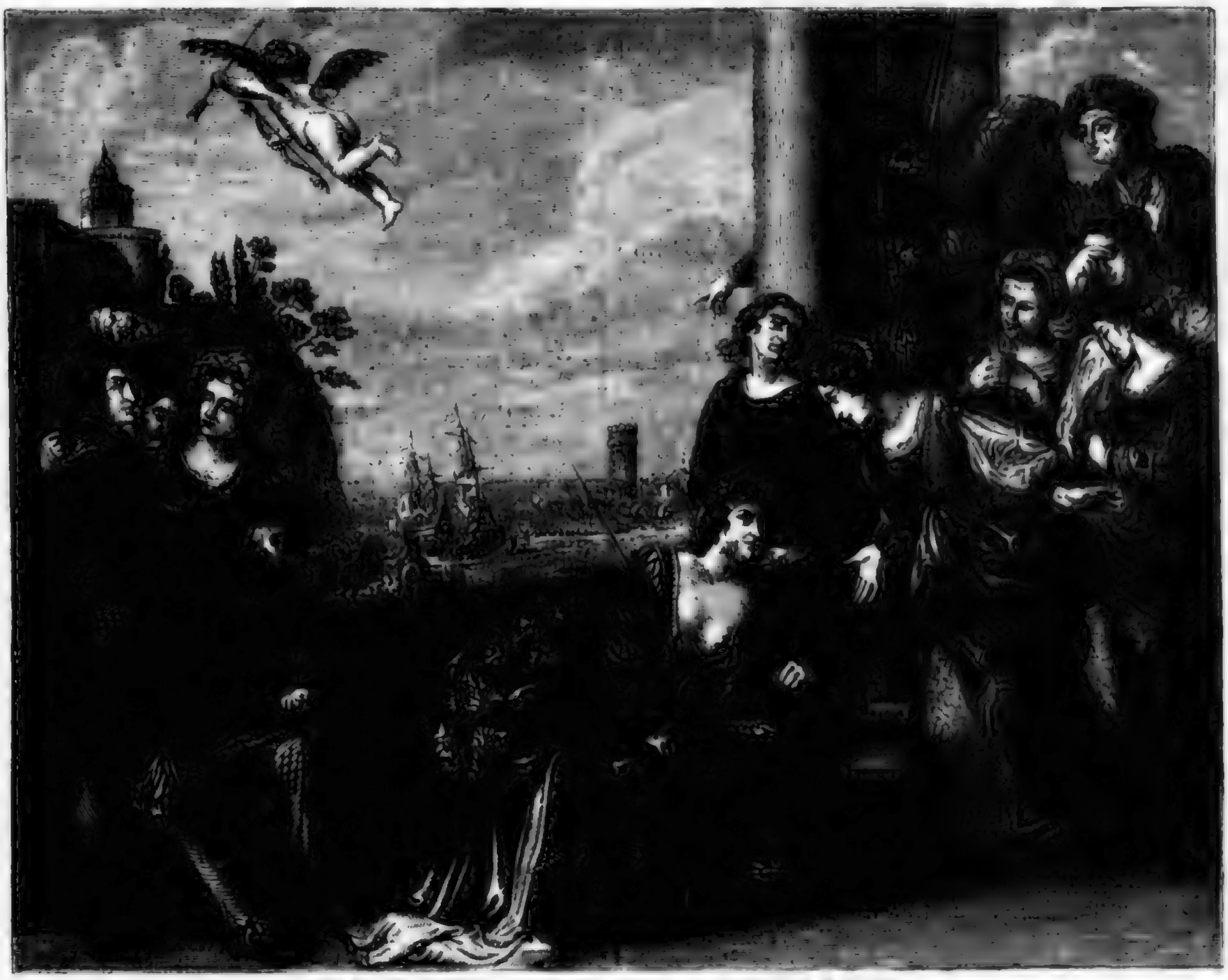
The first person ever vaccinated was a lad of eight years old, named James Phipps, in whose arm was inserted some of the virus, taken from the arm of a young woman who had accidentally become infected while milking a cow. On inoculating the same lad some months afterward, Jenner found, to his great joy, that no effect could be produced—that, in fact, it was impossible to communicate to his patient the small-pox.

"While the vaccine discovery was progressive," says the great and good Jenner, "the joy I felt at the prospect before me of being the instrument destined to take away from the world one of its greatest calamities, blended with the fond hope of enjoying independence and domestic peace and happiness, were often so excessive that, in pursuing my favorite subject among the meadows, I have sometimes found myself in a kind of reverie. It is pleasant to me to recollect that those reflections always ended in devout acknowledgments to that Being from whom this and all other blessings flow."

Jenner published the account of his discovery in 1798. In spite of ridicule and opposition from many of the medical profession, and of fanatical denunciations from the ignorant, it rapidly made its way throughout the civilized world.

In 1802, Jenner, who had thrown open his secret to the world, received from Parliament a vote of £10,000. In 1806, an additional grant of £20,000 was made to this great benefactor of mankind, and he had the happiness of living to see the notion of the poor dairymaid of Sudbury accepted throughout the civilized world.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.—SEE PAGE 702.



THE DEATH OF DIDO.—FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GUERCINO.

A WOMAN'S WAR.

By the Author of "Repented at Leisure," "Lady Gwendoline's Dream," "Redeemed by Love," Etc., Etc.

Chapter VII.

(Continued.)

SUCH a face! He had seen something like it in the grand old Florentine galleries—dark, tender, bewitching, with the most dainty and exquisite coloring, Large dark liquid eyes, with a purple shade round them which added to the richness of the coloring; a white forehead, round which the dark hair clustered in ripples; a mouth like a rose, so tender and sweet—it was the loveliest face ever seen out of a picture! Allan stood still and looked on in wonder. Who was this lovely lady, and whence had she come? Suddenly he saw her raise her white hands, as though in distress. That decided him—he crossed the opening and went to her. He raised his hat and stood, despite the cold, bare-headed before her.

"I hope there has been no accident," he said.

Immediately one of the little ones clung to his arm.

"Mr. Estcourt, don't you know me? I am Maud Davenant."

And then he knew that the two little girls were Lady Davenant's children. But who was the lady with the picturesque Spanish face?

"I should think there has been an accident!" cried Miss Maud, in an injured voice. "Helen fell down, and Miss Avenel ran to help her, and she has bruised her arm dreadfully. See, it is cut—it is bleeding!"

The dark eyes were raised to his, and their glance stirred his honest kindly heart as it had never been stirred before.

"I am Lady Davenant's governess," said a rich clear voice—"that is, I am the governess of Lady Davenant's children."

"Which is not quite the same thing," he observed, with a quiet smile.

"Not quite," she agreed. "I am afraid I have met with a slight injury. Helena was running too fast, and fell, and I went to raise her. I did not see a low branch which projected from a tree, and it has run into my arm, giving me something like a sword-wound."

Looking down, he saw that the handkerchief she had bound round it was covered with crimson spots.

"I am Mr. Estcourt," he said—"one of Lady Davenant's guests; will you let me see your arm?"

He wondered, as he looked at it, if there was another arm in all the world so beautiful; it was round and white, with the blue veins clearly marked—an arm worthy of a Venus.

In the middle was a terrible wound; the sharp end of a broken branch seemed to have run into the limb and to have torn it.

"It is a painful wound, I am sure," he said, "but not dangerous. Let me bind it for you."

He took a white handkerchief from his pocket and bound the arm with the utmost gentleness and care; yet, careful though he was, he felt his patient tremble with pain, and noticed the rich color fade from her face.

"That is the best I can do for you," he said.

"You are very kind," she returned, but her eyes drooped before the passionate admiration that she read in his.

"Was the little one hurt too?" he asked. "You were bending over when I saw you first."

The child raised a smiling face to his.

"Miss Avenel thought I was hurt, but I was not."

Then, relieved about the child, he turned to the young girl; she had grown very pale, and he thought, as he looked at her, that her face was like that of some beautiful chiseled statue.

"I must do something to help you, Miss Avenel," he said; "I fear that you are in great pain."

"It would be useless to deny it," she admitted; "still I do not think you can help me—I must return to the house."

"Shall I go and fetch a carriage to drive you home?" he asked.

She smiled, and he saw the faint tinge of bitterness in the smile. She thought to herself that his idea of Lady Davenant must be a strange one, if he imagined her governess dared take such a liberty.

"I can walk very well," she replied; "I am sorry to have given you so much trouble already."

"Trouble!" he repeated. "Why, I was never so pleased in all my life—that is, of course, I am sorry you were and are in pain; but I was pleased to be of use to you. If you will walk home, Miss Avenel, allow me to walk with you."

She did not say "No"—it was scarcely to be expected she should, for the handsome face smiling into her own wore such an expression of admiration that she would have been more than human to resist it. The two little ones walked together, and Allan kept by Miss Avenel.

He never forgot that walk while he lived. Years afterward he could have told every detail of it—the white ground, the dark-blue wintry sky, the bare, leafless trees with the hoar-frost fringing them, the distant hills all covered with snow, the evergreens, each with their white burden, the cold, clear, bracing air, and gleams of wintry sunshine. He felt neither the cold nor the Winter wind. The sweet face by his side seemed suddenly to have shed a warmth and subtle brightness over his life. He was never to know cold and solitude again. His heart was warm within him—it thrilled at every word she spoke.

"I am sorry the distance was not greater," he said, when they reached the Priory; and she looked up at him with laughing eyes.

"So am I," she said; and then he was obliged to leave her.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I HAVE heard of a man's imagination taking fire," said Allan Estcourt to himself. "I think that is what has happened to me."

For Miss Avenel's face had bewitched him; that dark, tender Spanish face, with its glorious coloring, left him no repose. If he closed his eyes to sleep, it was there; if he slept, it was present in his dreams; if he opened a book, it looked up at him from the page. It rose between him and the blue heavens; gaze where he would, it was there. He was like a man that was haunted, possessed.

"I must see her again," he thought; "perhaps then she would not haunt me so."

But how was he to see her? A governess in a nobleman's family was not easily accessible. He thought of many schemes, but none of them pleased him. Fortune was kind to him. He chanced one afternoon to be in the drawing-room with Lady Davenant alone; they were looking at some illustrations, one of which her ladyship thought she would like to have copied. As it was Christmas-time, they were about to have charades and tableaux. Lady Davenant saw a costume in one of the engravings which pleased her very much.

"That, with a few alterations," she said, "is just what we require."

But the engraving was in a valuable book, one which Lady Davenant felt quite sure her husband would not be pleased to see in careless hands.

"I will have it copied," she said, "and the alterations can be made at the same time."

Lady Davenant rang the bell and sent for Miss Avenel. In the briefest possible manner she introduced her young governess to Mr. Estcourt, and did not deign to listen when he said something about having met Miss Avenel before. It was a matter of no moment to her, but Miss Avenel seemed resolved that her ladyship should know and understand.

"Mr. Estcourt is the gentleman who was kind enough to help me on the day I hurt my arm so severely."

"I trust it is better," said Allan.

"It is very painful still," she replied.

And then Lady Davenant, seeing that she could not ignore the young girl altogether, murmured something about "having forgotten," and proceeded to business. She explained what she wanted, and the young governess seemed to grasp the idea at once. She took pencil and paper; almost before Lady Davenant had finished her explanations, the sketch was begun. Allan purposely withdrew to the other end of the room. He wanted to watch Miss Avenel—to take in every detail of her dark, picturesque loveliness. He took up a book, and, while to all appearance looking over it, he observed her.

He had seen her before in out-of-door dress. He thought her even more beautiful in the plain black silk, with the delicate lace at the throat and falling over the white wrists. Every line of her superb figure was shown in the tightly fitting dress—every graceful curve, every beautiful line. As Allan watched her, his whole heart seemed to go out from him and cleave to her.

Lady Davenant interrupted the sketcher every now and then to make some suggestion, which the girl received with well-bred grace.

"A governess!" thought Allan. "Why, she ought to be a princess!"

After a few minutes there came a summons for Lady Davenant. Sir Charles wanted to speak to her about some decorations. In a very helpless way she looked round the room. It was not etiquette to leave the governess and the visitor together, but what could she do? Sir Charles was good-nature itself, but he was imperative, and did not like to be kept waiting—his well-trained wife knew that. What could she do? It would be too pointed to send Miss Avenel away. Her ladyship looked again. The dark Spanish head and picturesque face of the governess were bent over the drawing. Allan was industriously reading. What could it matter? In all probability they would not exchange a word.

Lady Davenant murmured some few words of apology, and retired. Allen drew a deep breath of relief—his suspense had been great. At last he was alone with her! His heart throbbed with happiness. The next moment he was by her side.

"Miss Avenel," he said, "pray look up at me. Leave that sketch for a few minutes; I want to speak to you."

She laid down the pencil and looked up; there was a gleam of amusement in the dark eyes, and just a gleam of something in his which made her heart beat.

"You are very impatient, Mr. Estcourt," she said.

"I am—pray forgive me; but you do not know—you cannot know—how I have longed to see you. I have prayed for this opportunity — now that it has come, let me use it."

The white fingers trembled and the beautiful face grew crimson.

"I have so much to say to you," he cried, impetuously. "Do you know, Miss Avenel, that your face has never been out of my mind since I met you the other morning? I have never forgotten you for one moment. You are not angry with me?" he continued. "I have been, as it were, in a fever, and this slakes my thirst. I have longed to look at you once more; and now that I see you, I am wondering how I can ever let you pass from my sight again. Miss Avenel—hark!—I hear her ladyship returning—if I could see you in any other way, I would not make my present request—but will you let me accompany you in some of your walks? I must see you and talk to you, or I shall go mad."

His earnestness was beginning to tell upon her.

"I cannot," she replied; "I have the children with me always."

"I must see you—why are you so cruel to me? I have watched, longed, prayed for this—and now you will give me no hope. You are cruel to me."

"I am not cruel," she returned; "but what else can I do? I have no moment of time that is my own."

"If you had, would you give it to me?"

"Yes," she replied, with a deep blush. "You are so impetuous, Mr. Estcourt; you force one to reveal the truth."

"It is happy truth for me," he said. "I heard Lady Davenant saying, the other day, that the children were sent from the school-room to the nursery every evening at six. Is it so?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Then at six you are free? Oh, Miss Avenel, be kind to me! I would go to Lady Davenant and ask permission to see you; but I know she would object. If your mother were here, I would ask her."

"What is it that you wish me to do?" she said, gently.

"I want you to meet me, and give me an opportunity of speaking to you. Will you? Six o'clock is not late; and it is only natural that you should want some fresh air after teaching all day."

"Six o'clock is late in Winter," she remarked.

"Never mind—do promise me. Walk over the lawn, toward the park, and, if I meet you, do not be angry with me."

"Would you like your own sister to do so?" she asked.

He looked down on the bright face so frankly raised to his.

"Yes, I should, if I had one, and she were asked in the same manner. Miss Avenel, be good to me. If you only knew how I have thought of you!"

"I should like to say 'Yes,' but I must not," she returned.

"You are cruel. Why do you refuse me? If you can think of any other plan, I shall be only too happy. I would insist upon seeing you here, but it might lead to discomfort for you."

"I should imagine so. Fancy Lady Davenant's dismay!"

"Miss Avenel, do promise me."

He took her hand in his, and bent over it. His handsome face was flushed and eager, his eyes seemed to entreat her.

"I will be there," she replied, hurriedly; and before there was time to utter another word Lady Davenant was at the door.

She looked round quickly as she entered. Allen sat still, with the same book in his hand—her ladyship fortunately was not near enough to see that it was upside down. Miss Avenel was busy sketching.

"I thought I heard voices," said her ladyship. Allan looked up calmly.

"Very probably," he admitted. "Miss Avenel, I see, has quite a talent for sketching—you will be pleased with her copy."

"I hope it will not make Miss Avenel vain to hear you say so," observed her ladyship; and the young governess raised her face with a proud flush, but made no reply.

Allan Estcourt had been haunted before, but matters were worse now; he knew that he loved Miss Avenel with all the power of his heart and soul—that she would be the one great love of his life. That was why she haunted him—why he thought of her, dreamed of her, could not for one moment forget her. He loved her, and, if she would but listen to his pleading, he would ask her to be his wife.

He could not tell how the hours passed until six o'clock came and he went out; his whole soul seemed wrapped in suspense, for he intended that very evening to tell Miss Avenel the story of his passionate love.

Chapter IX.

"MR. ESTCOURT, you frighten me—you are so impetuous, so quick, I do not know what to say!"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Avenel; impetuosity was always a failing of mine, but I did not mean to evince it to you. You see it is not quite my fault. I am obliged to say in a few minutes that which it often takes other men whole months to say."

She smiled, and he took courage from the smile.

"I only want you to understand and believe that I love you with my whole heart and mind."

"You love me!" she repeated. "Why, Mr. Estcourt, you cannot be serious. You have seen me only twice. How can you love me?"

I do not know how I can, but I am quite sure I do. I grant that I have seen you only twice, but what does that matter? I could not love you better if I had seen you twice ten thousand times."

"It is so sudden," she murmured.

"Miss Avenel, how many times did Romeo see Juliet before he loved her with a love that was his doom? Only once. Do you imagine love to be the result of long acquaintanceship, of many meetings, of long interviews? I do not."

"You overwhelm me with so many words," she returned, "it is difficult for me to remember what I believe."

"I wish you would let me teach you. I know just what you ought to believe, and what you ought to say. I tell you that loving you was my fate. See, standing here in this thick shade, I can remember how the Winter sun shone upon the snow the morning that I first met you. I can see the scarlet gleam of the holly-berries, the bare branches of the chestnuts. I was walking along, carelessly singing some snatch of operatic song, thinking as little of love and lovers as at this moment I am thinking of Sanscrit—as heedless of any dawn of a new life as a child. Suddenly, amid the snow and the trees, I saw the shining of a beautiful face; and my life, as I gazed at it, grew complete. I cannot describe the sweet, strange sensation; it was as though I had suddenly found the other half of my own soul—as though my existence, in that one moment, had grown complete. Do not laugh at me," he continued, his voice trembling with emotion; "but I could have raised my hat from my head, and have thanked Heaven that I had met my fate. Nay, listen to me; be patient. I loved you in that moment—your beautiful face seemed to warm my heart, my soul seemed

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to leave me and cling to you. Now, do you doubt that I love you?"

"I do not doubt," she replied, dreamily; "but I fear."

"Why need you fear? If I had never seen you again, your face would still have remained distinct from all the world to me. I should have thought of it, dreamed of it, longed for it; it would have been to me the dearest vision ever given to man; it would have shone down upon me from the gleaming heavens—it would have smiled up at me from the blooming flowers. I should have remembered it even in death."

She trembled at the passionate eagerness of his words. He continued:

"If I had lost sight of you from that moment—if I had never seen you again—I should have gone through life dissatisfied and discontented, as one whose existence is only half complete. Do you hear me—do you believe me, Miss Avenel?"

"Yes, but your words frighten me. I must go in now. Suppose I should be missed?"

"I will bear the blame. You must not leave me. If you were to leave me now I should go mad with suspense. Before you go you must promise to like me a little. Do you remember those lines of Browning's:

> 'Escape me?
> Never,
> Beloved!
> While I am I, and you are you,
> So long as the world contains us both,
> Me the loving and you the loth,
> While the one eludes
> Must the other pursue.'

You are my fate—fly, and I must pursue. You escape, and I must follow—you are my destiny. You cannot elude me."

"You seem to take possession of me as though I were a conquered kingdom," she said, trying to smile, but feeling sure this eager, impetuous lover of hers would make her promise anything he chose.

"Miss Avenel—it seems absurd to address you formally—tell me your Christian name. I wonder if, looking at you, I could guess it?"

She raised her beautiful dark face with its gleams of tender light.

"Yes," she said.

"You ought to have the name of some fragrant flower—something that whispers of the glowing South."

"My name is Margarita," she said.

"'Margarita'—ah, well, it suits you! It is a proud, stately name, with something provoking and alluring about it. Margarita! You ought to be standing on a balcony in Venice, with the moon shining on the waters, and lighting that crown of dusky hair. Sweet Margarita! It is not an English name."

"I inherit it from some Spanish ancestress," she explained.

"I am not surprised; I thought there was something of the fire and poetry of the South in you. Margarita, do you believe that I love you?"

"I am beginning to believe it," she replied.

"And I want you to return my love, and to promise to be my wife."

The dark gray shadows of the Winter night did not prevent his seeing how pale she grew.

"Your wife!" she repeated. "Do you really love me so well?"

"I do. I think if you gave me only the faintest hope that some day or other you would learn to love me, I should be half-bewildered with joy."

"But, Mr. Estcourt, how sudden you are—how rash! You have seen me only twice, and you ask me to be your wife!"

"This is our third interview, Margarita, and I have told you that love has no knowledge of time—it takes no count of it."

She was still gazing at him with unutterable wonder.

"Besides, you know nothing of me," she said; "I might be unworthy of your love."

"Ah, no, sweet. Nature makes no such errors; on your face she has written truth, goodness, purity, all nobility. I can read her handwriting."

"But I have faults," said the girl, "and very grave ones."

"I shall love you in spite of them, and love even them for your sake, Margarita. Will you not say that you like me?"

"I am half afraid," she replied, slowly.

"Afraid of what, dear?" he asked, gently.

"Afraid of myself. I have never loved anyone since my mother died; I loved her—I will not, for I cannot, tell you how dearly. And I have a brother John far away in India. I love him; but I have never loved anyone else."

"So much the better for me, sweet."

"But you do not understand; I am afraid of my own power of loving. I tell you that, with my Southern nature, I have some of the Southern tenacity and power of loving."

"So much the better for me," he repeated.

"Love will not be a pastime with me, as it is with some," she said; "it will be the heart of my life, it will occupy all my thoughts, all my ideas—everything else will be sacrificed to it, concentrated upon it."

"That is how all noble women love, Margarita," he remarked, gently.

"You have so much to give," she continued. "You have title, wealth, position—at least you will have them some day. I have nothing but my heart and my love; I give my life with them, and, if I should give them in vain, what have I left? Nothing but desolation and death."

"You will not give them in vain, Margarita, if you give them to me. I want your love—nothing else. If you had the dowry of a queen, I should not care for your wealth. I want your love, sweet—and you fear to give it to me!"

They were walking down a sheltered path that led to the park. It was not quite dark; it was one of those Winter evenings when a dull gray twilight seemed to linger long, and the snow prevented night's shrouding the earth with her mantle—a strange gray twilight, through which they could see the pale golden stars gleaming in the night-skies. The wind moaned through the tall trees.

If Margarita Avenel had been a princess instead of a governess, Allan could not have treated her with greater deference or greater respect as he walked by her side. Even in his most passionate pleading he did not presume to touch her hand. His chivalrous respect was the most delicate flattery he could have paid her, and she felt it deeply. Suddenly he turned to her.

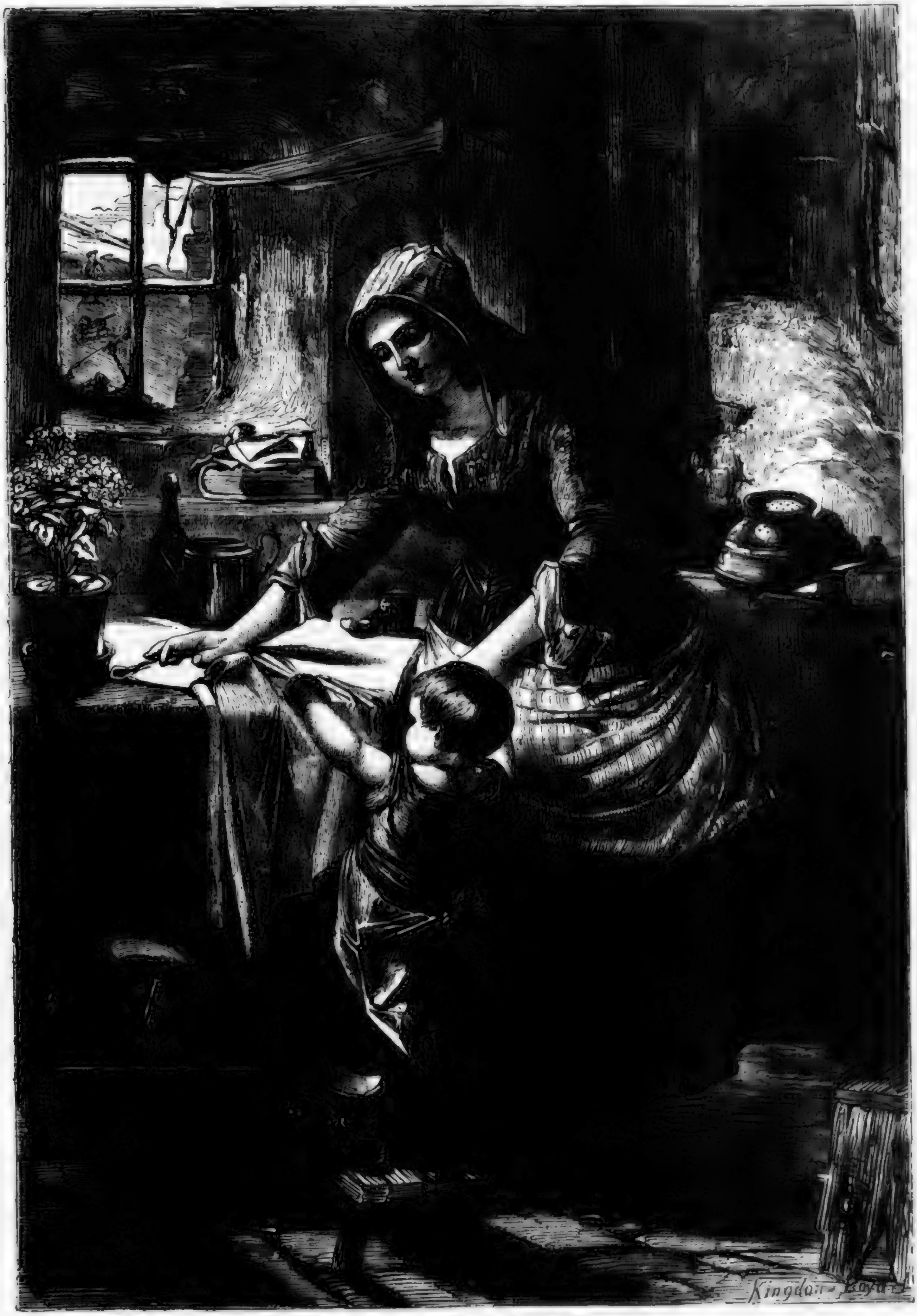
"I cannot tell you, Margarita," he said, "how grieved I am to be compelled to ask you to meet me in this fashion. I wish it could be avoided, but I might as well ask Lady Davenant to meet me on the summit of Mont Blanc as ask her permission to see you in the house. I know that; so that you will let me see you here again."

"I will think of it," she returned.

"I know you want to go—I the pursuer, you the pursued—I the loving, you the loth."

But, when the dark eyes were raised to his, something in their shining light told him she was not perhaps entirely loth.

"Before you go, sweet, let me plead my cause quite plainly to you. You say that I shall have wealth, title, and position. I shall have them in the days to come; and I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THE LITTLE BOTHER. BY THOMAS FAED.

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shall have no keener pleasure, no greater pride, than to lay them at your feet."

"But I am only a poor governess," she said.

"You are my queen! It will be my lot some day to be Lord Rylestone of Walton Court—to be wealthy and honored, sweet. Will you share that wealth, those honors, with me?"

"I cannot tell you now," she answered; "your proposal is so sudden that it seems like a dream."

"You will let me prove that dream to be a beautiful bewildering reality," he said, promptly. "Ah, Margarita, never before have I felt so happy in the thought of being rich! I have never cared one half so much for the future that is to be mine as now when I hope that you will share it with me."

She looked up at him with the light of a sudden thought in her eyes.

"Mr. Estcourt, suppose that in the course of time I did what you asked, and we were married, would not the world say it was a most unsuitable marriage for you?"

"I am perfectly indifferent as to anything the world might say," he replied.

"But, as Lord Rylestone of Walton Court, you could marry one of the noblest women in England—could you not?"

"So I should if I married you, Margarita."

"But you know what I mean. You could marry a highborn, wealthy lady, could you not?"

"If I am ever so happy, so honored, as to marry you, I shall marry the fairest, noblest, and loveliest lady in all the land."

"But there is something absurd in the idea of a governess who has to work so hard for her daily bread becoming Lady Rylestone," she persisted.

"There is something much more absurd in the idea of a beautiful, winsome lady like yourself having to teach," he returned, "than in the idea of your becoming Lady Rylestone, Margarita. Give me one word of hope *now*, love."

The dressing-bell for dinner was ringing, and he knew that he had not another minute to spare. The clear, clanging sound came over the bare tree-tops and brought him back to the every-day world.

"Give me one word of comfort," he cried, passionately, "before you go." He took one of her white, soft hands in his, and held it tightly. "I know how difficult it will be to see you," he said; "but I can write. You have free access to the library, have you not?"

"Yes," she replied; "because of my calling, I suppose. I am allowed to go there when I like."

"The people in the house do not seem very fond of reading. I noticed to-day a very beautiful edition of "Sir Charles Grandison"—it is in three volumes, and stands on the lowest shelf near the door. Will you let the first volume be our post-office? I will put my letters there for you, and you will give me an answer, even if it be only one word. If we use no names, there can be no fear of discovery. Even should a letter be found, people will think it is only some old forgotten copy. You will write me one line—will you not?"

"Yes, if you really wish it so much," she replied.

"Thank you. I am as proud and happy as though I had won a kingdom. Oh, Margarita, shall I ever win you? I would serve three times seven years for you. I think this of you, dear—it is told in your beautiful face—that, if I were a king, and asked you to share my crown, you would not unless you loved me."

"No, I would not," she acknowledged.

"And I think, if you loved me, dear, you would give up all for my sake—you would share sickness, poverty, or any other sorrow with me."

"I would," she responded, simply. "If I loved you, it would be with the whole force of my heart."

"Then Heaven grant I may win your love, Margarita! How sweet your name is, dear! It is like the echo of a song; it is like the faint sweet music of a dream. 'Margarita Avenel!' Was there ever such a combination of letters? I shall hear it in every sound."

"It is time you went in, Mr. Estcourt. Think of Lady Davenant's horror if you are late for dinner!"

He had forgotten.

"Yes, I must go. Good-night, sweet Margarita—to become some day, I hope, my own Margarita!"

His chivalrous reverence for her was so great that he did not even touch with his lips the white hands he held in his own. When he left her it seemed to him that he left the very light of his life behind him, and Margarita hastened to the solitude of her own room, there to think over all she had heard.

She dared own to herself, now that she was alone, how dearly she loved him—this handsome man, whose love had fallen over her life like a golden light from heaven. She was young—not yet twenty—and her life had been strangely free from trouble, but it had also been quite devoid of pleasure. She had lived with her mother in the pretty little village of Grassmead, where she had received such a training as fitted her afterwards to accept a superior engagement as governess. She was accomplished; she painted with no mean skill, she spoke French and German perfectly. She had a singularly sweet and rich soprano voice; it was well cultivated, and her musical ability was of the highest order.

The Avenels were of good family, but their fortune had vanished. The widowed lady was left with an income just sufficient for her to live and to bring up her children upon; but the life annuity died with her. She wisely determined to give them a fortune in their education.

With her daughter Margarita she succeeded perfectly; and some influential friends of her late husband interested themselves in her boy's career; gave him an excellent education, and found for him a remunerative appointment in India. Margarita was only sixteen when her mother died. That was the only real trouble of her life—and it had been a great one. She was seventeen when she found herself launched on the wide world, with her fate in her own hands. Her wonderful beauty and fascination were against her; her accomplishments, her excellent education, were all outbalanced by her dark, bewitching face. Ladies with brothers or growing sons were afraid of her.

A beautiful governess! It was an anomaly—a thing to be dreaded; so, despite her high-class references, Miss Avenel grew almost heart-sick as she lost one chance after another. One lady—the Countess of Lumlee—was very frank with her.

"Your French is perfect," she said; "your music superior to that of most teachers; your terms and everything else suits me. But I tell you honestly, I have sons at home—and you are too pretty."

"I cannot help that," observed Margarita, wistfully.

"No, you cannot help it; but I should advise you to choose some other profession."

Time after time she met with the same rebuff. "I cannot help having a face different from that of others," she said to herself, in despair. "I did not wish to be beautiful."

The time was coming when she would rejoice in her beauty—but it was not yet.

Then Lady Davenant was in want of a governess—the girl's lovely face was not detrimental in this case. Sir Charles never flirted; there were neither sons nor brothers—only two little girls—and Lady Davenant was rather pleased that her governess should be beautiful and accomplished than otherwise: so Margarita Avenel wrote to her brother in far-off India, and told him, with innocent pride and joy, how happy she was in the bright prospect opening out to her. She went to Laston Priory, and had lived there nearly two years when Allan saw and loved her.

They had been two quiet uneventful years; nothing had happened to her—no great sorrow, no great joy—and she had the keenest powers for feeling both. She was quick, ardent, impetuous. She acted upon impulse, and did not always wait to consider whether her impulses were prudent or not. She was keenly sensitive. She had it in her to reach the height of happiness, or to sink to the depths of despair; and to one so ardent, so impetuous, the quiet monotony of her life was almost terrible.

There would surely be a brighter future for her; the sun was shining on some soft heights. Passionate longing for happiness, ardent power of loving, keen susceptibility of enjoyment, had not been given to her for nothing. In the far-off time, where the sunshine waited for her, all would come right.

But in her wildest dreams she had never pictured happiness so intense as this. She was frightened at it; she dared not think of it. She could not believe it true that she, an obscure governess, should win the love of this grand young hero, for whom the ladies of the great world manœuvred in vain. It was marvelous. She had reason to say that she was afraid.

He was so handsome, so noble, so far above her. He was like the heroes of fiction and song of whom she loved to read. He was so chivalrous, so gallant, so like what she could imagine the knights of old to have been. And he loved her—loved her at first sight—with a love that was to last his life. She asked herself if she could be dreaming—if it could be true—if it could be possible. The thought of his wordly position did not touch her so deeply. It was rather with a sense of wonder that she realized that in time the hardworking, unknown governess might be Lady Rylestone of Walton Court. It was not of that she thought, but of the hero himself—the man who prayed so earnestly for her love.

"I am frightened at myself," she thought. "If I open my heart to this wondrous love, this wondrous happiness, I can never cast it out again; it will be there while my heart beats, either for my happiness or for my misery—my life-long delight, or my life-long torture."

She knew enough of herself to understand that it must be life or death to her; therefore she hesitated to yield herself to the sweet, subtle influence—she hesitated to let herself respond to the love that was lavished upon her.

But now he had almost conquered her. Why should she hesitate? Why should she shut herself out from this sweet, bright heaven? Why refuse to take the great happiness offered to her?

"He loves me," she thought; "he will never—he never can—love anyone else as he loves me."

"She would wait just a few days longer, and then she would tell him that she loved him. For she did. Her heart grew warm, her face flushed, as she remembered him, as she thought of his words she knew in her heart that she cared for him—ah, well, perhaps quite as much as he cared for her.

She never forgot the day on which she had her first love-letter. The receipt of a letter was a rare event with her; at long intervals she received one from her brother. But this was love-letter full of passionate pleading, of sweet words, of tender expressions—a letter that brought happy tears to her eyes. She read it over and over again, until every word was impressed on her memory. She slept with it under her pillow; and then, some hours after she had received it, she went, tremoling and half frightened, to the first volume of "Sir Charles Grandison," there to deposit an answer. Allan smiled as he read it—it was so simple, so naïve, and yet so eloquent.

The days passed on, and it seemed to him that he wore his heart away in fervent persuasions. He wrote to her every day—he told her all his thoughts. No woman was ever more chivalrously wooed. And then, at rare intervals, he saw her. Sometimes he overtook her when she was out with the children, and then he could not say much. There were one or two happy interviews stolen in the library.

Once or twice she was asked into the drawing-room; and once there was a children's party—and he danced with her.

Each of these meetings was deeply impressed on his mind; he loved her more and more dearly, for she was timid and coy. He could not win any word or promise from her, until one day, when she fancied he looked tired and ill, she chanced to meet him in one of the corridors, and told him so.

"You are right, Margarita," he said—"I am very unhappy—all through you, it seems to me. You will never care for me—and I am beginning to despair."

That same evening he found a little note. It contained but few lines, but those few changed the whole current of his life. "Dear Allan," it said, "do not be unhappy. I do care for you. I love you—I must not tell you how much."

CHAPTER X.

HE could not see her for many days after that. She avoided him more than ever. He wrote rapturous letters of thanks to her, and she wrote kindly enough to him in return, but he could not see her. It was only by the craftiest stratagem on his part that this was accomplished.

Lady Davenant was rigidly particular about attendance at church. Every Sunday morning the whole household, including visitors, children, and servants, drove over to Laston Church, leaving only one or two domestics to attend to the house. Worldly and irregular-living people considered that one of the drawbacks in visiting the Priory was that Lady Davenant never relaxed her rule. Whether it was liked or disliked, it was always expected that all should go.

But one Saturday evening Allen chanced, quite accidentally, to overhear Lady Davenant say that little Maud had a severe cold, and that she must remain at home with her governess.

"I shall remain also," he thought; but he did not reveal his intention until it was time to start, and then he went to Sir Charles and told him he was not going.

"Why not?" asked the hospitable baronet.

"I have an important reason for remaining at home," said Allan.

"Love-letters to write?" interrogated Sir Charles, quite unconscious how nearly he struck the mark. "Well, you will have to make peace with Lady Davenant afterward. She will most probably give you a lecture, for she likes to see us all good boys."

It so happened that Lady Davenant did not notice Allan's absence until the whole party were seated in church, and then it was too late to do anything. Mentally, her ladyship called him idle and indifferent. She had not the faintest idea of the real state of the case.

Allan watched them depart in a fever of impatience. He knew that there were only two or three servants left in the house, and that they were engaged in the servants' office

He had resolved upon a bold step. He would go to the school-room and ask for Miss Avenel. If, at the very worst, it should become known, he was quite indifferent. In that case he would boldly tell them all that he wished Miss Avenel to be his wife.

So he went and knocked at the school-room door. It was opened by Margarita herself. He could not doubt but that she loved him when he saw the sudden flush of joy, the light that came into her beautiful eyes, the smile of welcome that parted her beautiful lips. And then she seemed suddenly to recollect herself, and she placed her finger on her lips in token of silence.

"Hush!" she whispered. "Poor Maud is really ill, and she has just fallen asleep."

Without one word, he took her hand and led her from the room, gently closing the door.

"I do not wish to wake the child," he said, gently, "but I am determined to speak to you."

"If you are determined, you must," she returned; "but I cannot talk to you here. I will accompany you to the library. I shall hear then if Maud cries for me."

"I hope Maud will enjoy the blessing of a long, deep slumber," he said, laughingly, as they entered the library. "Ah, Margarita—sweet, coy Margarita—I have caught you at last!"

"Mr. Estcourt," she said, gravely, "how is it that you are not gone to church?"

"I remained at home purposely so see you. Ah, Margarita, you thought you could escape me—you thought you could evade me! Why are you so cruel to me? Since you wrote that one precious little note you have never looked at me, you have never spoken to me; you have spurned me as though I were your worst enemy instead of your husband that is to be. Why is it?"

"I do not know, she replied, trying to hide her burning face from him.

"Nor do I know; but it must not occur again. See, I have had to brave Lady Davenant's displeasure in order to have a few minutes with you. Margarita, how am I to thank you for that letter? Did you mean what you wrote? Is it true?"

She was silent for some minutes, then she raised her eyes bravely to his face.

"Yes," she replied; "every word is true."

"And at last you love me with your whole heart?"

"Yes. Oh, do not make me say any more!"

"But I shall; I am too happy to be quite generous. I want you, dear, to lay both your hands in mine and promise to be my wife."

Her dark eyes raised to his were full of wistful pleading.

"Oh, Allan," she cried, passionately, "will you never repent it? Are you quite sure that the time will never come when you will repent having ever loved and married me?"

"I am quite sure of it," he answered. "But I know that I shall repent my whole life long unless you do become my wife."

"It would kill me," she said, again, "if in the years to come I should find out that having married me had been injurious to you, that you repented it, that your love for me stood in the way of your worldly interests. Oh, Allan, I could not bear that and live!"

"What a foolish, sensitive child it is!" he said, tenderly. "I cannot repent, Margarita, of what will be to me the crowning joy of my life. Why do you say this? You have owned that you love me."

"I do love you; but, Allan, true love is full of self-sacrifice. Rather than stand in your way—than stand between you and your wordly interests—I would let my love kill me."

"I believe it, Margarita, you cannot come between me and my interests, as you call it. I am my own master; I am free to choose my wife as I will; I have no one to consult."

"But Lord Rylestone," she said, quietly, "might not like such a marriage for you."

"My dear Margarita, you wish me to fight shadows. Lord Rylestone can have nothing to say in the matter of my marriage. I alone am responsible to myself for myself. Do believe me, sweet. Fling your scruples and fears to the winds—lay your hand in mine, and say, 'I promise to be your wife, Allan.'"

"If I do say it, I shall mean it thoroughly," she said.

"That is right. You cannot be too deeply in earnest for me."

She was silent for a few minutes—perhaps life held no more solemn interval for her—and then her face grew pale even to the lips, and she laid her hands in his.

"I promise to be your wife, Allan," she said, gently, "and to love you while I live."

How he thanked her! How he blessed her! He was like a man whose senses were wrapped in some great ecstasy. And then he bent over her.

"I may kiss the face of my promised wife," he said; and she raised her face to his. He saw that on it there was a light pure and radiant as though it shone clear from heaven.

"This is our betrothal, Margarita," he said, softly. "Now for all time you are mine."

They stood silent for some minutes, and then he said:

"When shall I speak to Lady Davenant?"

"Not yet," she replied. "Allan, I would so much rather that she did not know while I am here. I perceive all the incongruities of our marriage myself, but I could not bear to be told of them by another. Lady Davenant is very proud. She believes so entirely in what she calls her 'order,' and she would be so severe, so hard, that she would make me miserable."

"Then I will say nothing to her until you have left, Margarita; but you must go at once, dear. I cannot have my promised wife working in this fashion.'

"I will go whenever you like," she responded.

Allan took from his finger a ring with one diamond—a beautiful, flashing gem.

"Margarita," he said, "this must be our betrothal ring. I will bring you another later on, but now you will take this." He placed the ring on her finger, and then he kissed her. "Now you belong to me," he added; "and nothing but death can part us."

And then they heard the voice of little Maud crying, and Miss Avenel hurried away. The child looked up at her with wondering eyes.

"Where have you been, Miss Avenel?" she inquired. "How bright your face is! And your eyes shine like stars! What have you been doing?"

"I have been very happy, dear," was Margarita's quiet reply, as she knelt by the child's side.

"What is that shining on your hand?" she asked.

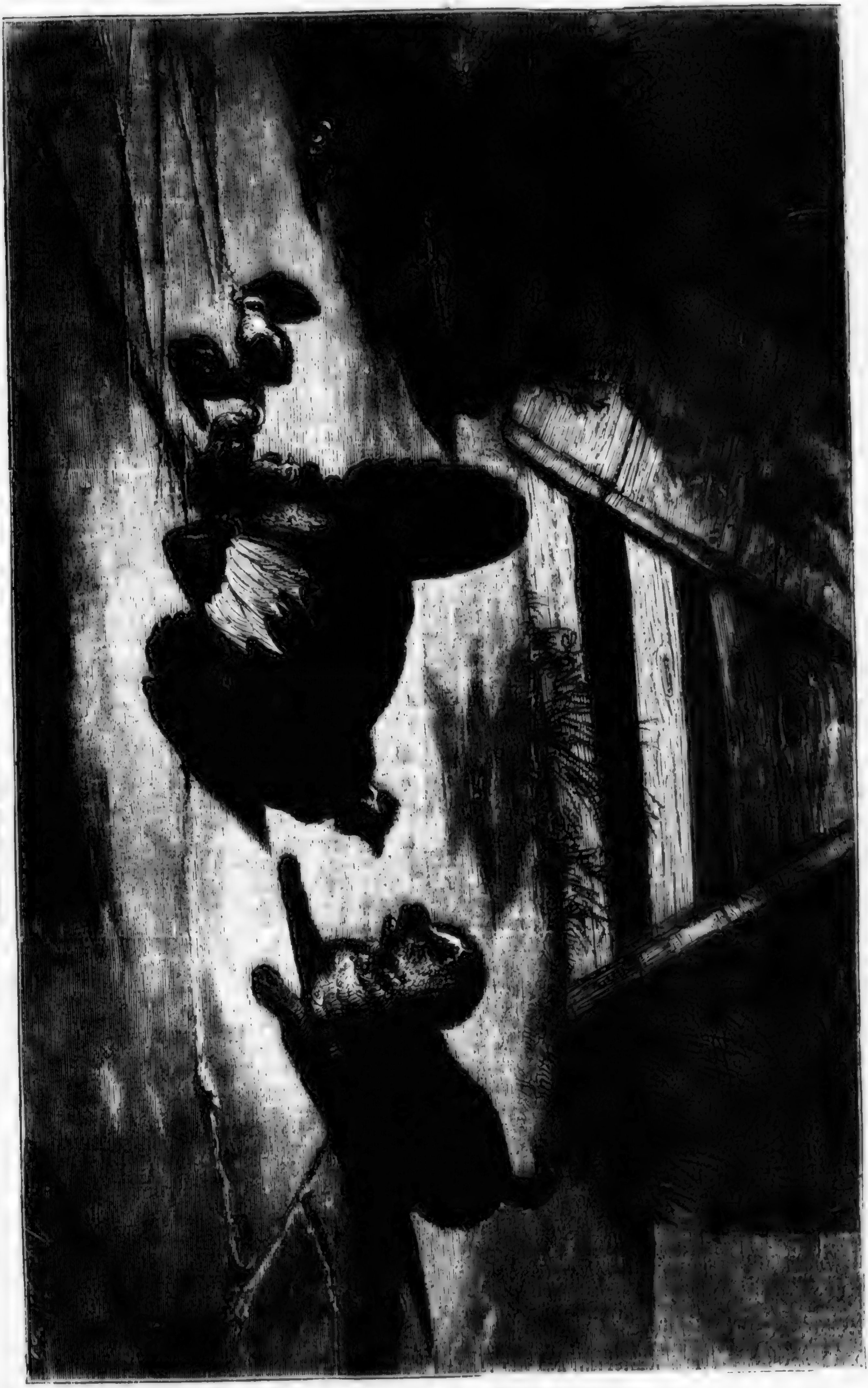
Margarita smiled.

"That is a pledge of future happiness to me," she answered; and the little one raised her eyes wonderingly to the beautiful face.

"I do not understand," she said, quietly; and those were the last intelligible words that Maud spoke for many long days. A violent attack of fever seized her, and placed her life in deadly danger.

CHAPTER XI.

By the sudden illness of little Maud, all Allan's plans were disarranged. He had wished Margarita to leave at once. He would have found her a home with a distant relative



THE HEN AND CHICKENS—THE DEFENSE. BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

XUM

of his—Mrs. Ferguson—and have married her from there, but this was rendered impossible now, for the child clung to her so that she could not leave her. The only rest she ever had came to her in Margarita's arms. The burning head seemed to find cool repose on Margarita's breast. The little hot hands would cling to her—the burning eyes follow her from one part of the room to the other. How could she think of herself—of her own happy love, of leaving, of the bright future awaiting her? How could she think of it all when the little one who loved her lay between life and death?

All the visitors departed from the Priory when the nature of the child's illness became known—all except Allan Estcourt, he declared that the child's ailment did not release him, that he would stay and keep Sir Charles from growing quite lonely. He did remain until the pale snowdrops began to appear, and then he was compelled to return to London.

But he did not take his departure until Miss Avenel and her little charge had gone by Lady Davenant's desire to Torquay. There was one gleam of comfort; he could write to Margarita there as often as he liked—there would be no one to remark upon the number of his letters. He did not go down to see her, because she asked him not to do so until the child had quite recovered. So during the months of March and April Margarita remained at the seaside, happy beyond words, beyond measure, in Allan's love—so happy that as she passed along the streets and roads people looked at the lovely radiant face, and wondered at the light shining on it.

It was nearly the end of May before the doctor thought it safe for little Maud to return to her own home, and even then Margarita decided upon waiting some time longer—if only a week or two—for she knew the child could not endure to be parted from her.

But Allan grew impatient; it was at Christmas that she had promised to be his wife, and now it was June. He wrote to her on the tenth of June, and told her he should give her but one week longer, and then she must really tell Lady Davenant that she was going to leave her. He revealed all his plans to her—how she was to go to Mrs. Ferguson's, and how from there they would be married.

Before he received an answer, Lord Ryleston's illness, death, and funeral happened. And then came his great and bitter disappointment. Instead of being able to take his beautiful Margarita to Walton Court, and lavish on her every luxury that money could purchase, he was a poor man, unable to live at the court at all. Nay, he knew further that his means did not justify him in marrying—that he ought not to marry; for, live carefully as he might, he would have as much as he could possibly do to pay off his debts in a couple of years.

He read and re-read Margarita's letter—he knew the faithful heart so well then that no dawn of fear arose in his heart. She would love him poor just as well as rich—perhaps even more.

But what was he to do about marrying her? It would be the height of folly to take her to Mrs. Ferguson's, and to be at the expense of a brilliant wedding such as he had intended. But Margarita was leaving Laston Priory; it was not to be expected that Lady Davenant would again disarrange her plans by asking her to stay, and, if she took another situation, why, he might not be able to see her at all.

After long consideration, he decided upon asking her to meet him; he could tell her then what had happened far better than he could write. If he could pass one hour with her, he could say more in that time than he could set down in a hundred letters. So he wrote to her, and said that he had something very important to communicate to her. He did not care to go to Laston Priory, as she was not willing for Lady Davenant to be confided in; but he would go to the town of Laston, and, if she would walk through the Laston woods early on the morning of the thirteenth of June, he would meet her there, and tell her all that he had to say.

It was a fair, bright morning, and the clock had not struck six when he started for Laston woods; the sun shone, the birds were singing, seeming to outvie each other in the beauty and length of their song; the wild roses were blooming on the hedges, the wild thyme reared its head amid the grass, the newly-mown hay lay in the meadows, the chestnut-trees were all in bloom, the dew lay shining underfoot. He saw her waiting for him by the little stile that led to the woods, the sun shining on her beautiful face, touching with gold the thick coils of dusky hair, and his heart seemed to go out to her.

"My darling!" he said, as he met the clasp of her tender hands. "Why, Margarita, you have grown lovelier!"

She made him no answer; her love, like her happiness, was too great for words. She let her hands lie still in his warm, firm grasp, while he whispered sweetest words of welcome to her. Presently he looked around.

"Margarita," he said, smilingly, "do you know that this is the first time we have met in the sunlight, amongst dew and flowers and shining blossoms? We have always met before in the cold and the snow."

"I remember," she replied.

With a bright smile he threw back his handsome head.

"I do not see how any man could be more blessed than I am. I have June sunshine, June roses, and you."

He did not certainly just then look like a ruined man. She had never seen him brighter or more sanguine.

"I have so much to talk over with you," he said; "but, before I begin, raise those dark, sweet eyes of yours to mine, and say you are glad to see me."

"You know that I am."

"Say so, and then I shall be quite sure."

She said it—and how earnestly she meant it he knew by the expression of her face and the light in her eyes—and then she looked at him again with a shy happy look.

"You are no longer Allan Estcourt," she said. "You are Lord Rylestone now."

No answering smile came to his lips.

"My darling Margarita," he said, "the title is full of mortification for me. I would give anything to be Allan Estcourt again.

"Why?" she asked, in amazement.

"That is just what I have come to tell you. Let me find you a place here amongst the clustering harebells, where you can sit at your ease and listen while I tell you my story. When I asked you to marry me, Margarita, I was happy in thinking of the wealth that would be mine, because I meant to lavish it all on you, sweet—to purchase shining gems and rich dresses for you—to give you everything that a woman's heart most desires. I valued it for that, and not for any selfish reason—that I swear to you."

"I am quite sure of it," she returned.

"Then you can picture to yourself my agony of disappointment when I found that the wealth I wanted for your sweet sake was not, and never could be, mine."

She looked up at him with wondering eyes.

"But you are Lord Rylestone?" she interrogated.

"Yes, that is the unfair, the unjust, part of it. I am Lord Rylestone, but I have nothing to keep up my title or position with."

"But you have Walton?" she said.

"Yes, I have Walton; but I cannot afford to live there. I will explain to you, Margarita. The barony of Rylestone was once a very wealthy one; but its wealth has dwindled and dwindled, through the extravagance of some and the lly or misfortune of others, until the entailed property ields an income of only one thousand pounds a year. Of course Walton Court goes with it."

"But a thousand a year is a great deal," she observed.

"It is not half sufficient to keep up such a place as the Court," he said, sighing. "You understand, then, Margarita—I am left with the title of Baron Rylestone of Rylestone and Walton Court, with an income of one thousand a year—about the most absurd position in which a man was ever placed. The Rylestones have always had money which was not entailed, but which it has always been the custom to bequeath from father to son. The late Lord Bernard Rylestone had a fortune of fifteen thousand per annum, quite independent of the Rylestone property. Some of it came to him from his mother, who was a wealthy heiress, and some from his godfather, who was a millionaire. On this fifteen thousand per annum he lived in great state at Walton. He kept up a princely establishment—he made me a splendid allowance; and I always most implicitly believed that, when I succeeded to Walton Court, that money would be mine."

"And it is not?" she interrogated, quietly.

"No, it is not; it is all left to the late Lord Rylestone's niece, Miss Adelaide Cameron. She is his heiress; and for your sake, my sweet Margarita, it is a bitter disappointment to me."

She sat silent for some few minutes, and then she looked at him.

"Allan," she said, quietly, "it is Miss Cameron, Lord Rylestone's heiress, that you ought to marry, and not myself."

He seized her hands with a passionate grasp, an angry flush on his face.

"How can you say that to me, Margarita? What right have you to be so cruel, because I have lost the late lord's money? Is that any reason why I must lose my love also? Marry Miss Cameron! Why, Margarita, the only comfort to me through it all has been that I had you!"

"I mean that it would be wisest for you to do that; you would have the money then."

Sitting at her feet, looking into her face, he wondered that the idea should have occurred to her.

"I know you love me now," she said, softly, "and I would give my life to make you happy; but see how helpless I am. I have no money. What could I do to assist you?"

"You can marry me," he replied.

"But why did the late lord do this?" asked Margarita. "If he always led you to believe that you would be his heir, why did he leave the money to some one else?"

"He must have thought his niece had the best claim upon it," he replied; but there was something constrained in his voice and manner; his ordinary frankness and careless candor were wanting.

"Allan," she said, "are you quite sure that you are telling me the whole truth—that you are not keeping anything from me?"

He was startled by the question, she looked at him with such tender, pleading eyes.

"Tell me all," she entreated; "do not keep anything from me."

He thought for some little time before answering her question. Of one thing he felt quite sure—and that was that, if Margarita once knew the conditions of the will, she would never marry him. She would consider herself as standing in his light, and she would absolutely refuse to join her lot with his. He was as certain of it as though he heard her say it. Passionately as he loved her, if once she had an idea of all he sacrificed in marrying her, she would hide herself from him, and he would never see her again. She had said as much to him before. At any rate, the truth must be kept from her until after they were married, and then it would not matter. Still, although he did not intend to tell her the truth, he could not sully his lips with a lie.

"What can I be keeping from you, Margarita?" he replied, evasively. "I tell you the honest truth—Lord Rylestone has left his fortune to his niece. She is the daughter of his own sister; so that it cannot be wondered at. The only ground of complaint I have is this—I think he ought to have told me. He should have given me some warning of his intentions, and then I should have been prepared for them."

"Yes, it was very cruel. What will you do, Allan?"

"That is the very thing about which I have come to speak to you, Margarita. Our interests are one now, and you must advise me."

She smiled at the idea. He, a brilliant man of the world; she, an obscure governess—how could she advise him?

"I cannot live at Walton. I must either shut it up or let it. I think of doing the latter. It will be a great humiliation and a great mortification; still, the proceeds of the letting will be useful to me."

"It is cruelly hard for you," she said, "after expecting all your life to live there."

"It is hardest for your sake, Margarita. I wanted my beautiful wife to be mistress there."

"Ah, Allan, you know that any place where you may live will be an earthly Paradise for me. I do not want a princely mansion, or a retinue of servants, or jewels, or fine dresses—I want only you."

"Then you are quite sure," he said, "that you do not love me any the less for my poverty?"

"I am sure that I love you a great deal better. I could not help feeling great awe for Lord Ryleston, of Walton Court, but for my dear, disappointed Allan I feel nothing but the most devoted love."

"I ought to thank Heaven for the gift of such noble love," he said—"the love of a true woman. Then it makes no difference to you, Margarita?"

"Only the difference I have told you of. I love you ten thousand times better, disappointed and seeking comfort as you are now, than I should if you were at the very height of prosperity."

"You will be Lady Rylestone still," he observed, sadly, "but not mistress of the home I loved; you cannot live as one in your position should live."

"I shall be with you. Do you not see, Allan, that riches are comparative, after all? You despise a thousand a year; to one brought up like yourself it is nothing, to me it seems boundless wealth. I cannot tell you how I grieve for you, Allan, how I sympathize with you—not for my own sake at all, but for yours. I am full of burning indignation against those who have disappointed you. If your kinsman were not dead, I should dare to say what I think of him. Being dead, I will say nothing. But this interloper—this girl who has come between you and your fortune—who has in some measure blighted your life—I detest her."

He looked up quickly, remembering how unwilling Adelaide had been to take the money.

"It was not her fault," he said, quickly. "She did not want the money, Margarita."

"Nevertheless I detest her, because your life is spoiled through her. Oh, Allan, if I had been in her place, I should have given the money back to you again!"

"She would have done so had the law permitted her, but it will not. She cannot give it to me; she is compelled to take it and to spend it."

"What did you tell me her name was, Allan?"

"Adelaide Cameron," he replied; and she repeated it after him.

"Adelaide Cameron, Lord Rylestone's heiress. Have you seen her often? Do you know her well?"

"I have met her only once, and then we did not spend much time together."

"Is she beautiful?" asked Margarita.

"Yes," he replied, "she is a lovely blonde."

He saw a whole world of meaning in the dark troubled eyes.

"Oh, Allan," she said, after a time, "it is I who have spoiled your life! After all, if you had never seen me, you might have married Miss Cameron."

"I am quite sure that I never should have done so," he returned, gently; and then he told her it was cruel and unkind to say such things to him—that by this time she ought to believe the greatest happiness of his life was centred in her; and she listened, happy in the belief.

While the wind stirred the harebells and wooed the wild roses, he told her all the story of his debts, the money left to him, and how he hoped to add to his income by obtaining some post under Government. She listened like one in a dream.

"There is only one thing that really troubles me, Margarita, and that is about yourself. I had hoped so much that I could have carried out all my plans for you. Darling, you are sorry for me, I know."

Yet he knew she could add nothing to his knowledge.

"Will you do something that shall take away all my disappointment—turn my sorrow into joy—make me almost bless the day whereon I lost my fortune? Will you do that?"

"I will," she replied, earnestly.

"Then leave Laston as soon as you can, and be my wife."

"But that would increase your difficulties," she said, after a time.

"No, it would not. See, Margarita, I am lost just now, and distracted. I do not quite know what to do with myself. My life all seems scattered. If you will do what I ask, it will be my redemption."

"But it is so soon," she said.

"That does not matter; no one need know. Oh, Margarita, you say you love me, yet you refuse me this one prayer!"

"I do not refuse it, Allan; if you really desire it, I will accede to your wishes; but think first whether it will not add to your troubles instead of lessening them."

"A thousand times 'No!' You can give me peace, help, comfort, happiness, such as I believe never fell to man's lot before. Remember all that you were to that little sick child—you will be more than that to me."

"I will try," she said, gravely.

"I used to dream, Margarita, in the bright Spring hours, of our wedding—of all the pomp and splendor that should attend it, of the jewels I should bring to you. I used to picture you as the most beautiful bride man ever loved; and then I used to dream how I would take you to Walton Court, and of the welcome that awaited you there. Now all my dreams have vanished except this one, that no one living will have a fairer or more loving wife. Margarita, another dream comes to me, fair as this June morning itself—a dream wherein there is neither pomp nor splendor, only peace and love. In my dream I see a little home, and you the mistress of it; I see you and myself together, husband and wife, living in a world of our own, knowing only our own, knowing only our love and heaven, forgetting the mercenary money-loving world, happy as those bright-winged butterflies there hovering round the roses, happy as birds safe in the shelter of green trees. Will you make such a home for me, my darling?"

"I will," she replied, in a low voice, "whenever you wish."

"I am sure it would be by far the most prudent plan. I shall have such a safe refuge and haven of rest then, and we can keep our secret until it seems wiser to reveal it. You leave at the end of August, Margarita?"

"Yes," she replied. "I cannot well leave before."

"Then suppose that I make this arrangement. On the day you leave here come to London; we will be married by special license; and meantime I will busy myself in finding the loveliest little home for you that ever poet dreamed of. Are you willing, my darling?"

"I will do anything that pleases you best," she replied.

"And I think that, as you have no friends, and I have no friends, whom we can consult, we will keep our marriage quite a secret until things are more prosperous, and I can put you in a position suitable to your rank."

"I am willing," she observed. "It does not matter in the least to me."

"I have a reason of my own which makes me dislike having my marriage made public until two years have passed by; after that interval I shall be indifferent as to who knows it.

She thought this reason had something to do with money, so did not ask him about it; but in after years she remembered the words, and knew what they meant.

And then it was arranged that it should be as he said.

"When we have been married a few months," he went on, "and I have in some measure forgotten my disappointment, I shall not rest until I get some lucrative engagement. I shall be sure to succeed. And then, when I can put my wife in a position worthy of her, I will introduce her to a world which will be proud of her. But I shall need the spur of rest, happiness, and love. On what day shall you leave here, Margarita?"

"On the twenty-fourth of August," she replied.

"Then we will be married on the twenty-fifth. I shall not even remember that I am a ruined man when I think of that."

And then it was time to separate. With a smile she looked up into the handsome face of her lover.

"I shall not even tell my brother," she said. "No one shall know. It will be like living in a fairy-land of our own, married, all unknown to the world."

Never a doubt came to them on that bright June morning. He thought it far wiser to marry so that he might have the comfort of her sweet presence, the knowledge of her dear love, to help him; and she thought it wiser because she could help him to bear the bitter disappointment that, do as he would, must cloud his whole life.

No doubt came to them—they were young, loving, and sanguine; there was no fear of the future that was to be so dark to them. They parted with smiles, kisses, and tears, telling each other it was not for long—it would not be long until the twenty-fifth of August came. The wild roses nodded, the harebells stirred faintly, the Summer wind whispered sweetly, the birds seemed to sing of hope and of love that was never to die.

So they parted; and Margarita Avenel, as she watched the tall figure of her lover disappear amid the trees, raised her face to the Summer skies, and prayed that she might love him as no wife had ever loved her husband before.

"Some people live for many things," she said to herself; "I will live only for him." And with fatal earnestness of purpose she afterward kept her word.

Once or twice that day Lady Davenant looked at her governess, wondering at the lofty expression, the clear light on the beautiful face—the light of holy and noble resolve.

CHAPTER XII.

IT was a source of pleasant distraction to Allan Estcourt, the making a home for the young girl he loved so dearly. It kept him from brooding over his troubles—it gave him constant and cheerful occupation. For many reasons he would fain have lived in London, but prudence told him that would not do—the expense would be too great. If he lived where he was known, he must live according to his position. As he did not wish to acknowledge his marriage for two years, it would be better for his wife and himself to live amongst strangers.

He decided at last upon a little village standing in the very heart of the green Surrey Hills—a village called Marpeth. Just outside the place stood a pretty villa half hidden by trees, and from the grounds that surrounded it there was a most enchanting view of one of the loveliest landscapes in England. The villa pleased him. He took it, and furnished it with everything he deemed most suitable to his beautiful wife; and there he said to himself the happiest years of his life should be passed.

It was a different home from Walton Court; but, as he watched it day by day, he grew to love it as he had never loved the Court. He was determined to have some peace of mind there—the first month of his married life should not be harassed by debts. He had at first resolved not to touch the allowance of two thousand pounds per annum left to him for two years by the late lord, but pride yielded to expediency; he had no difficulty in anticipating it, and, when he had paid his debts—the three thousand pounds that had weighed so heavily upon him—with the remainder he furnished the little villa at Marpeth, and provided for the expenses of his marriage. There still remained to him Walton Court and his thousand per annum.

"I am not a ruined man yet," he thought, "and fate may have something in store for me, just as it had when I met Margarita so suddenly."

He was living then in rooms near his club, and all his letters were sent to him at the club. He found one there one morning from Madame de Valmy, asking him how he was, and expressing some little wish to hear of or from him. Madame had written that letter unknown to her charge, and Allan hastened to answer it; he also wrote a short note to Adelaide—a simple, friendly letter—hoping that she liked Brighton, and that she found herself better. How was he to know what happiness that letter gave to the young heiress—how she read it over and over again—how she kissed it as though it had been some living thing—how she wondered to herself, with burning blushes and shining eyes, if he were really beginning to like her, even ever so little!

She answered it; and, if Adelaide Cameron excelled in one thing more than another, it was in the art of letter-writing. All the poetry, the genius that was innate in her seemed to find vent in her letters; they were gems of eloquence, of poetry, and of wit. Lord Rylestone reading this, her first letter to him, wondered.

"What a beautiful mind she must have!" he thought. "I have never read a letter like this;" and he acknowledged the receipt of it in the hope of hearing from her again.

As he wrote he felt tempted to tell her his love-story; she was so sweet, so womanly, so gracious, he longed to ask her to be a friend to his young wife. But then he remembered Margarita had said she should detest her; and it would be awkward if they should not like each other. Besides, from Adelaide Margarita might learn what he had so carefully kept from her—the secret of the will. So he decided that it was better to be silent, and his story remained untold.

Adelaide, after a short interval, replied to his letter, and gradually a regular correspondence was begun between them. Charming were those letters of hers—charming as a new poem—and he kept them for the pleasure of reading them over again, not for any great affection he had for the writer, but because they were so beautiful in themselves. The will was alluded to only once, and by Miss Cameron, who said that it was a great relief to her to find the "secret of the will" still unknown—carelessly written words that afterward brought forth bitter fruit.

The 25th of August came at last, and Lord Rylestone, who had counted the hours, hastened to meet his bride.

It was surely the quietest wedding ever known. Allan had once pictured his marriage as a grand ceremony, performed either in the stately London church, or at Rylestone. The reality was a quiet wedding in one of the gloomy city churches; he had purposely chosen it, because he thought himself more sure there of not being known.

He took a cab, went to the railway-station, and there met Margarita. And then in silent happiness they drove to the gloomy, dusty city church.

"You have brought no witnesses with you," said the clergyman. "Never mind," he added, kindly; "I will send for my housekeeper and the clerk."

So the brilliant train of bridesmaids and friends that Allan had seen in his dream was exchanged for the grim reality of a stout, elderly housekeeper and a white-haired clerk.

It did not matter. The beautiful words of the solemn service, the vows that were to bind the two principals until death, were none the less effective because they were spoken in a dull city church—the bride was none the less lovely because there was no one to admire her except her husband.

The marriage was over—Margarita Avenel was Lady Rylestone. The overworked clergyman looked surprised at the handsome fee that Lord Rylestone put into his hand; the housekeeper thought it a lovely day, and the clerk rubbed his hands in unutterable content.

"I should like such a wedding as that every day," he said—"that is something like one! No show, no string of carriages, no crowds of friends, but a fee to gladden a poor man's heart! Long life to them!"

"Long life to them!" joined in the housekeeper; while the clergyman in the vestry was looking solemnly at the names inscribed in his register.

"It is strange," he said to himself—"very strange, and I do not think I quite like it; but it is safe and legal—that is one comfort."

Allan and Margarita were married. Adelaide Cameron might safely consider herself Lord Rylestone's heiress now—there was no likelihood of Allan's ever touching the late lord's money. They were married; and, with his wife's lovely face smiling into his own, Lord Rylestone thought the world well lost for love. They went at once to the pretty little villa-home that he had prepared with such care for her.

A slight difficulty presented itself to him on the road.

"Margarita," he said, "an idea has occurred to me. We are going into fairyland, are we not, to live for a time untroubled by the world?"

"Yes, that has been our dream," she replied.

"We must be practical even in our dreams. We have neither valet nor maid to betray our secret; but, if we wish to keep it, we must not be known as Lord and Lady Rylestone."

"No," she replied, laughingly, "that will never do."

"Estcourt is not an uncommon name—there are several different families. Suppose we style ourselves Mr. and Mrs. Estcourt?"

"I am perfectly willing; but, Allan, you said we should be away from the world."

"So we shall, dear; but then we must live. There are the tradesmen, and we shall have letters of some kind; and then we have two servants. We had better keep to Estcourt, I think."

While she lived Margarita Rylestone never forgot that coming home—the beautiful August evening, when it seemed as though every tree, every flower, every bird, was doing its best to welcome her.

Allan felt greater pride and pleasure in showing her the pretty little house that he himself had prepared for her than he would perhaps have felt in showing her the grandeurs of Walton Court. And then, when she had partaken of some dinner, and had admired everything that he had prepared and purchased for her, he asked her to go out with him into the picturesque little garden that was shaded with trees.

"Margarita," he said presently to her, "it appears like a dream to me that you are my wife. I have loved you so dearly, I have longed for the comfort of your presence so utterly, that I cannot realize, I cannot grasp, my own great happiness."

They watched the sun set and the moon rise; they watched the golden stars gleam out in the darkening sky; they watched the line of lights die slowly away in the far distance.

"I think the stars never looked so beautiful as they do to-night," said Lord Rylestone.

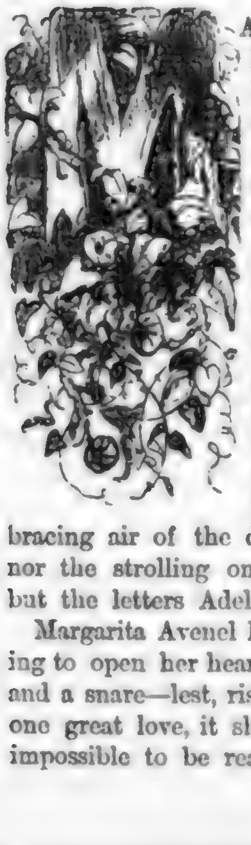
Margarita raised her dark eyes to them.

"No, they are all gold to-night; but, Allan, they look like eyes—eyes from heaven watching us. Ah, dear, how many happy lovers have they looked upon—how many broken hearts? Will the time ever come that, watching them, we shall think of this night, and wish our wedding-day had never been?"

"No," he replied, "never. Those eyes from heaven will watch over us, and see that we love each other more and more dearly every day; and they will shine over our graves, Margarita, when our hearts will be one in heaven."

So from the golden stars no warning came, and Lord Rylestone and his young wife were happy because the future was a sealed book to them.

CHAPTER XIII.



MADAME DE VALMY congratulated herself that her charge was looking better; the apathy and half-despair that had seemed to take possession of her had passed away, the beautiful face had regained some of its lost color. Nor was madame blind to the cause. Of course the Brighton sea-breezes were very bracing; still, though they might restore the lost color to a face, they could not bring peace to a disturbed mind, nor rest to an aching heart. Both these were now come to Adelaide Cameron. But madame knew it was neither the salt breezes, nor the sunshine, nor the bracing air of the downs, nor the pleasant promenades, nor the strolling on the pier that wrought the wonder, but the letters Adelaide received from Lord Rylestone.

Margarita Avenel had resisted her love for a time, fearing to open her heart to it lest it should prove a delusion and a snare—lest, risking all her life, her happiness, on this one great love, it should fail. It had seemed to her too impossible to be real. That this handsome young hero should love her, and love her so dearly as to make her his wife, seemed to her most wonderful. In her humility she quite overlooked her own great gifts, her rare beauty, her genius, her passionate power of loving. But she had opened her heart to her love at last, and it had become her life.

Adelaide had loved Allan from the first moment she had seen him, better than all the world beside. She was proud, sensitive to the last degree, refined even beyond the generality of women. The love that might have been a calm, deep affection became in her case a tumult, a torrent, half of shame, of wounded pride, of despair. The reading of the will had seemed to brand her with a red-hot iron—it made a passion and a tragedy of what had been a kindly, warm, true liking. All the emotion of which she was capable, all the fear, the hope, the sorrow, that had been lying dormant in her heart, were aroused now, and were imbued with love.

She had given up wondering why Allen put her so quietly out of his life; she said to herself that he was a proud man, and that it was not likely he would brook interference in the matter of love or marriage. He could not have done otherwise than put her quietly out of his life as though she did not concern him. But Adelaide had a hope, a sweet, silent hope, which she told to no one. It had come to her like a sunbeam from heaven, and she had brooded over it in her heart until it had become part of her life. The hope was this: As the late Lord Rylestone's heiress, Allan would not dream of wooing her for the sake of possessing the late lord's money. He would never marry her but for her own sake. He might do both. He might learn to love her because he found her fair and true. And on this hope she rested the happiness of a lifetime.

There was no foundation for it, except that at first Lord Rylestone had not thought of writing to her, and now he wrote often. She did not imagine that his sole motive for writing was that he wished her to feel quite at ease about her fortune, and not to suspect that he felt any ill-will toward her for having deprived him of it. Also, he had a sincere wish to become her friend. He had seen that she felt her position deeply, and he desired to make her happier in it. These were the sole reasons why he wrote to her; in addition, her letters had a great charm for him, he was able to appreciate everything that was poetical and beautiful. He never dreamt that she would set more importance upon his letters than they justly deserved, or he would never have written them.

So day by day Adelaide grew happier and more hopeful. She had ceased to fear that he hated her. "If he disliked me, as I thought," she said to herself, "he would never write to me at all." And madame did not require to be over-shrewd to see that after every letter the dainty rose-bloom deepened on the beautiful proud face. Her charge's smile became brighter, and there was even times when madame heard sweet snatches of song from her lips.

The first time that madame heard her really laugh aloud she said to herself, "*Bon*—that will do; no fear of a broken heart after such a laugh as that;" and she mentally blamed Lord Rylestone because he did not show more anxiety to win this fair young girl for his own.

If at that particular period of her life Adelaide Cameron had mixed more with the world, her thoughts and ideas would have undergone some modification; as it was, with fatal fidelity, with fatal tenacity, they were fixed upon Lord Rylestone. He was the one image upon which she meditated by night and by day. She smiled at times to herself.

"How is it possible to concentrate one's thoughts?" she said to herself. "I wonder if ever the time will come when I shall think of other things?"

She had quite determined to live at Walton.

"If I go elsewhere," she thought, "and he should leave England, there will be no interest in common between us; but, if I go to Walton, home and myself will always be side by side in his mind—I shall have a hundred interests in common with him."

She pleased herself with the idea of going there.

"I will spend a fortune upon the place," she said to herself; "I will improve it, beautify it, take such care of it that he will be obliged to own I have cared for no other interest but his."

She amused herself by thinking what she would do and how she would do it; and then one day she said to madame:

"I have quite decided, Madame de Valmy, to live at Walton—at least for a time."

And madame, with praiseworthy self-possession, responded:

"I am glad to hear it. I think it is the wisest thing you could do."

On the very day the brief conversation took place Lord Lylestone was married.

It was some time before Adelaide wrote to him to announce her decision; her letter, addressed to Lord Rylestone, was sent to the club, and from the club it was forwarded to Mr. Estcourt, Woodbine Villa, Marpeth."

Lord Rylestone read it through, and then laid it down with a deep sigh of relief.

"I am thankful," he said; "that will save me an immense deal of truble."

His wife's dark, tender eyes were raised to his.

"What is it, Allan?" asked Margarita.

"Miss Cameron, Lord Rylestone's heiress, has taken Walton Court off my hands. She is going to be my tenant."

A faint flush crept over the fair face. Margarita could not tell why, but she had something like a dread of, a misgiving about, Miss Cameron—a fear too vague for words.

"I wish you would not call her Lord Rylestone's heiress, Allan," she said, gently; "it startles me. I always think you are speaking of yourself."

Her husband laughed.

"The difficulty about my heiress would be that I should have nothing to leave her," he returned.

"Why are you pleased that Miss Cameron should go to Walton?" asked Margarita.

"I can hardly tell you, darling; but I am pleased. In the first place, it is her home, in one sense; and, as I cannot live there, it seems to me most sensible that she should. Moreover, I think she will take more care of the place than a stranger would. That is all. No, I have another reason yet. Miss Cameron's going there will save me the trouble of looking for an eligible tenant. Now you know all the sources of my satisfaction."

She passed her arm caressingly round his neck.

"Allan," she said, "do you think that it is impossible for us to live there?"

"I do, my darling. We cannot live there yet—not for years. Some day I hope to take my sweet wife to the home where she ought to be now; but it cannot be yet."

"Do you like Miss Cameron, Allan?" she asked next, bending her glowing face over his.

"What a question! Yes, I like her; she is very fair, gracious, and high-bred—a thorough aristocrat."

"If you had married her, you would be at Walton now," she said, regretfully.

Lord Rylestone grew slightly impatient.

"I think it unkind of you, Margarita, always to talk in that strain. Surely you know I married my own love—the woman I love better than all the world beside, more dearly than my own life. Why do you wound me by saying such things?"

She kissed his broad brow where the chestnut curls clustered—she kissed his handsome lips.

"That is so like women," he said. "First they wound, and then they cure."

She was standing now by his side, her white hands caressing the thick clusters of his hair.

"I do not think, Allan, you can ever guess or imagine what I feel. I know you love me—I know best how well I love you; but I feel as though I had stepped in between you and the better part of your life—the brighter part of your existence. You cannot understand; I shall only make you impatient. Your love for me has cost you much; you have sacrificed everything to it."

"Would you talk to me in this way if I had not missed the fortune, Margarita?"

"No," she replied, slowly, "perhaps not."

"If you and I, dear, were seated now in my favorite room—the long drawing-room at Walton—would you say one word about my love having cost me dear?"

"No," she answered, "I think not."

"Then you need not say one word now. If I had never seen you, if you had never been born, I should have had just the same destiny—I should have missed the money."

"But, if you had not loved me, you might have loved Miss Cameron," she persisted.

"No, dear; I would rather have slaved, begged, or starved than have married any girl for her money; the very thought of such a thing would have been detestable to me. Sweet wife, believe me, I have crowned my life in marrying you; earth did not hold for me such another gift as your love.

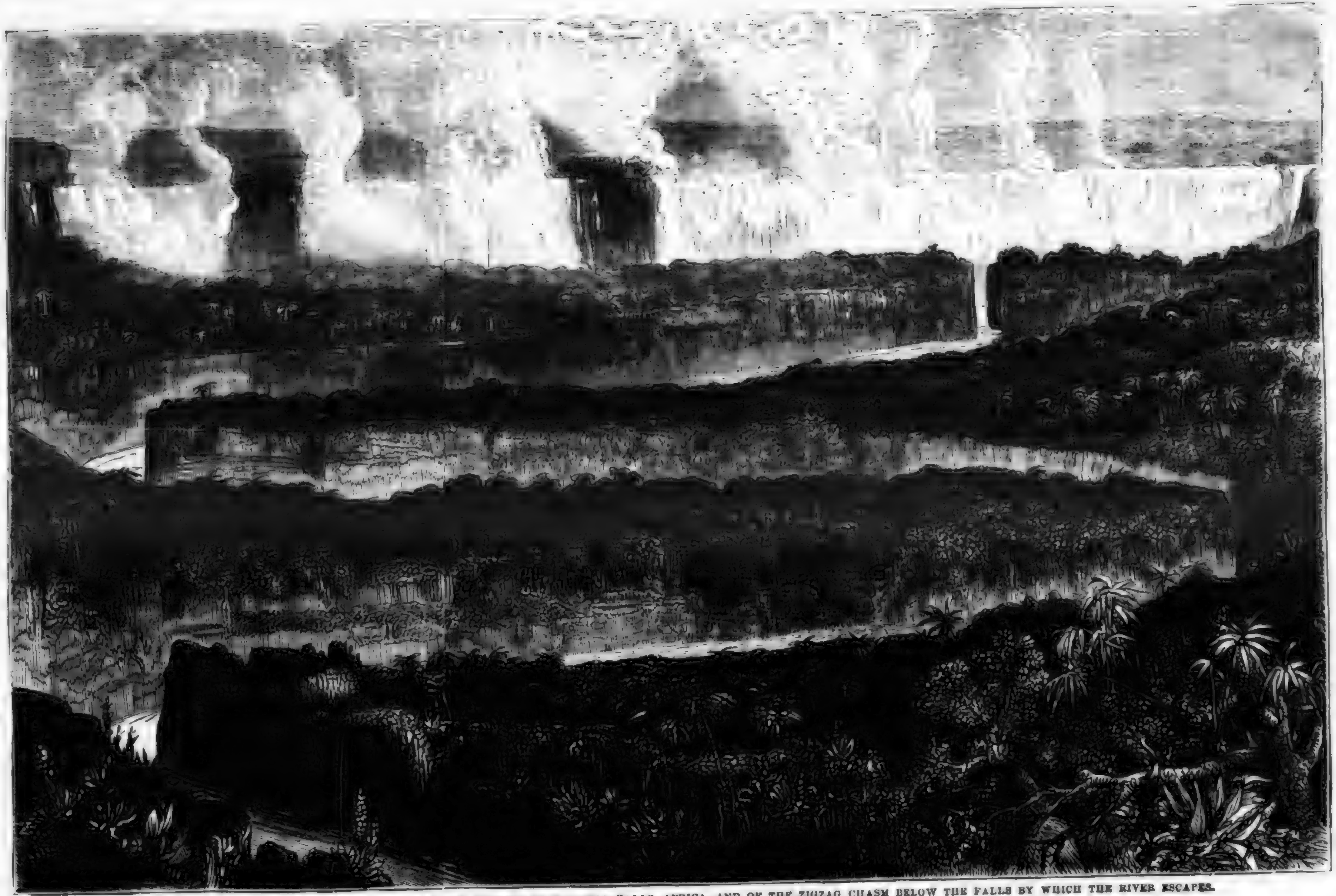
She was obliged to be silent, content; but in her heart there was a fear, a presentiment, about Miss Cameron which she could not explain. She had a vague idea that there was something connected with the money which she did not know or understand. Her husband always seemed to avoid the subject. If she asked any questions, he answered them briefly. She pondered the matter long and anxiously. What could it mean?

All his life, Allan, her husband, had expected to be the heir of Lord Rylestone. He had been brought up and encouraged in habits of lavish expenditure. He had always anticipated the fortune. He had expected it even up to the day of the late lord's death. Why had he not inherited it? What had intervened? Why should this young girl have suddenly appeared and deprived him of it?

The more Margarita thought about the subject, the more perplexed she became. It might have been better if she had heard the whole truth then, instead of finding it out for herself as she did afterward; while Lord Rylestone could not endure to see his wife's beautiful face shadowed by even a passing thought.

(To be continued.)

ALL to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themselves obliged to learn the sage maxims of our parsimonious ancestors, and attain the salutary arts of contracting expense; for *without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor.* The mere power of saving what is already in our hands must be of easy acquisition to every mind; and as the example of Lord Bacon may show that the highest intellect cannot safely neglect it, a thousand instances every day prove that the humblest may practice it with success.

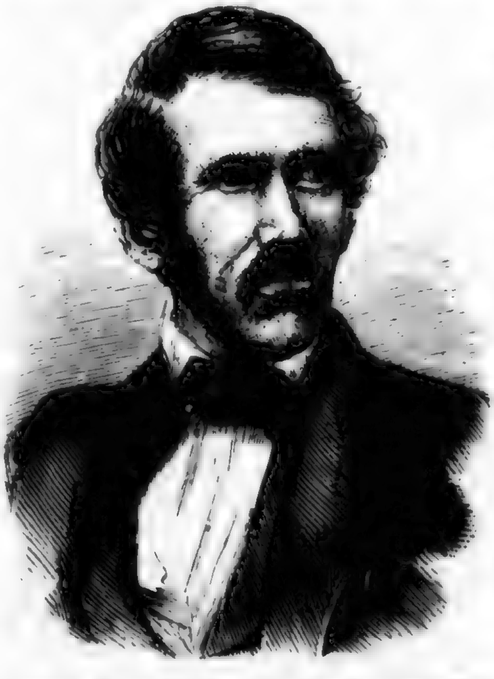


BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GREAT CATARACTS OF THE ZAMBESI, OR VICTORIA FALLS, AFRICA, AND OF THE ZIGZAG CHASM BELOW THE FALLS BY WHICH THE RIVER ESCAPES.

MOSIOATUNYA (VICTORIA FALLS), SOUTHERN AFRICA.

By A. H. Guernsey.

The Falls of Mosioatunya, ("Sounding Smoke,") on the Zambesi River, in the interior of Southern Africa, may fairly dispute the supremacy with those of Niagara, which, in some respects, they certainly surpass. They were first seen by any white man, in 1855, by Dr. Livingstone, who had been some years before informed by the natives of their existence and approximate location. On his great journey across the continent, he turned aside to visit them. He, however, remained there only two days, and made only a hasty and partial examination of them. From his imperfect description a very inadequate picture was made, which appears in his "Missionary Travels." He visited them again in 1860, accompanied by his brother, Charles Livingstone, and Dr. Kirke. He remained there about a week, and made a more careful examination of the falls. He sent home a hasty sketch, from which a drawing was made, attempting to give a view of the falls as they would appear from a balloon. This is reproduced in his "Expedition to the Zambesi," published in 1865. While Livingstone was there, Mr. Baldwin, an English hunter, reached the falls from the other direction; he gives scarcely a page of his "African Hunting" to a description. In 1862, Mr. Baines, an English artist residing in South Africa, visited the falls, accompanied by Mr. Chapman and Mr. Barry. They remained there about a fortnight. Mr. Baines made a tolerable survey, took numerous photographic views, and made many drawings and sketches, from which he produced half a score of large paintings, representing the falls as seen from various points. These are as yet the only pictures which give anything approaching an adequate idea of Mosioatunya. In 1863, Sir Richard Glyn and his brother, while on a hunting excursion, went to the falls. We are not aware that he has published any account of his visit. Since that time they have been visited by about as many others. In all, they have been seen by about a score of Europeans.



DOCTOR DAVID LIVINGSTONE, THE CELEBRATED AFRICAN EXPLORER.

The Falls of Mosioatunya are situated in about latitude 17 deg. 55 min. S., nearly in the centre of South Africa—that is, of the portion of continent lying south of the equator, and about 700 miles from the eastern coast. To reach them from the nearest African port, requires a journey of nearly 1,000 miles, which can, at present, hardly be accomplished in less than three months, or six months in going and returning, requiring a considerable party of natives to carry food and other necessaries. The route lies hundreds of miles away from those of present African explorers and travelers. Dr. Livingstone, whose object, as he expresses it, "was not to discover objects of nine days' wonder, but to note the climate, the natural productions, the local diseases, the natives and their relations to the rest of the world," devotes less than a score of pages in both of his works to these falls. Mr. Baines has put forth a much fuller account, and it is not probable that anything considerable will, for many years, be added to our present somewhat scanty store of information respecting Mosioatunya.

The Zambesi, which, under several names, crosses nearly the whole breadth of the African Continent from northwest to southeast, will rank among the great rivers of the globe. Its entire length is about 1,500 miles. Its width just above the falls is considerably more than a mile. For about 70 miles below the falls, it runs through a precipitous ravine only a few hundred feet in width. Emerging from this into the low country, it resumes its former width, with a depth, at low water, sufficient for a steamer of moderate draught, interrupted, however, by several difficult rapids. It discharges itself into the Indian Ocean by several mouths, the main channel constantly shifting and being impeded by sand-bars. It is not unlikely that the time will come when the Zambesi will form an important means of access to the vast, fertile, and healthy region of the interior of Southern Africa.

It is probable that at a period geologically modern, but far antedating all human recorded history, the greater part of Southern Africa was an inland sea, larger than all the great lakes of North America put together. This occupied an elevated plateau, slightly depressed toward the centre, with a rim usually of moderate height surrounding it on all sides. In the course of ages this rim was broken through in various places on the eastern and western sides, and through these fissures, which now constitute the channels of several rivers, the great basin was slowly drained. Of the ancient inland sea little remains except the shallow lagoon which we call Lake Ngami, near the former centre. After the drainage of the basin, the Zambesi appears to have flowed for many leagues over a bed of solid basalt, only here and there lightly covered with soil. Then, by some mighty convulsion of nature, this solid basalt was rent asunder directly across the course of the river, forming a deep zig-zag chasm, down which the river plunged, and through which it continued its course for fully fifty miles. The conformation of this chasm constitutes the distinguishing features of the Mosioatunya Falls. The diagram on page 722 exhibits the formation of this chasm in the immediate vicinity of the cataract.

The course of the river is here almost due north and south, and at the falls its width is something more than 1,900 yards, or about one mile and an eighth; a little above it spreads out to about twice that width of perfectly smooth water, dotted here and there by low wooded islands. Directly across the bed of the river is the head of the fissure, running from west to east. Its width at the narrowest place, near the centre, is 75 yards, and about twice as much at the widest part. Its depth, as partly measured and partly estimated by Livingstone, is 360 ft.; but the more accurate measurements of Mr. Baines showed it to be fully 400 ft.—about two and a half times that of the gorge of Niagara, at the falls. Both faces are absolutely perpendicular clear to the bottom. The lower, or southern, boundary of the chasm is a perpendicular wall of black basalt, at one point hardly wide enough for a man to walk along, but expanding in either direction until it reaches a breadth of about 450 ft. The absolute height of this rocky wall is fully twice as great as its average width at the base. About two-thirds of the distance from its western end this wall, here about 200 ft. thick,

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is cut through from top to bottom, forming an outlet for the water. From here the chasm runs at the same depth for about 1,200 yards, almost parallel with its former course. It then bends by an abrupt turn to the east for about 1,000 yards, when it again turns equally abruptly to the west for about 800 yards; and then again, somewhat less abruptly, to the northeast, at an angle of about 40 deg. with its original direction. Beyond this its course has not been explored, but Livingstone thinks it pursues a similar zig-zag course for many leagues beyond. The whole region as yet visited, which cannot be more than a mile in a straight line south from the cataract, is a flat rock with a slightly irregular surface, the cope of each of the five precipices dividing the zig-zags of the chasm being level with the bed of the river above the falls; and there being no elevations near, there is no one point from which any considerable portion of the chasm can be seen at a single view. It is altogether unique in its character, the only one with which we are acquainted at all resembling it being that of Trenton Falls, at Paterson, N. J. Here the smooth Passaic plunges into a narrow rift in the head-rock directly athwart its course, the rift again bending back at a sharp angle almost parallel with its original course, and again turns nearly an opposite direction. But, instead of the two turns of the Passaic, the Zambesi has four, at much sharper angles, the channel being fully ten times as long, and eight times as deep, and the quantity of water probably twenty times as great.

It is hard to imagine by what action of physical force this singular rift through hundreds of feet of solid rock has been produced. It is easy to understand the mode in which the gorge at Niagara has been slowly formed. At the present site of the falls there is, commencing from the top, a stratum of hard gray sandstone about 80 ft. thick, resting upon a stratum of loose shale of the same thickness, which, in turn, rests upon a stratum of reddish sandstone, forming the bottom of the channel below the falls. The shale when exposed to the action of the elements becomes rapidly disintegrated, so that it can be easily dug away with a pickaxe and shovel, and falls out by its own weight, leaving an overhanging mass of the sandstone. When the weight of this overhanging mass becomes too great, it falls down by its own unsupported weight into the chasm below. Table Rock, which, twenty years ago, formed so striking a feature of Niagara, has in this manner disappeared, and it is only a question of a few years as to the time when the gray sandstone which forms the roof of the Cave of the Winds, and over which the water of the Horseshoe Fall now pours, will in like manner fall away. The Falls of Niagara are continually receding, changing not only their position but their form. Sometimes for a number of years these alterations are scarcely perceptible; then a noticeable change may take place in an instant. The earliest known description and delineation of Niagara is that of Father Hennepin in 1678—two centuries ago, lacking two years. His picture and description would scarcely be recognised now as one of Niagara, except from its locality, height, and vast volume of water. The difference between an accurate picture of the Falls to-day and one taken thirty years ago, or even half that time, is very noticeable.

Nothing of this kind can ever have happened at Mosioatunya. That great zig-zag rift must have been cloven at a blow. During the ages since when the waters which have flowed over their level basaltic bed first sank into the newly-opened chasm, scarcely a perceptible change can have taken place. Now and then a rock has been detached from the face of the precipices and fallen into the chasm; the lip of the cataract has been a little abraded, but the opposite sides of the chasm throughout its whole length correspond so closely that they would almost fit to one another if they could be brought together. No part of the gorge has been formed by the action of the river itself, not even the opening through the first wall, for the sides of this are as perpendicular as any other portion. It is evident that the basalt cannot have been forced up in a molten state, and the rent caused by its contraction in cooling. If the dislocation were caused by a slow elevation, as though one should fracture a long narrow slip of glass, by pushing from below while the ends were firmly held down, it is not conceivable how the fracture should have taken this zig-zag shape, leaving such long narrow pieces projecting from the unbroken mass on either side, as shown in the diagram. If one were to take a thick sheet of paper, holding one end in each hand, and give a sudden pull sufficiently strong to partially pull it asunder, the rent might assume something of this shape provided the sheet were not of homogeneous texture, but a little weaker in one part than another; but we cannot conceive in what manner such a force could have been applied to a stratum of solid basalt hundreds, perhaps thousands, of feet in thickness. For the present, at least, we must consider the mode of the formation of the chasm of Mosioatunya an unsolved problem.

No civilized man has seen these falls except in the dry season, when the water was at its lowest. It is not then sufficient to form a continuous cataract over the entire length of the edge of the chasm. But the indications are that in the wet season the floor rises from ten to sixteen feet, and then the water, in volume probably not less than that of Niagara, will pour over in a continuous sheet from end to end, interrupted only by two small islands, like Goat and Luna Islands, at Niagara, rising at the very brink of the

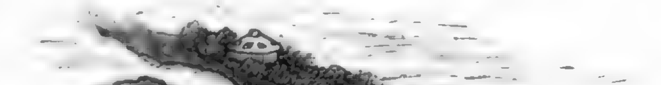

DIAGRAM OF THE FALLS OF MOSIOATUNYA.

1 The Zambesi above the Falls, nearly 6,000 feet wide. 2. The small western fall, "Leaping Water." 3. Boaruka Island. 4. The great western or main fall, 2,700 feet wide. 5. Garden Island. 6. The eastern fall, 2,500 feet wide, broken into separate cataracts. 7. The chasm, 6,000 feet long, 400 feet deep, and from 225 to 450 feet wide. 8. The southern wall of the chasm, broken through to form an outlet for the water. 9. The zig-zag gorge, 400 feet deep, with perpendicular sides. 10. The first eastern promontory. 11. The western promontory, somewhat broken down at its extremity. 12. The second eastern promontory, beyond which the course of the gorge has not been explored.

chasm, which divide the whole into three separate falls, all of the same height—about 400 ft. The first of these, called by Mr. Baines, "The Leaping Waters," at the western extremity, is a little more than 100 ft. wide. Separated from this by the wooded islet of Boaruka, is the great western or main fall, about 2,700 ft., a little more than half a mile wide, broken about midway by a projecting rock. Then comes Garden Island, so called by Livingstone, on account of his having planted a little garden there on his first hurried visit. Beyond, and eastward of Garden Island, is the eastern fall, something more than half a mile broad. When Livingstone was there the river was at its very lowest ebb, and a considerable part of the bed at this portion was dry, the water descending in a score of separate falls. When Baines was there the water was apparently somewhat higher; but his picture of that portion of the cataract which can be seen from the second promontory through the rift in the wall, represents the fall as considerably broken.

At high flood it may be presumed that the falling water has the appearance of that of the Canadian fall at Niagara; but as actually seen it more resembles that of the American fall, only having more than twice as far to descend it is far more broken up into spray. Charles Livingstone, the only man, we suppose, who has ever seen both Niagara and Mosioatunya, says: "The whole body of water in the great western fall rolls clean over quite unbroken; but after a descent of a few feet the entire mass suddenly becomes like a huge sheet of driven snow. Pieces of water leap off from it in the form of comets, with tails streaming behind, till the whole snowy sheet becomes myriads of rushing, leaping, aqueous comets, each with a train of pure white vapor, racing down till lost in clouds of spray, a peculiarity which I had not observed at Niagara." This vast mass of water plunging down into so deep and narrow a chasm carries with it a large amount of air, which, condensed by the pressure, rebounds by its own elasticity and rushes up loaded with vapor. This sometimes, as shown in Livingstone's sketch, assumes the form of eight or ten distinct columns. Mr. Baines in one of his pictures shows these at sunrise condensed into one, looking like a huge wheat-sheaf rising, as measured by the sextant, to a height of eight hundred feet above the top of the cataract, its spreading palm-like top swaying gently hither and thither in the breeze. This column is not dispersed like smoke, but condensed into drops descends, almost upon the spot whence it rose, in the form of perpetual rain; which clothes the tops of the adjacent cliffs, for a few rods, with a lush vegetation of moisture-loving plants. Beyond the reach of this perennial rain the rocks are thinly overgrown with mimosas and other vegetation, which require little moisture. This smoke-like column, which, according to Mr. Baines, has been seen from a distance of more than fifty miles, conjoined with the loud noise of the falls, has given rise to the poetic name Mosi-oa-tunya, literally "Smoke-there-sounds," by which the Makololos, who have recently taken partial possession of the region, designate the cataract. The ancient name was Seongo or Congwe, signifying, according to Livingstone, "The Rainbow" or "The Place of Rainbows," from the double, triple, or even quadruple concentric rainbows which form a striking characteristic of the scene. For these names Livingstone, with more than questionable taste, proposes to substitute "Victoria Falls," in honor of the Queen of England—a change which we trust will not be adopted.

The water which falls into the chasm along its whole length of more than a mile finds its exit only through the vent in the southern wall, at about one third of the distance from the eastern end. This outlet is not more than 70 or 80 yards wide. To this only outlet the water rushes from both directions, forming a whirlpool. Escaped from this, the waters glide with apparent smoothness through the narrow, zig-zag channel, presenting an appearance like those of Niagara as they emerge from the whirlpool some three miles below the cataract. "I use the word 'glide,'" says Livingstone, "wishing to convey the idea that the river, although so torn, tossed, and buffeted in the fall chasm, slips round the points of the promontories with a resistless flow, unbroken save by a peculiar churning, eddying motion. This gives the impression that the cliff must be prodigiously deep to allow all the waters poured into it to pass so untumultuously away."

Above the falls, until within half a mile of their brink, the water is perfectly still and quiet. Here commence the rapids, but so comparatively gentle are they, that the natives descend in their long, narrow canoes down to Garden Island, on the verge of the chasm, and projecting a little into it, from the edge of which one can lean forward and look sheer down to the very bottom of the abyss. They also reascend the rapids by rowing and poleing, with little apparent danger, although the ascent and descent require a quick eye, firm hand, and dexterous management of the frail canoe. Every one of the travelers who has visited the falls has made the trip to the island. The clumsy hippopotamus is often seen disporting in the rapids. These ungainly beasts destroyed the little garden planted upon the island by Dr. Livingstone. Upon one of the trees are his initials, cut by his own hand on the day of his discovery of the falls, the only memorial of the kind made by him in all his long African journeys.

Niagara is the only cataract between which and Mosioatunya any fair comparison can be instituted. The American falls have the great advantage over the African that there are innumerable points from which almost the whole can be taken in at a glance, although every view presents some striking features peculiar to itself. The innumerable aspects of the fall from the top of the banks on either side of the gorge, and from their feet, made accessible by artificial aid, are known all the world over by pictures and photographs. Mosioatunya can be seen only by piecemeal. It is only by mentally combining the separate features, by the aid of the bird's-eye diagram drawn up in perspective from actual surveys and measurements, all the while bearing in mind the immense depth of the narrow gorge, that one can gain anything approaching an adequate conception of the falls as a whole. Thousands of men and women every year descend to the bottom of the Niagara gorge, and look up to the descending mass of water, or bathe their brows in the seething whirlpool. No living man or beast has ever descended a score of yards down the gorge of Mosioatunya, or stood upon the edge of its resistless waters. A striking, to to our minds the most striking, view of Niagara is not seen by one in five hundred of the visitors to the falls. It is obtained from the top of the high wooded bluff on the Canadian bank, about a mile above the cataract. This is far finer than the one from either of the observatories. From this point one looks down along the whirling rapids over the plunge, and down the two miles of the gorge until it is hidden by the bend near the whirlpool. The eye takes in at a glance the picturesque curve of the entire fall. The outline is almost precisely that of a delicate human ear, the Canadian fall forming the upper lobe, the American fall the lower one, while the smooth basin answers to the orifice of the ear. The outline of the Mosioatunya cataract is almost a straight line, although enough broken at points to preserve it from monotony. The picture in Livingstone's "Missionary Travels" presents, after all, little more than a gigantic mill-dam. The rapids above the falls, and the beautiful islands which stud them, which form so picturesque a feature of Niagara, are almost entirely wanting at Mosioatunya; but the lack of these may be considered to be made up for by the magnificent vapory

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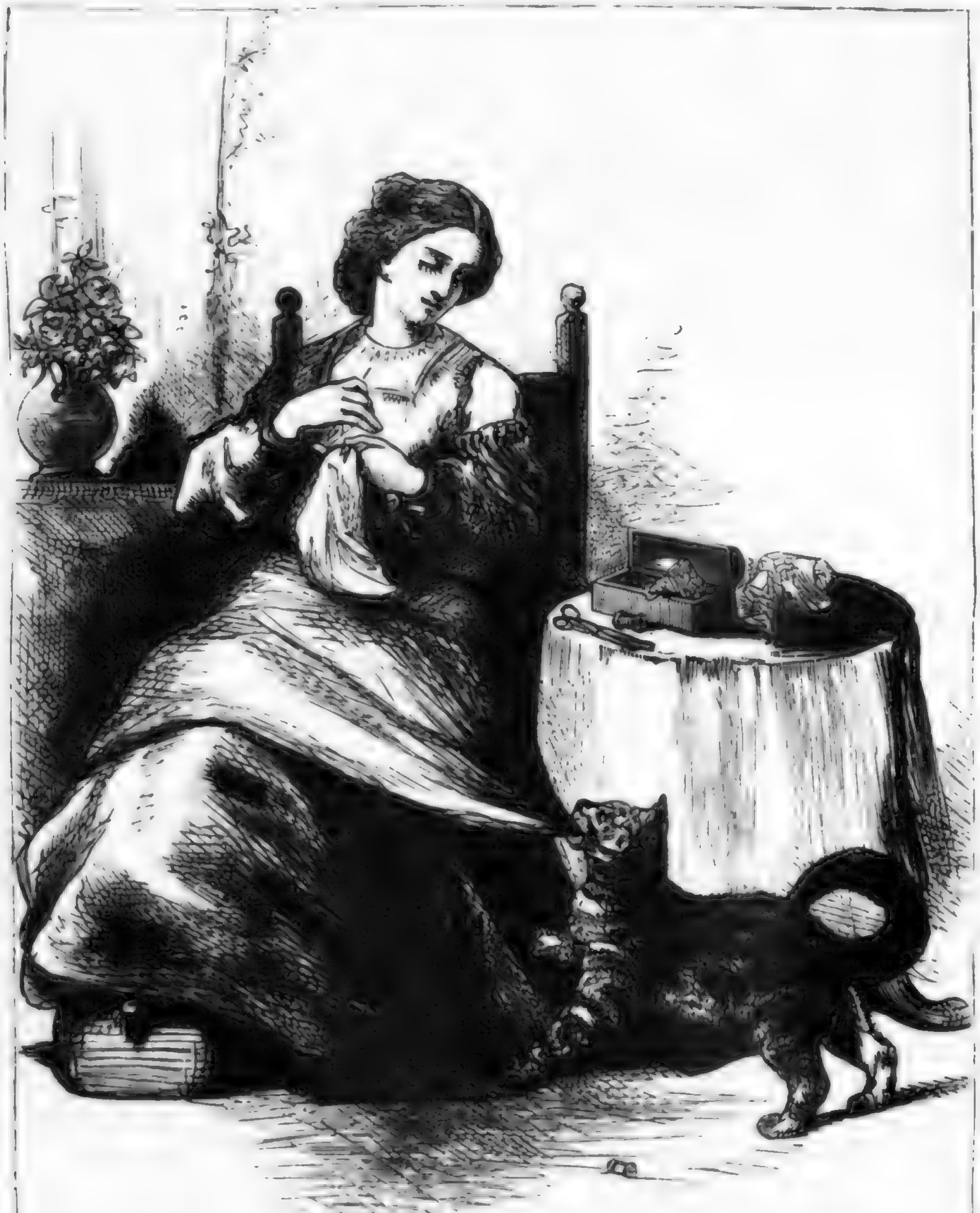
column of which Niagara has only a feeble representative. Niagara would certainly lose if the rapids were taken away, and then 50 feet of descent added to the 160 of the cataract itself. So we could well spare 50 of the 400 feet of the perpendicular descent of Mosioatunya if we could slope it back into a rapid of a mile or two. Except during the three months of the year when the Zambesi is at its flood, the volume of water is far exceeded by the scarcely varying flow of Niagara; and at no time can Mosioatunya present the solid green mass of water which plunges over the Horse-shoe Fall at Niagara. At flood time the two main cataracts more nearly resemble the American Falls of Niagara, only they are two or three times as broad and high. We think the cataract itself of Niagara more magnificent than that of Mosioatunya; while the immense gorge of Mosioatunya is more impressive than that of Niagara. Charles Livingstone, the only man who has ever seen both the American and the African cataract, and neither of them but partially, gives the preference to Mosioatunya; but to whichever of them the first place should be accorded, there can be no question that the second place of all upon the globe must be assigned to the other. But while around one, civilization is gradually clustering, the other reigns in almost uninhabited solitude.

THE CAT THAT SAVED THE BABY.

"A circumstance happened in my own neighborhood a few years ago," says Mr. Palmer, "the truth of which I cannot doubt, as it was related to me by a person who was a spectator of the occurrence. The mistress of the house was sitting by the fire, when the cat came to her, and looking up in her face, mewed most piteously. At first, being engaged, she paid no attention to it; but the cat was not to be discouraged by this neglect; she continued her cries, going toward the door, and then returning to the lady in the greatest agitation. These actions were so often repeated, and in such an expressive manner, that she felt curious to know the cause of such uneasiness, though she was reluctant to leave her seat till the cat, extending her claws, *pulled her by the apron*. She could no longer resist the importunity of the distressed animal. She rose and followed her conductor into the small wash-house, where some tubs, partly filled with water, were standing, into one of which the child, nearly two years old, had fallen, and was in danger of drowning. This intelligent cat saved the child's life, and in this instance showed a degree of attachment superior to that commonly observed in her kind. Yet, on the removal of the family some time afterward, she could not be retained in their new habitation; but, in spite of their precaution, returned to her former abode."

A curious instance this of love of home overruling the love of persons in an animal possessed of a fine perception of the relation subsisting between her and her mistress.



THE CAT THAT SAVED THE BABY.—"THOUGH SHE WAS RELUCTANT TO LEAVE HER SEAT, STILL THE CAT PULLED HER BY THE APRON."

Nothing is more unpleasing than to find that offense has been received where none was intended, and that pain has been given to those who were not guilty of any provocation. As the great end of society is mutual beneficence, a good man is always uneasy when he finds himself acting in opposition to the purposes of life; because, though his conscience may easily acquit him of *malice prepense*, of settled hatred, or contrivances of mischief, yet he seldom can be certain that he has not failed by negligence or indolence, that he has not been hindered from consulting the common interest by too much regard to his own ease, or too much indifference to the happiness of others. The worst of all is that it is difficult, often impossible, to appease the angry feelings inadvertently aroused.

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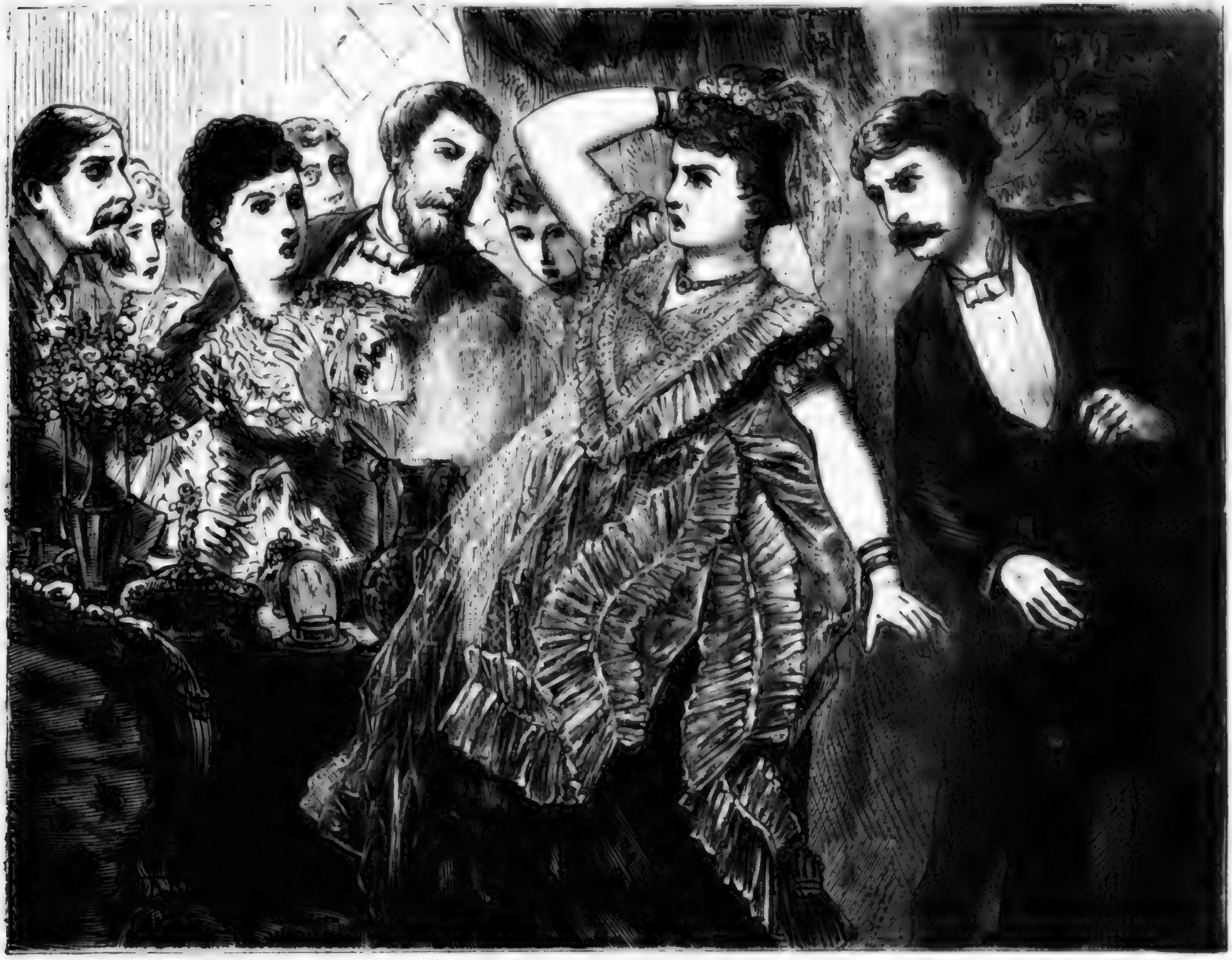


A VASE OF GOLD.—"A PUFF OF WREATHING SMOKE, AN EXPLOSION, AND THE DEATH-BOLT, HIDDEN IN THE VASE OF GOLD, HAD PIERCED HER BRAIN."

A VASE OF GOLD.

THE old Greer mansion of Hawkeshome stood high above the sea. The ocean-winds beat upon it, and the white curling waves leapt about it; but, unstirred and haughty as the proverbial Greer pride, it stood frowning upon the surrounding landscape.

The race were English.

Hawkeshome had been built after the old ancestral home in England, where the Greers had lived in wealth and pride for centuries. The old family mansion had been burned and pillaged in the reign of King Oliver; but the American Hawkeshome, with its solid masonry and old trees, twisted by the sea-winds, seemed as aged and stable as its ancestral model.

Here generations of the family had lived and died. Here, at the time my story opens, dwelt Professor Saville Greer, Llewellyn, his son, and Raphaella, his little daughter. The lovely mother had long since crossed the dark river. The little girl was supplied with a governess—a quiet, pale-faced girl—Celeste Grey. Plain, unpretending, she seemed at first sight almost out of place in that abode of vaulted roofs and art-rich panels, with grace and luxury at every side; but the dead mother had known the spirit that hid in that small breast—pure, great for sacrifice, sweet with love. She had, as it were, breathed an inspiration, and said:

"For my sake, treat Celeste Grey as a daughter and sister. I trust all the future of my little child to her—my motherless daughter whom I must leave."

So, for five years she had dwelt with them, homeless but for that stately roof—appreciated, cherished by the proud Greers, who were said to care for no living thing but their own blue-blooded kin.

But, necessarily, Celeste Grey's life was a lonely one. The old professor was devoted to scientific pursuits, and spent the most of his time in his laboratory. His mind was abstracted, his manner reserved. If aroused from his silent habit, he was paternal, kind; but it was generally understood in the family that demands upon the attention, and intrusion upon the time, of the professor were not desired. He lived the life of a recluse.

The care of the vast Greer property had been early left to the care of his son Llewellyn.

A frank, mercurial, ardent spirit, with a brow of light, a heart of courage, Llewellyn Greer was the personification of the better family qualities. Generations of culture and cool blood had established his brave, bright Apollo aspect. An unusual executive ability rendered him master of the situation early made his by the distaste of his father for business transactions and the duties of wealth. Though much absent from home, he was, to all practical effects, the master of Hawkeshome.

Celeste, therefore, was left alone with her little charge—Rae, they called her—a beautiful child, eight or nine years old.

But only a child. A bright, sensitive thing, with eyes of angelic innocence, and a smile of willful naughtiness; a witch, a sprite, a pet; the pride of her father, the plaything of her brother. To Celeste was left the formation of this child's character. Faithful, patient heart! Safely had the mother trusted in Celeste Grey.

On this Winter of which I write, Hawkeshome was unusually quiet. Llewellyn was away—abroad on a three months stay in London. With him the cheer of the house was gone. Rae's piano and the almost noiseless passing of the soft-footed servants were the only sounds of the great, rich, silent mansion.

At a window Celeste could hear the lashing of the tempestuous sea. Far away it spread, tossing its white caps, salt and cold. The gulls piped over. Distant sails seemed shivering and fleeing before the blasts.

Celeste went to the library one day, for a book. The old professor looked up from his manuscripts.

"My dear, I hope Llewellyn will not think of returning until the Spring opens."

The winds whistled vindictively about the towers of Hawkeshome. It seemed eloquent with menace to Celeste at that moment.

"I hope not," she murmured, in response.

She went up to her chamber. Llewellyn's dog, Marquise, who always attached himself to her in his master's absence, lay stretched on the crimson rug before the fire. He rose, went to the window, looked out over the stormy water, and whined.

Rae, curled up on a lounge, with a book of fairy tales, looked up.

"He is afraid something will happen to Llewellyn," she said, in a soft, grave tone, peculiar to her at times.

It was the otherwise unspoken fear of the household.

But at last they had a letter from him that he should not embark until the last of April.

An absence of two months longer than was expected.

Celeste Grey's gentle lips turned white with disappointment. And yet she did not know her own heart. She was lonely, she thought; the dismal weather oppressed her, when the tears *would* come. As she wore her pale face, old Temperance Darrah, the housekeeper—the only one who suspected her secret—looked at her sharply.

"Always love, love, when one is young," she muttered. She was a strange, silent old creature, but faithful to her master's family.

Celeste had a vision one night. It was not a dream; it was a single face which appeared and haunted her after she was awake and had risen—a woman's face, young, ruby-lipped, broad-lidded, with trailing, vine-like hair, and polished, voluptuous shoulders.

"No human being was ever so beautiful," she said to herself, and then turned to the mirror of her dressing-table with an earnest look. Her reflection gazed back at her with intentness—pale, plain. No, that earnest face had little beauty.

"I should love to be beautiful," murmured Celeste.

The Winter broke at last. The sea glittered in the April sunshine. The marshes took on a faint green. Gay carriage-loads of pleasure-seekers rolled across the beach. Rae begged to bathe in the surf, which was not yet warm enough. Celeste eagerly examined the newspapers, looking for the arrival of the *Europa*.

At length it was announced.

But that night there came, also, a secret messenger to Hawkeshome. The icy fingers of Death touched the pulsations of Professor Greer's heart as he slept, and in the morning the household looked upon the still form and pallid cheek, appalled!

The sole daughter of the house clung, scared, silent, and appealing, to Celeste. It was her first understood experience with death. She had been too young to understand when she lost her mother. Celeste wept with her, and the house of death awaited the coming of Llewellyn Greer.

Marquise, the old hound, after sniffing at the cold hand of the master of Hawkeshome, and looking into face after face of the distressed family, disappeared.

He waited all night at the railroad station, ten miles distant, and came back in the carriage with his master. The news did not meet Llewellyn until his arrival there. He had telegraphed to them from New York of the train he would take.

The telegram had been addressed to his father. He arrived to learn of that father's lifelessness.

The awed and agitated servant told him blunderingly. The young man faced him sternly.

"Bob, what are you talking about? You are drunk!"

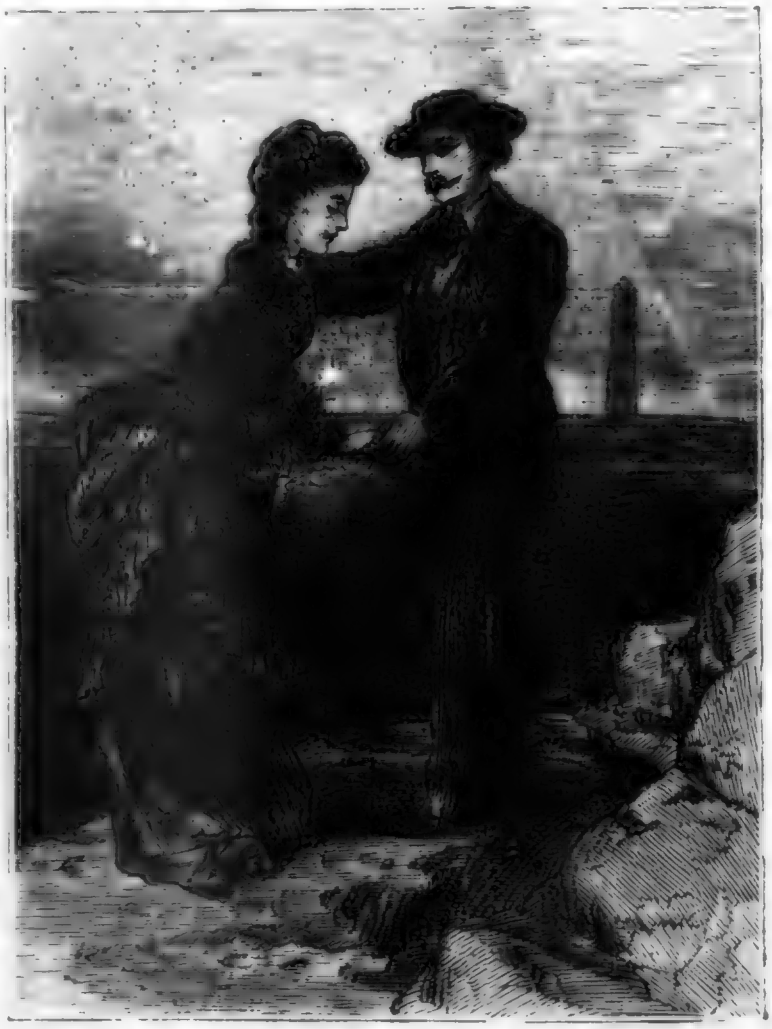
"Swear to hebben I ain't, sah! It's true enuf! Marse Saville's gone to his Almighty rest, and de family's all waitin' fur you to come home, an' tell 'em what to do."

Llewellyn saw the tears in the eyes of the white-headed old servitor. The shock was so great that he turned physically sick, and, falling among the cushions of the carriage, silently motioned for Bob to drive homeward.

Pushing away the trembling dog which fawned upon him, he alighted at the door, held open by another half-frightened servant.

As soon as he stepped forth in the hall, they all crowded about him—men, women and children. But, for the first time, they saw him utterly unmanned. Taking his little sister in his arms, he bowed his face upon her golden hair, and wept. For the great Greer love was strong as the Greer pride.

By-and-by he obtained command of himself. The duties



A VASE OF GOLD.—"'FLORE, YOU DID LOVE ME!'"

of the situation were assumed; and on the following day all that was mortal of Professor Greer was laid in the family resting-place.

Little Rae's grief was so deep, for her years, that Celeste gave her unceasing attention. She left her sleeping, at last, and stole down into the dim library. A white Minerva gleamed in a corner; there was a glimmer of gold along the book-shelves; the air was scented with the faint fragrance of Russia leather. Face downward on a sofa lay Llewellyn Greer.

She spoke his name. He sprang up.

He drew her to the sofa. As the child had done, he twined his arms around her, pressed his cheek against hers. With unutterable tenderness she comforted him. Such griefs were old to her. All, to the last one, of *her* household gods had been laid low. She knew by heart such sorrow. Tenderly as a sister she pressed her cool palms upon Llewellyn's throbbing temples—soothed, with her pure magnetism, the strain of excited feeling. By-and-by the clock struck eleven. Llewellyn sat up.

"Dear little Celeste, what a comfort you have ever been to us all!"

A soft light from an alabaster globe in the hall stole in on them.

"But you are looking ill and tired. I must not keep you up," he added.

"But, Llewellyn, you must not lie here grieving all night."

"No; I will retire."

He looked down at her fondly, and let her go.

She slept sweetly that night. A sense of peace hung over her when she arose and stood before the mirror of her dressing-room, brushing out her long hair.

There came a little rap at the door—Temperance Darrah's little rap.

"Come in!" called Celeste.

"Thought I would come up and see if you were sick, Miss Grey," said the old creature.

"No; I am very well," Celeste answered.

Mrs. Darrah gathered up some soiled towels—pushed the *jardinière* of tulips into the sunlight—caught the reflection of Celeste's face in the glass.

"Thought you *might* be—up so late last night."

Something in the tone brought a sudden red to Celeste's cheek. She turned about, fixed a surprised, questioning look through the vail of her hair, upon her visitor. Old Temperance looked back, meaningly.

"What do you mean?" asked Celeste. "What do you mean, Mrs. Darrah?"

"Well, Miss Grey, I don't expect any thanks for what I'm going to say—not me. I expect you'll be angry with me; but I think it's my duty to warn you, 'cause I'm old and you're young, and don't know much of the evil of this world. You was sitting alone with young Mr. Llewellyn last night till past eleven o'clock. Now, I know you are a good, innocent girl—too good to *think* of harm, unless others would swear to it; but 'tain't every one believes in human natur' as I do; and I must—I *must* warn you, Miss Grey, that you can't go on living in this way with Mr. Llewellyn, now his father's dead. You'll lose your character. 'Tain't proper!"

"But—but," stammered Celeste, "this is my *home!* I have no other. The professor has been dear as a father to me; and there's Rae——"

"Yes; but you ain't her sister, and you ain't Mr. Llewellyn's sister; and I've my thoughts about your loving him as a sister. Now, you needn't turn so white, or blush, either—folks can't help the voice of natur'; I don't cast no blame on you for that, and I *can* keep a still tongue; but there'll have to be a change made, if your good is taken care of. And, now, if you're a sensible girl, as I think, and will listen to the caution of a well-meaning old woman, you will bear me no ill-will, but just take care of yourself, though I should miss you out of the house sadly—I should, indeed, my dear."

Celeste could not speak for the beating of her heart and the choking of her throat. She turned silently to the mirror, mechanically arranging her hair, and Mrs. Darrah slipped out.

When Celeste came down, Llewellyn had had an early breakfast, and driven away on business to the next town. Little Rae, exhausted by grief, still slept.

The Spring sunshine came softly in at the windows, all the bright, luxurious house was beautiful, but Celeste wandered in the rich rooms with a sick heart. Every familiar and perfect object tortured her; her heart ached with dread and terror and unspeakable misery, and so the wretched morning passed.

They had told her that Llewellyn would not be back until night. She longed for his coming, and yet, dreaded to see him. What should she say to him? Where was she to go? And then, with a throb of wild joy, she realized that he would never, never consent to her leaving Hawkeshome—she felt that she was dear to him, dearer than she dared acknowledge; the remembrance of his voice, his caressing hold, upon the previous night, thrilled her heart with a momentary warmth and comfort. Yes, he must know what old Temperance had said; but that he would wish her to go, she did not for a moment believe. But then came the conviction that Llewellyn Greer, unmanned by grief, was not the one to appeal to—to take counsel with.

"*Should* I go away now, that there may be no tempting when he comes, and is kind, sad, and needing me?" she murmured, pressing her face against a pane, and looking off over the mocking, bright waters.

Everything without was so bright and glad!

Suddenly a hand was laid upon her shoulder. She glanced up. Llewellyn Greer looked steadily down into her face.

"They have been talking to you, the fools!" he said. "Celeste, you are looking wretchedly. What is the matter? Tell me the truth."

She tried to speak; the words stopped in her throat.

"I know," he said. "I thought, and came home, though I had business which might have detained me until night. Celeste, I can only say one thing; will you stay here as my wife?"

A rush of blinding emotion made her giddy. She sank into the cushioned armchair beside her, and buried her face in her little hands.

"For I cannot let you go, dear Celeste."

He bent close, and kissed those little hands. Ah! so tender, so good, so beautiful! No wonder she worshiped him.

But she looked up at last, heavy-eyed, with quivering lips.

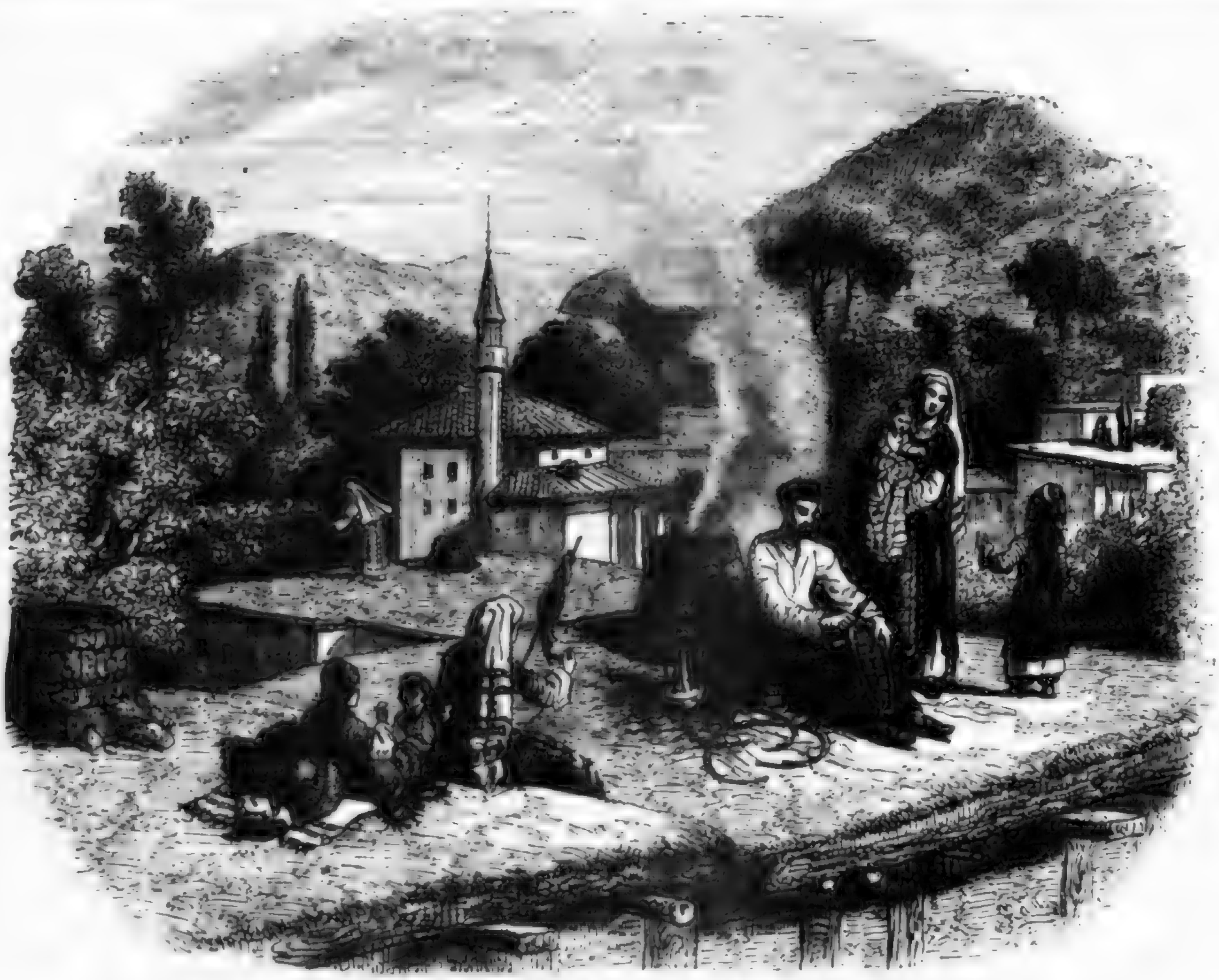
"No; don't say that, Llewellyn. Because I am old and poor and plain—only a governess. And you are—a Greer, the noblest one of a proud family. Your father would wish me dead if he knew you said such words to me. Is there not some other way we can plan it? For I *do* not wish to go!"

Her face fell into her hands again. Her voice had broken upon the last word, and sobs shook her delicate form from head to foot.

"Celeste, it is I who am not fit for you," was his only answer.

He held her in his arms, and kissed all of her face that was not hid. Lovely little heart—the temptation was too great. She yielded inch by inch—clung to him at last, giving kiss for kiss.

"Only a year older than I. That is not very venerable, Celeste," he said, with a smile.



HOUSE-TOPS IN A TARTAR VILLAGE.—SEE PAGE 731.

The engagement was to be kept secret for the present, and a plan to fulfill this purpose was made.

Llewellyn was to send for an aunt in the South, Mrs. Walford, a widow.

"Aunt Heloise has been twice married—first to a Deslonde, of Baltimore. She has one child, whom I have never seen—a daughter, I believe," said Llewellyn. "They will readily come here, for the sake of relationship, the sea-air, and change."

A letter was sent. Without delay, the Walfords arrived at Hawkeshome.

Mrs. Heloise had all the worst qualities of the Greers. She was brilliant, arrogant, suave, selfish. She dressed like a queen, and had a temper like a spoiled child. With all this, she was a good housekeeper, for the servants were afraid of her, and dared not disobey.

She instantly took the reins at Hawkeshome, and drove all before her.

Flore, her daughter, was beautiful, elegant, just seventeen years old. Quiet, with almond-shaped eyes, and an indolent smile.

"Isn't she beautiful?" asked Llewellyn, coming to Celeste in the window that night, his eyes full of surprised delight.

"Your cousin—yes." Then she added, softly: "I wish I were pretty, Llewellyn."

"*You?*" with a look of surprise. "It would *spoil* you!" and he laughed aloud, kissed her lightly, and went back to the others.

He was much more with them than with her, since it was necessarily part of the programme they had worked out.

Still, as time passed, Mrs. Walford found occasion to say:

"My dear Llewellyn, you treat Rae's governess with marked consideration."

"I was not aware that my attentions were observable," was the careless answer.

"A very plain girl. I am fond of pretty servants—it is one of my idiosyncrasies," observed the lady.

"We value Celeste for her worth, and her devotion fo Rae," replied Llewellyn.

"Homely people generally are very good," returned Mrs. Walford. "Flore is going down on the rocks to see the sunset. Will you take her shawl, Llewellyn?"

He sprang up, and Celeste, still sitting at the window, saw the two going over the illumined rocks. For one little moment she regretted her stipulation—that the engagement should be held secret.

"No, it is better not to be stared at—commented on. I am just as happy," though Flore's laugh came back, enticingly. "By-and-by——"

Rae had come to the foot-stool at her feet, and fallen asleep, with her head in her lap, before the two figures came sauntering over the rocks in the purple twilight. But there was light enough for her to mark thoughtfully how perfectly suited to each other the young, graceful, patrician figures were. She had never observed this before, though they had been much together.

But Celeste Grey had no fear, because she believed that Llewellyn Greer loved her. For years she had been dear to him. The pretty face of his cousin pleased his fancy—nothing more.

She rolled Rae's curls over her fingers, still looking out into the fragrant night, all quiet save the waves lapping the cliffs unceasingly. Suddenly—on the rocks—she saw a man's figure.

A young man—heated, perhaps, by the ascent, for he was fanning himself with his straw hat. His form was youthful, elegant. He leaned negligently against a tree—one of the wind-twisted old trees peculiar to the spot—and Celeste thought she could see that the head was Byronic, the hair black and curling.

Soon she awoke Rae, and led her to her nurse. Then she slipped out on the wide south stone terrace. Llewellyn would find her out for a little moment's talk. To say good-night—to retail some little happening of the day in confidence—to ask softly if she were happy—to put a loving hand again on her silken hair.

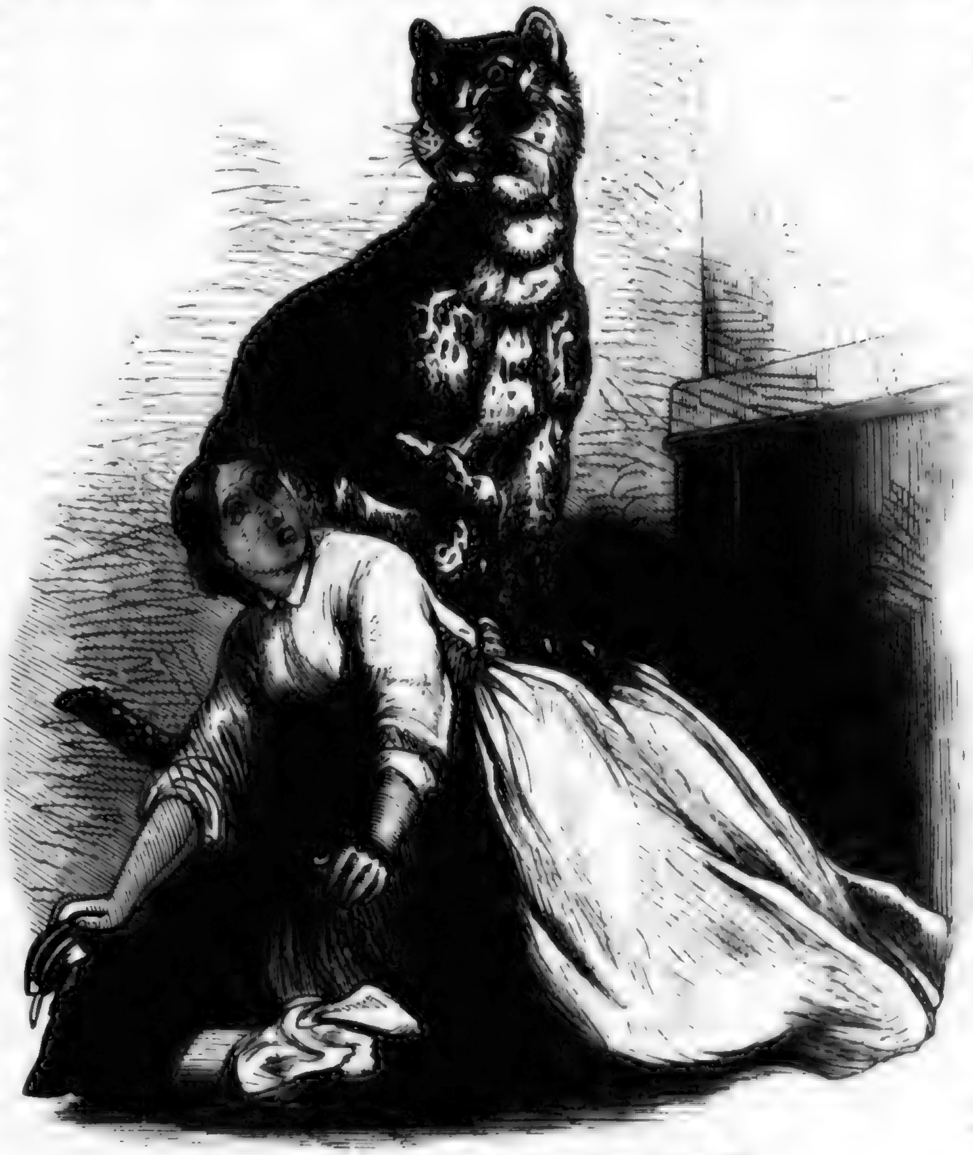
But before he came a faint, silvery whistle stole through the darkness. Then a white dress rustled softly past her, glimmered on the terrace-steps, disappeared among the trees.

"Who was that?" asked Llewellyn, suddenly, at her side.

"I do not know. Perhaps it was a servant."

"It may be that it was; but—but I thought I observed the perfume that Flore uses. And now, little one, how has the day gone?"

Celeste hardly knew the name of intrigue. How should she guess the truth — that the waiting stranger was Flore's lover, nephew to her mother—Gaspard Deslonde—and forbidden her. A young, reckless Southerner. Mrs. Walford had gladly come North to separate Flore from him. All her ambition for this world—or the next—was centred in her daughter.



A TAME PANTHER MAKING TOO FREE.—SEE PAGE 731.

Celeste spent one happy hour with Llewellyn Greer. How long it was before she knew another!

Flore Walford, like most people, dreaded her mother's furious temper. She was frightened when, standing at her chamber-window, on her return from her walk with Llewellyn—her cousin—she heard Gaspard Deslonde's signal-call, and knew that he had followed her from The Limes to Hawkeshome. She rushed down to meet him, and, trembling with excitement, met his glad, glittering eyes.

"My darling!" snatching her in his arms, and rapturously kissing her.

"Oh, but, Gaspard, you should not have come here! And you have a cigar, too! Pray put it out, or mamma will see it—and my white dress! Let us go further away from the house. Why *did* you come here, Gaspard?"

"Why? Because I love you, my beautiful."

"But mamma, if she finds it out, will be dreadful. She will storm at me—beat me, almost. And you must give up hoping anything of me, Gaspard. Mamma never will allow me to speak to you if she can help it."

He knew she was in earnest, for she trembled with agitation.

"It's chilly here—I must not stay," she murmured.

"And you will go without a kiss, a word of love?" he cried, passionately. "Flore, you *did* love me! Those evenings last Summer——"

"Yes, yes!" she answered, nervously. "But I didn't think. And there is no use in caring now. I can't marry you. Mamma always conquers me. I might as well do as she wants me to, first as last. Oh, Gaspard, don't look at me so! You break my heart!" and then she burst out crying, in the darkness.

It was midnight before she stole back into the house, exhausted with emotion.

Early the next morning, Mrs. Walford's standing quarrel with old Temperance Darrah broke out at some new provocation, fancied or real, and Flore's pale face and languid movements escaped her mother's notice. But Celeste observed that Flore's exquisite cheeks had a soft pallor, and that she ate little breakfast. Yet she saw it only to watch wistfully that beautiful face, and to wish for a little, only a little, of that perfection of contour.

That evening Mrs. Walford called Flore into her dressing-room.

"Shut the door, my dear, and lock it," not observing her daughter's quick breath. "I hope the walls haven't ears, as they say. You may do my hair to-night, instead of Rosa. Flore, I want to talk with you. What do you think of Hawkeshome?"

Flore's first thought was that her meeting with Deslonde had been detected. She slipped behind her mother's chair, threading out her black braids with slim, unsteady fingers. But her secret was undiscovered. Mrs. Walford's thoughts were on another track.

"Superb, isn't it?—the old place. You never saw anything like it, did you, Flore?—though The Limes is pronounced a fine estate. But this is like the old English home of my ancestors. And Llewellyn is wealthy. I may as well tell you, my dear, that we are *not*. Your father's habits—well, they made bad work of my property. We have only the place, our home, and if war comes, as is threatened, we shall be absolute beggars. How do you like your cousin Llewellyn?"

"He is nicer than any one who comes to see us at The Limes."

"Certainly he is. I am glad you have sense enough to see it, Flore, since he is worth several hundred thousand dollars, and can keep his wife like a princess."

The cool, pink dressing-room was full of the scent of rose-water. Flore's marvelous eyes looked thoughtful as her mother could desire.

"There must be a mistress here, of course. Why not *you?*" continued Mrs. Walford. "My dear, my hair is just dripping with that rose-water! What *are* you doing? As I was saying, Llewellyn must have a wife, and though *he* probably does not give much thought to the subject, *yet*, here we are in the house, and you know your attractions, Flore. There, that will do. I think I have said enough for the present. Rosa makes the braids a little closer, but it will do. Go to bed now, and wear your rose-colored cashmere in the morning. You are looking pale, now I look at you. That insolent Darrah woman has insulted me so to-day——"

Flore escaped. She went to her own room. Yes, Mrs. Walford had said enough.

Celeste was passing through the hall as a gust of wind blew Flore's chamber-door open. The latter was standing before the long cheval-mirror, triumphing in her own beauty. Her white loose robe had slipped from her polished shoulders—the wax light was striking her ruby lips, broad lids, and clinging, tendril hair.

"My dream!" murmured Celeste, with a start.

The thought of marriage with Llewellyn was not alone Mrs. Walford's; the deliberate intention was. But Flore followed her lead, and adopted that readily. At her age, Heloise Greer had had the same voluptuous, easily-swayed temperament which her daughter now possessed.

And now no wonder that Llewellyn Greer ceased to remember that there were such things as death and sorrow in the world. All that two attractive women could do to make his life a paradise was done. And all the good cheer, the music, the gayety, circled about Flore's beautiful figure; her presence lent the most potent charm to every hour. To this end she lived. She was fired with ambition, and her mother artfully fanned the flame. She spread before her glowing pictures of her future, as it would be when she dwelt at Hawkeshome, its mistress. She pointed out changes to be made—a hothouse added (to supply flowers for evening parties), a terrace raised here, a rockery made there, until the wish to become the mistress of Hawkeshome grew with Flore into a passion. She studied her powers, her charms, as never before. Rapidly she developed from a weak, idle, beautiful girl, into a handsome woman of bold passions and bad principles.

Celeste felt the presence of evil. There was that in Mrs. Walford's hard, black eyes, in her daughter's flush of loveliness, that gave to her sensitive heart the alarm. She drew Rae into closer companionship, while a profound astonishment filled her that Llewellyn did not see as she saw.

Day by day she beheld them flatter him, blind him, win him from her pure influence and tender love. Warn him she could not; reproach him she would not. A month, six weeks, and she saw him so changed as to be utterly infatuated and in love with his lovely young cousin.

"He never loved me!" said her aching heart.

She believed that he had felt for her only pity, kindness, and that it was but fitting that one younger and more beautiful should win him from her. But a sense of void and desolation began to crush her. She strove to be patient—to be true to herself—to let no anger or bitterness stain her soul; but ever a shrill voice within her seemed calling: "Cruel! cruel!"

If she had made an effort to counteract the Walford influence! for she had more power than she knew. But she had no disposition to make such an attempt. She was humble, and yet proud, in her way.

The long, lonely evenings that came to her while the sound of piano and guitar rose up from below! The confused, miserable days, in which even the child in her care noticed that she had no heart in the lessons once so carefully given.

A crisis came at last. She was alone in the school-room, when there came a light knock at the door. It was pushed open, and Llewellyn Greer entered.

She rose up, pale, her eyes dilating with surprise.

"Celeste!"

He came and took her hand kindly; she felt that that was all. His blooming face had in it a look of concern, little of deeper feeling. She pointed to a seat, sank into another, knowing that all hope was gone.

"I wish to talk with you, Celeste. You will listen to me?"

"Certainly."

"The change, you know—you know I could not help it," he stammered.

"You could not help it—no," she repeated, quietly, holding down her breaking heart.

"You cannot care much for such a fickle fellow," he continued, with an uneasy laugh. "You must have decided that it was all a mistake."

"Yes, a mistake," she murmured, a strange, physical sickness making her, for a moment, both deaf and blind.

She took no sense of what he was saying, though he continued talking with comparative composure and ease.

But what did those mere words matter?

"I told you that I was not the one for you, at first, you remember, Llewellyn," with a faint smile.

"Well, I don't love you any less than I did then, you know. You will be happy here, as you have always been."

Did he, then, know so little of the wants of her nature as to imagine that she had ever been happy, alone, unloved?

"I will see you again, to talk with you about this Celeste. But I have an engagement now. You——"

Then came a silvery call, gay as a bird-note, through the grand old halls.

"Llewellyn! Llewellyn!"

He sprang up.

"My cousin and aunt—they are waiting for me to drive with them. You are sure you do not blame me, Celeste?"

"I do not blame you, Llewellyn;" and she gave him her hand.

He pressed her icy fingers, but not with love's warmth—oh, she knew so well the difference—and then he was gone, talking merrily with Flore Walford on the terrace below. And there was no further conversation with Celeste.

What could she do but school herself to patience? There was no need of her leaving Hawkeshome. Mrs. Walford matronized it most effectually. And the child Rae was the only living thing left her to love. So the Summer days went by, so dark for her, so bright for others.

Yet there was a shade of comfort in the tender blue of the Summer sky, the solemn voice of the pines, the refrain of the restless, ever-seeking sea, when she must needs go out among them with Rae. She felt then that the *end* had not yet come.

Yet the wedding was announced. And then the house was filled with the bustle of preparation. Mrs. Walford, in the most amiable of moods, displayed to Celeste Flore's beautiful *trousseau*. The filmy laces, the masses of soft embroidery, the sheeny silks.

When the bridal morning came she saw them put upon the young beauty the vail and orange-blossoms. The guests came—gay strangers—and in the bright morning of a September day, Flore Walford and Llewellyn Greer were married.

In the old library the wedding-presents were laid—works of art in marble, gold, and silver; jewels, pearls, diamonds, and emeralds. Rare pictures leaned against the wall; dainty devices for the bride's use were crowded together in lavish abundance everywhere.

"But here, this is something I have not seen," exclaimed happy Llewellyn, lifting a quaint, delicately wrought vase of gold from the table.

"Nor I!" chimed in Flore. "How charming!"

"That," said Mrs. Walford, "is a gift from Gaspard Deslonde, Flore. It came but a few moments ago, with a note requesting that no one opened it but yourself. It is locked, you see—this tiny lid—and here is the key. Perhaps you had best open it now. A lovely thing! Very nice in Gaspard. I have thought—but, never mind. What does it contain, Flore? Perfume?"

For the tiny lock clicked under the girl's slim hand. She bent close, eagerly. A puff of wreathing smoke, an explosion, and the death-bolt, hidden in the vase of gold, had pierced her brain. She fell back against those around her, disfigured, dead!

Vainly the awe-stricken guests pressed to the aid of the appalled mother and panic-stricken husband. The least they could do was to hide the dead bride's distorted face from their staring eyes—to bear her rigid form to her chamber.

A cruel—a horrible revenge!

"Find him—find Gaspard Deslonde! Find him—kill him—hang him!" screamed the maddened mother.

But he was never found. He had planned his work too well for that.

In that terrible hour of his young bride's death, the bloom of youth was stricken forever from the face of Llewellyn Greer, and his hair turned white like an aged man's.

As soon as she was buried he fled from his home. He went abroad. He was absent years.

Years, during which Mrs. Heloise Walford made her third marriage, and left Hawkeshome to the undisputed sway of Mrs. Darrah—the peaceful home of Celeste and Rae.

The beautiful child was a tall young girl—the long, soft tresses of her dear sister-friend were thinned, when there came journeying back to the home of his birth a tall, grave man, with chastened brow and hair, white as with age, above bright and piercing eyes. After he left Rome, he never staid until he knelt before Celeste Grey.

"Celeste, I have come over land and sea, many, many miles, to plead like a beggar for the only pure woman's love my life has ever known. I will serve seven years for it, if needs be, but you *must* restore it to me at last."

She wound her slight arms about him, pressed her cheek to his, as she had done in the day of his old sorrow.

"That love has ever been yours, Llewellyn."

Another marriage, 'neath that stately roof—a true one. And to-day the Greers—a mighty race—are noted for love, and not for pride.

A TARTAR VILLAGE.

The house very greatly resembles, in several respects, those inhabited by agriculturists in more civilized European countries. Dispensing with the intricacies and mysterious disposition of passages and apartments found toward Tientsin, they consisted only of a quadrangular courtyard. On the upper side was the dwelling-house, with large, open windows on each side of the doorway, through which the female portion of the family might be seen spinning cotton or renovating the household apparel.

The roofs, however, are flat, and, as in most of the eastern countries, a favorite resort in the cool of the day for work and pleasant chat and music.

Mules and ponies are busy in the courtyard threshing the wheat grown on fields separated from the grass land.

Little groups, presided over by a mother or grandmother, attended to the grinding of the millet or wheat for the dinner, and carefully brushed it under the stone roller that was made to revolve on a pivot at one end by the younger branches of the family.

The crops are all stacked, and the stacks and haycocks stood around after the fashion of our own; but they were better made, I think, for more pains appeared to have been taken to preserve them. Their conical tops had a roofing of sun-baked mud to render them completely waterproof; while, to prevent them being blown down by the severe gales that visit this exposed part of the country, thick ropes were passed through and over the stacks, to which heavy stones were hung. Great square harrows with long iron teeth, and curious sowing-machines, seemingly but little used, lay in corners, and the rude carts for farming purposes, and the red-topped, hearse-like vehicle for family excursions, were ensconced in outhouses near where the spare beasts of draught were tied, heads up, to posts before wooden or stone troughs.

A TAME PANTHER.

A panther which had been tamed and kept for some time at the palace of the King of Ashantee, one morning broke the cord by which he was secured. The castle gates were immediately closed to prevent his getting away, and, after some time, Sai (the name of the panther) suffered himself to be caught, and was led quickly back.

On one occasion when let loose he caused great alarm to a servant, who was sweeping the hall with a short broom, by suddenly leaping on her back. She screamed so loudly that the governor, who heard the noise, came to her assistance, and rebuked poor Sai for mounting up so high before he was invited.

He was remarkably fond of lavender water, and once caught hold of a gentleman's scented handkerchief and tore it to pieces. Mr. Bowdich used to indulge him twice a week by pouring a little lavender-water on a sheet of paper which Sai rolled himself on and rested until the smell had evaporated.

Some years later he was brought to England by Mr. Bowdich and presented to the Duchess of York, who placed him in Exeter Change, but his life was short; he soon after died of inflammation of the lungs.

THE WISDOM OF FOOLS.

I have have often heard it said, as a common proverb, that a wise man may be taught by a fool. If you are not perfectly satisfied with the replies of a wise man, take counsel of a fool; it may be that, by so doing, you will get an answer more to your mind.

At Paris, in the house of Petit-Chastelet, before the cookshop of one of the roast-meat sellers, a certain hungry porter was eating his bread in the steam of the roast-meat, and found it, so seasoned, extremely savory. The cook took no notice. At last, when all the bread was devoured, the cook seized him by the collar, and wanted him to pay for the smell of the meat. The porter said that he had sustained no loss at all, that he had taken nothing of his, and that he owed him nothing. As for the smell in question, it had been steaming out into the street, and in this way was wasted; such a thing as selling the smell of roast-meat in the street had never been heard of in Paris. The cook replied that the smell of his meat was not meant to feed porters, and swore that if he did not pay he would take

XUM

away his truck. The porter seized his cudgel and prepared to defend himself.

The altercation became serious. The idle people of Paris ran together from all parts to witness the dispute. Thither, àpropos, came Seigni Joan, the fool, a citizen of Paris. Seeing him, the cook said to the porter:

"Shall we refer our difference to the noble Seigni Joan?"

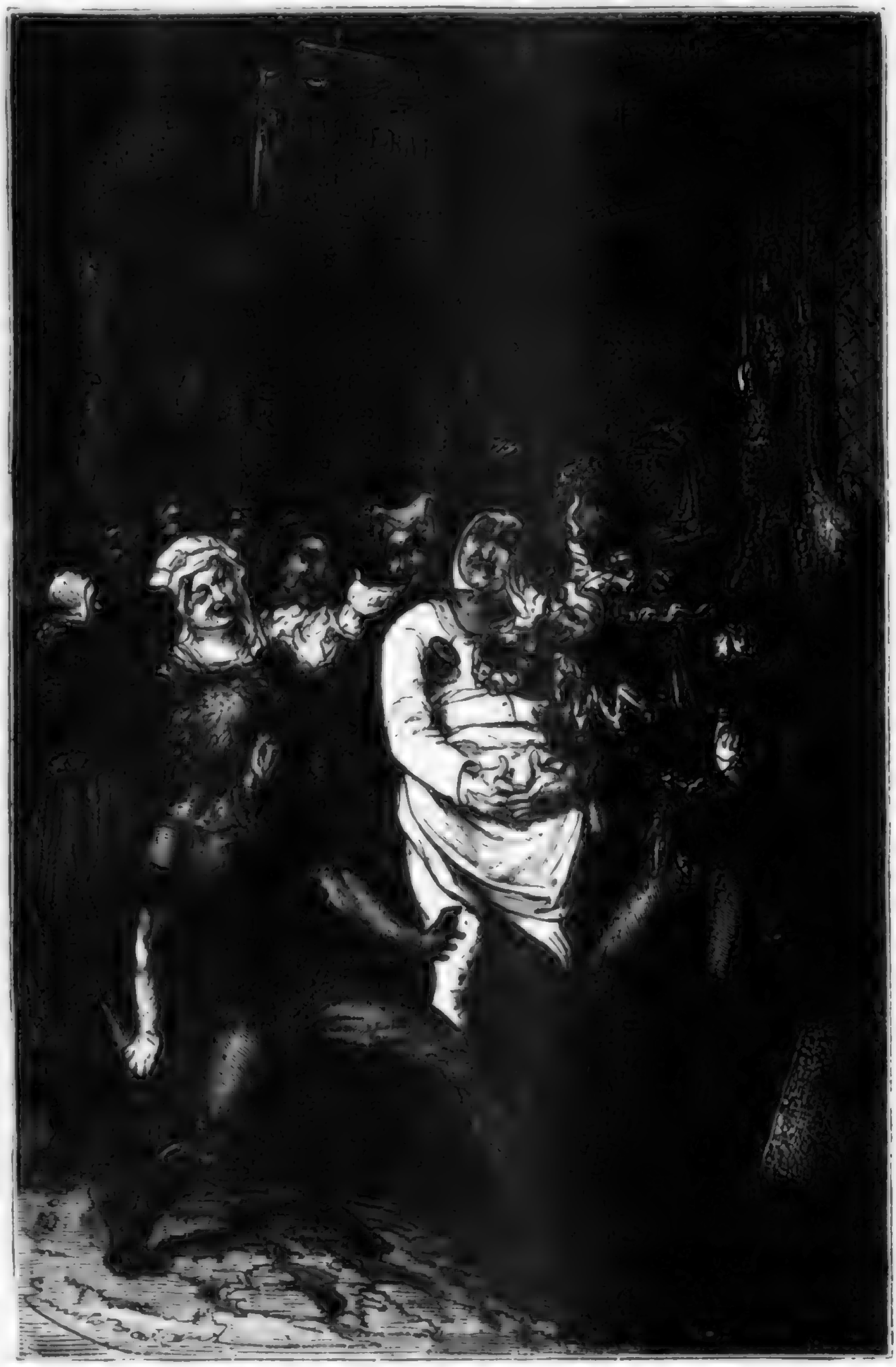
"Agreed," replied the porter.

Then Seigni Joan, having heard the cause of their quarrel, commanded the porter to take a piece of money from his belt. The porter put a Philippus in his hand. Seigni Joan took it and put it on his left shoulder, as if to try its weight; then made it ring on the palm of his left hand, as if to hear if it was good; then placed it close to his right eye, as if to see if it was properly stamped.

While all this was done, the idle people waited in profound silence, the master in steady expectation, and the porter in despair. At last he made it ring on the counter several times. Then, holding his bauble in his hand as if it were a sceptre, and muffling his head in a hood of martin skins, each side of which resembled an ape's face, first coughing two or three times, he said, in a loud voice:

"The court decides that the porter who has eaten his bread in the fumes of the roast meat has paid the cook according to law, with the sound of his money. The said court ordains that each retire to his own house without costs."

And this sentence of the Parisian fool appeared so equitable, in fact, so admirable to the above-named doctors, that they doubted, if the matter had been brought before the Parliament of the said place, even before the Areopagites, to be decided, if it would have been settled more legally.



THE WISDOM OF FOOLS (BY RABELAIS).—SEE PAGE 731.

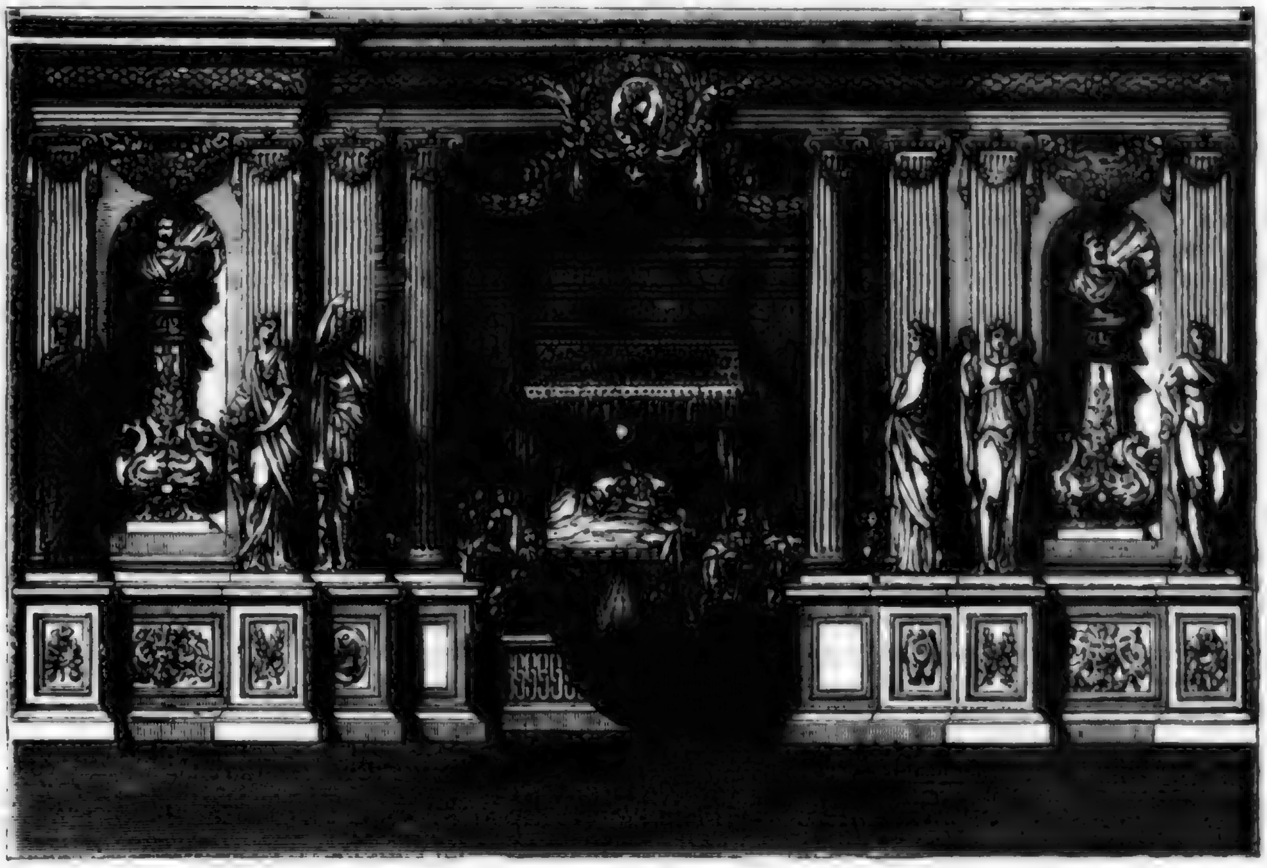
BEDS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

In all ages a bed has been a symbol of rest, and when it is remembered that the human race spend at least one-third of their existence there, it becomes a very interesting piece of furniture.

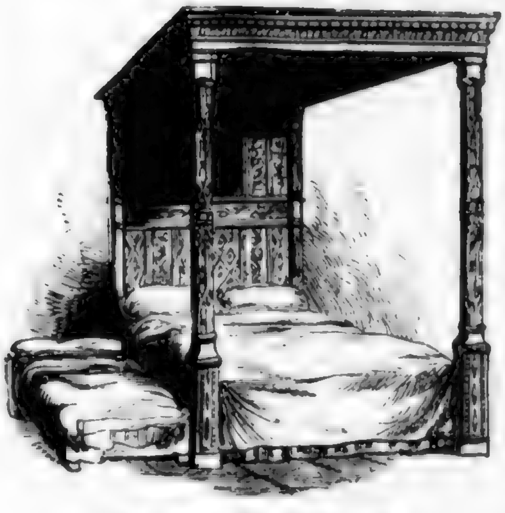
Anatomists have decided that the recumbent is the most agreeable position for the wearied frame, and the common voice of humanity has practically adopted it. The Romans in the decline of the republic, considered it as the best position for their feasts, and hence their drinking-horns were framed to suit it. Recent discoveries in Pompeii show the peculiar construction of the table and couches placed around it. They certainly present the most perfect picture of indolence, and are well calculated to inspire the genius of conversation, according to the dictum of Epicurus, who said "that activity of mind was best secured by total rest of body."

Great conquerors have cared little for this bodily rest; and Cæsar, Charles XII., Napoleon, and Wellington spent little of their time in bed. The latter occupied for the last thirty years of his life the little camp iron bedstead which he had carried with him in his campaigns. But these men are exceptions to the common race of mankind, and very few are insensible to the luxury of a comfortable bed.

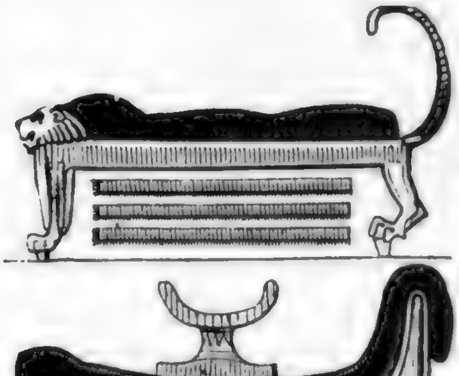
English and American taste has generally associated the bed with the deepest privacy; and the same idea is prevalent in all civilized nations, with the exception of the French, who have for the past two centuries allowed the sanctity of the bed-chamber to be invaded with impunity, and made it a throne to dispense ceremonies from.



A FRENCH RUELLE OF THE 17TH CENTURY.



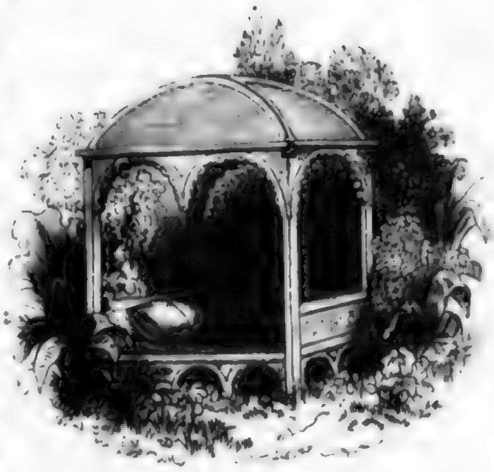
BED IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.



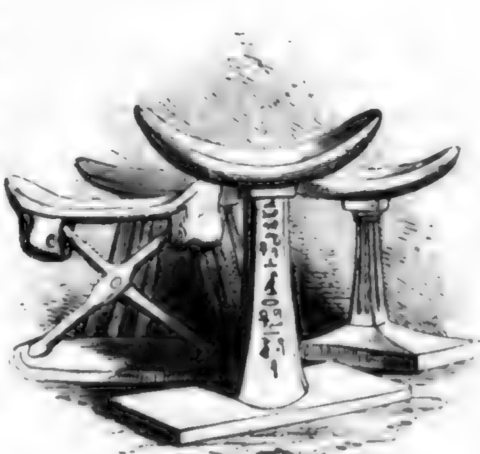
ANCIENT EGYPTIAN COUCHES.

Our first illustration represents one of those extravagances called *Ruelles*, so fashionable in the days of Louis XIV. and his successor. Then the high-born dames of France gave their grand receptions in bed, where, propped up by thick satin pillows, they entertained their visitors of both sexes. This frivolous custom, so repugnant to Anglo-Saxon civilization, was the rage in Paris for three reigns, commencing in that of Louis XIII., and dying out with that of Louis XV. The severer taste of Marie Antoinette, caused this equivocal practice to be discontinued, and she endeavored to introduce better and simpler habits into court society; but the canker of vice had invaded the ruling classes too deeply to be stayed, and the whole system culminated in the French Revolution, which swept Louis XVI. from the throne of France, and caused the death of himself and his amiable queen.

It is a singular fact in history, that the punishment generally falls upon the least guilty of the monarchs, since they are generally the most amiable and consequently the weakest. The approach of a great crisis in a nation is invariably preceded by a demoralization in the manner of the people, more especially of the women. If this is true



ORIENTAL GARDEN BED.



ORIENTAL PILLOWS.

generally of all civilized nations, it applies with tenfold force to France, where all the governing intellect is concentrated in Paris. No one city rules either America or England, but the *Grande Nation* is certainly ruled by Paris. It is only those thoroughly conversant with French History who can be aware of the fearful frivolity, verging on depravity, of the upper classes of the ancient *régime*. This moral deterioration is generally harbingered and accompanied by great financial and official corruption; the result of the great luxury, which necessarily demands extravagance to support it.

As the Romans grew luxurious they adopted the effeminate manners of Eastern nations, more especially the Egyptians.

The picture we give of these couches and head-rests, which are facetiously termed pillows, will probably amuse our readers as answering very little to American ideas of comfort. It must be confessed that they seem poor substitutes for those luxurious lounges and satin cushions which tempt our fashionable dames to slumber.

Even the famous four-posters of England, such as Queen Elizabeth rested her tyrannical form upon, are clumsy adaptations, compared to those now patronized by the ladies of our own land.

The large four-posters of England frequently contained secret compartments for treasure and important documents. Not many years ago, in breaking up one of these antique bedsteads in Nottingham, England, a number of gold coins, and some correspondence of the times of Henry VII. were found concealed. The lord of the manor claimed the treasure, and a compromise was made by the finder with him. The *El Dorado* was in the bed-posts, which were very massive.

In some countries where the air is very salubrious the residences of the rich have a sort of Summer-house adjacent, which contains a bed. Here, in very oppressive weather, the master takes his repose.

BRIEF GLIMPSES OF THE DANUBE.

WITH the exception of the Volga, the Danube is the largest river in Europe. It rises in the courtyard of the palace of Donaueschingen, in Suabia; and, after traversing a course of 1,800 miles, enters by five mouths into the Black Sea. Although not so famous in song or romance as the Rhine, it is a grander river, and presents, at intervals, stretches of scenery so varied, bold and magnificent, as to both surprise and enchant the tourist. Its importance as a great highway of trade and commerce to the land-locked territories through which it passes, becomes obvious at a glance when we take up the map. Crossing Wirtemberg, Bavaria, and Austria in an easterly direction, it holds its way until it reaches Gran, in Hungary, where it suddenly alters its course, and, describing a right angle, flows directly south as far as Vukovar, in Sclavonia, when it again resumes an easterly course, which it pursues with some irregularily, taking a northerly bend in Roumelia before it is lost in the Euxine.

This mighty volume of water flows through some of the most beautiful and fertile tracts, and reflects many of the finest vineyards in existence. The wines of Hungary stand unrivaled in the markets of the world to-day, while so fruitful are some of the islands of this great river, that they have been distinguished by the epithet "Golden."

Many of the ruins that are to be found on the banks of this lordly stream are famous, both in history and in romance; and no inconsiderable portion of the structures that have withstood the shock of ages, along its course, are most imposing in every relation.

It must not, however, be imagined that throughout its whole extent this river presents one unbroken line of beauty and of picturesque life on shore; for there are vast stretches of it that creep most sluggishly through flat and inhospitable regions where the land lies low and swampy, and where anything approaching tillage is totally out of the question. Yet the grand artery itself is all astir with traffic, carried on by means of craft, some of which, for unwieldliness and discomfort, are almost without a parallel.

Perhaps no other inland watery thoroughfare in Europe presents a more varied and interesting population. It enters Hungary at Presburg, which is a grand centre of trade, although not a place of such importance as Pesth or Buda, or as Gran, even, at the great angle just alluded to.

While descending the Danube toward Vienna, on passing the rapids below Ile Woorth, you encounter a promontory of massive granite towering above you, bleak and bare; and on its summit, close by the brink of the frowning steep, stands the magnificent Abbey of Moelk, with its huge copper, turban-shaped cupola, that glows like fire in the setting sun. The library of the Benedictines of Moelk consists of twenty thousand volumes; and the wine-cellars of the abbey were stocked so amply in 1809, that sixty thousand pints a day were served out from them to the French troops for four days. This abbey, of which we give an illustration, was built by the architect Prandauer. It contains three hundred and sixty-five windows. The view from these, whether up or down the river, is superb. A German tradition, which seems to violate the truth of history, makes the name Moelk come from "*Mea dilecta*"—the expression of Cæsar on approaching it in one of his campaigns. This, it is alleged, became the name of the place, which was subsequently corrupted into Medlik, to become, at last, Moelk.

On leaving Vienna by steamer for Presburg, the first objects of marked interest which attract the attention of the tourist, are the castle and town of Durrenstein, situated in Lower Austria, and about forty miles from the capital. This castle, of which we give an illustration also, and which, with the town, belongs to the House of Starhemberg, has been rendered famous as the prison of Richard Cœur de Lion, who, in the twelfth century, was, on his return from the Crusades, held captive here for fifteen months, by Leopold, Duke of Austria. The story is one of intense interest to the lovers of romance. The place of Richard's captivity being unknown, a faithful and favorite minstrel of his, named Blondel, determined to visit every fortress of note in Europe, and to sing beneath its walls a refrain which he well knew would be recognized by his royal master, should it happen to reach his ears. Wearied and disheartened with disappointments and wanderings, he at last arrived beneath the walls of the donjon keep in which the hapless monarch had long been brooding over his fate, when, on repeating the sounds once so familiar to Richard's ear, his heart bounded with joy the most unspeakable, on hearing them returned, in the well-known voice of the king, through the gloomy loop-holes of the prison. This led to the ransom of Richard, on the payment of 150,000 marks, which his English subjects at once forwarded to his captors; and hence the romantic interest which invests this castle and the picturesque little town with its five hundred inhabitants.

As we slowly steamed down the broad and majestic river from this point, the deck of our vessel presented a most interesting illustration of the various nationalities and costumes known to the regions watered by this grand thoroughfare and its tributaries, as well as to some far removed from its course. Magyars, Sclavacks, Wallacks, Jews, Germans, and gypsies were scattered in groups here and there; while a few Turks and Greeks, in their picturesque attire, stood aloof from the noisy concourse, in that dreamy Oriental repose which not unfrequently bespeaks great vacuity of mind. The captain and crew were found most obliging; although the incessant interrogatories and the noisy manner of many of the passengers were, at times, most trying.

Among those on board were two Hungarian officers, in their magnificent uniform, who appeared not only gentlemen, but every inch the soldier. The deference paid to them, and the readiness with which their slightest behest was obeyed, were a sufficient index to the true nature of the government of the country. The Hungarian's love of splendid attire is not to be outdone by any other people. The luxury which the wealthy display in the liveries of their servants is truly incredible. Almost every gentleman has a huzzar, fully equipped, for his valet, and some have all their footmen in the same dress. These uniforms are, at times, covered with gold or silver lace; and it is somewhat startling to a foreigner to find himself served at table by a dashing huzzar, bewhiskered and spurred as fiercely as if he were handling a sabre instead of presenting a knife and fork.

As the passengers became better acquainted with each other, the spirit of commerce began to slowly awaken amongst them. Some of the small packages that were stowed away along the deck were gradually opened, and Jew and Gentile began, as usual, to prey upon each other. Some Sclavack peasants, in their gay blue petticoats, with a deep edge of bright red, and with snow-white handkerchiefs gracefully folded over the head and neck, produced baskets of fruit, which they dispensed for a trifling consideration on all sides. Here a knot of gypsies were singing and thrumming their guitars; and there a number of Jews were displaying small cases of jewelry, some specimens of which had a most suspicious appearance. Between decks there was a considerable quantity of manufactured goods of various kinds, and some passengers of the poorer class, who ate brown bread and drank sour wine.

As we moved along we encountered numerous water-mills, whose wheels were turned by the mere force of the current. These consisted of simply two flat boats, with the wheel between them; and wherever the position was favorable, ten or twelve such contrivances might be seen in close proximity to each other. In the Winter season they are drawn up on the shore, where they remain until the time for the resumption of their operations returns.

Before the introduction of steamboats on the Danube, the trade of Vienna and Pesth with the southern ports of Hungary, as well as with Wallachia and Turkey, was inconsiderable and laborious. Now, however, the case is different, for the amount of carriages and furniture shipped annually from the Austrian and Hungarian capitals southward is very great indeed. This fact was obvious from a description of a portion of our cargo; the return freight being generally made up of wine, oil, wool, and corn, although the latter is usually shipped in large quantities in boats adapted to the trade, and that are rowed down the river, and then dragged back again by men and horses conjointly, much after the manner of our canal boats. More recently, however, this trade is facilitated by steam-tugs; as its necessities require more rapid transit than had been previously accorded to it.

The first place of importance between Presburg and Pesth is the Fortress of Komorn. It boasts of having never been taken, and, therefore, has set up a small statue of a maiden on its walls. Below this the course of the river is agreeably marked by hills famous for their vineyards and the Nesmüller wine—one of the highest flavored and most costly in Hungary. Then comes Gran, the birthplace of St. Stephen, the patron saint of Hungary. It is the seat of the Prince-Primate, and said to be the richest see in Europe; its revenues amounting, as alleged, to half a million annually.

On leaving Gran the scene becomes delightful, the mountains on either side of the river—the hills rising precipitously from the water's edge. While passing the scattered ruins of Wissegrad, one of the passengers, who appeared a person of refinement and education, made some inquiries of the captain regarding the locality, when that urbane gentleman, who had not deserted his station on the paddle-box for hours, descended to the deck, and, pointing to the long reaches of placid and deep water through which we now began to move, informed us, pleasantly, that as all would now, for some time at least, be plain sailing, he should tell us a strange and terrible story connected with the place:

"It was," he said, "early in the fourteenth century that Pope Boniface VIII., on finding the extinction or failure of the race of Arpad, placed Carl Robert, King of Naples, on the Hungarian throne, declaring the kingdom a fief of Rome. Prostrated by war, the Hungarians yielded so far as to accept that monarch, but they paid dearly for their weakness, for, with the new king came courts and tournaments, and pomp, luxury, and looseness of morals within the walls of Wissegrad. Following the example of his relative, Carl Robert, Casimer, King of Poland, then on a visit to Wissegrad, suddenly surprised Clara Felizian, a lady of the court, and a creature of surpassing goodness, beauty and purity, and, notwithstanding her prayers and tears, violated her chastity. The queen, it was said, jealous of her charms and of the king's admiration of them, was in some measure accessory to the crime.

"The moment Clara could escape from the court she fled to her father, an old and faithful officer of his majesty. No sooner did the poor old man hear the fatal disclosure than, crazed with rage at the shame put on his name and family, he sped to Wissegrad, and unannounced gained admission to the castle, when, rushing, sword in hand, into an apartment where the king and queen were seated at table with their two children, he, in his mad rage, cut and slashed about him, wounding the king, and striking off four fingers of the queen's hand before the domestics were able to take his life.

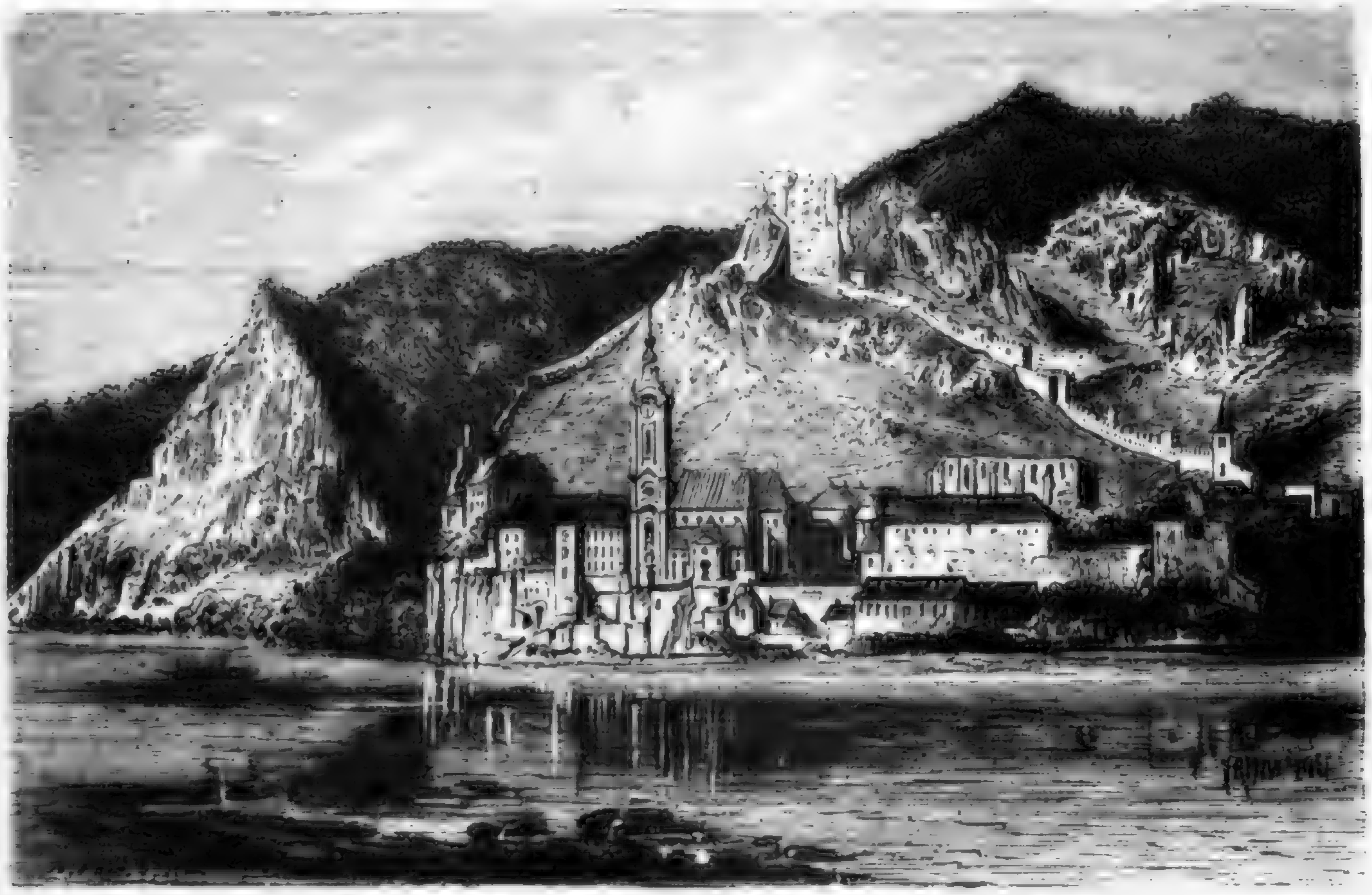
"If the revenge was bloody, what can be said of the cruelties with which Carl Robert subsequently satiated his rage? The innocent cause of this tragedy was seized, and suffered the mutilation of her hands, nose, and lips, and in this condition was led through several cities, to the cry of 'So perish the enemies of the king!' Her body, and that of her young brother, were then bound to horses' tails, and, when lifeless, thrown to the dogs! Even the most distant relations of her family, who could have taken no possible part in the affair, were seized and executed, in order that the whole of the race might be extinguished."

So ended the captain's story.

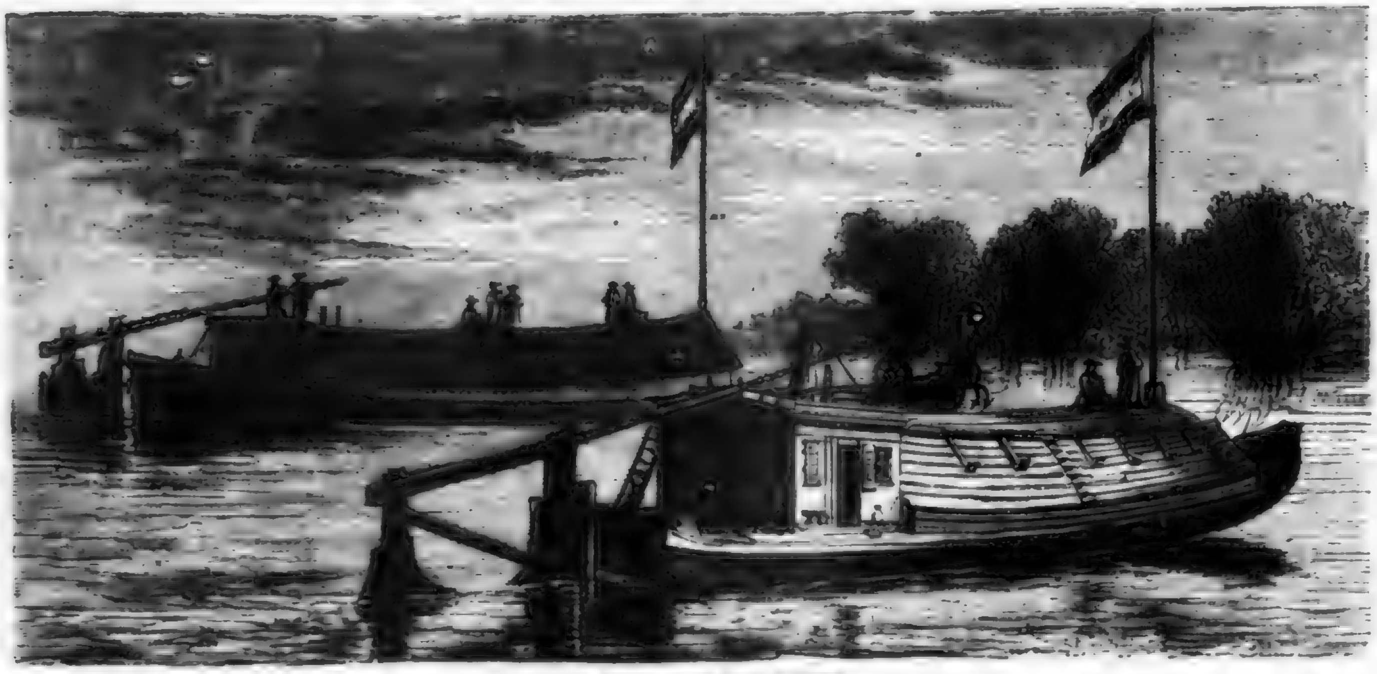
A remarkable feature of the Danube is the fishermen's huts one sometimes meets, erected over the water upon posts, much after the manner, one might suppose, of the villages buried beneath the Swiss lakes that have long commanded so much attention. These huts, which are quite primitive, are occasionally congregated into little hamlets, which have a very odd effect. As you approach them, a few sheds, such as are shown in our engraving, are to be met along the bank, while the river, in every direction, is alive with boats.

As we were passing one of these stations, which was filled with, to us, a most unintelligible jargon, we procured some splendid fish; and learned that in some parts of the river toward the south, there were found sturgeons of enormous size—some of them so large that, when placed on a cart, the tail trailed the ground. The scene was at once singular and animated. The nimble motions of the fishermen as they dragged their spoils into their boats, and the seemingly aimless manner in which their flat-bottomed vessels shot about

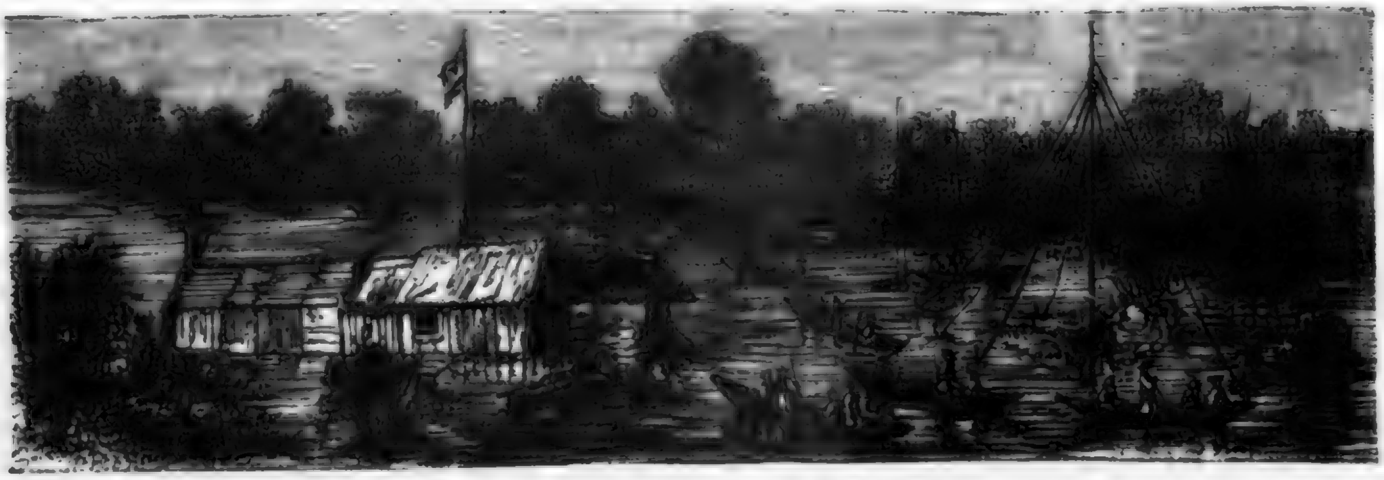
XUM



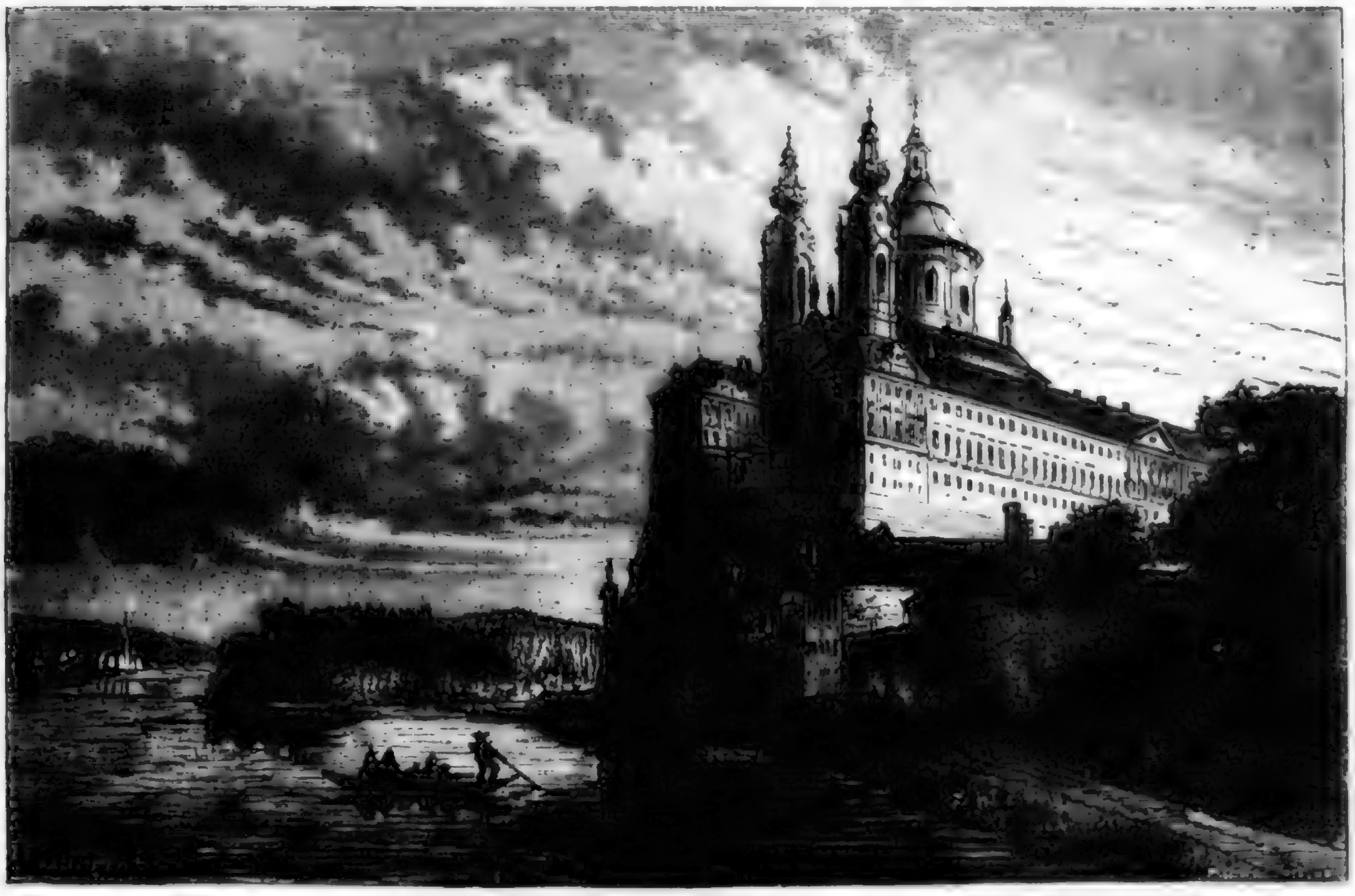
THE CASTLE OF DURRENSTEIN, ON THE DANUBE, CŒUR DE LION'S PRISON.



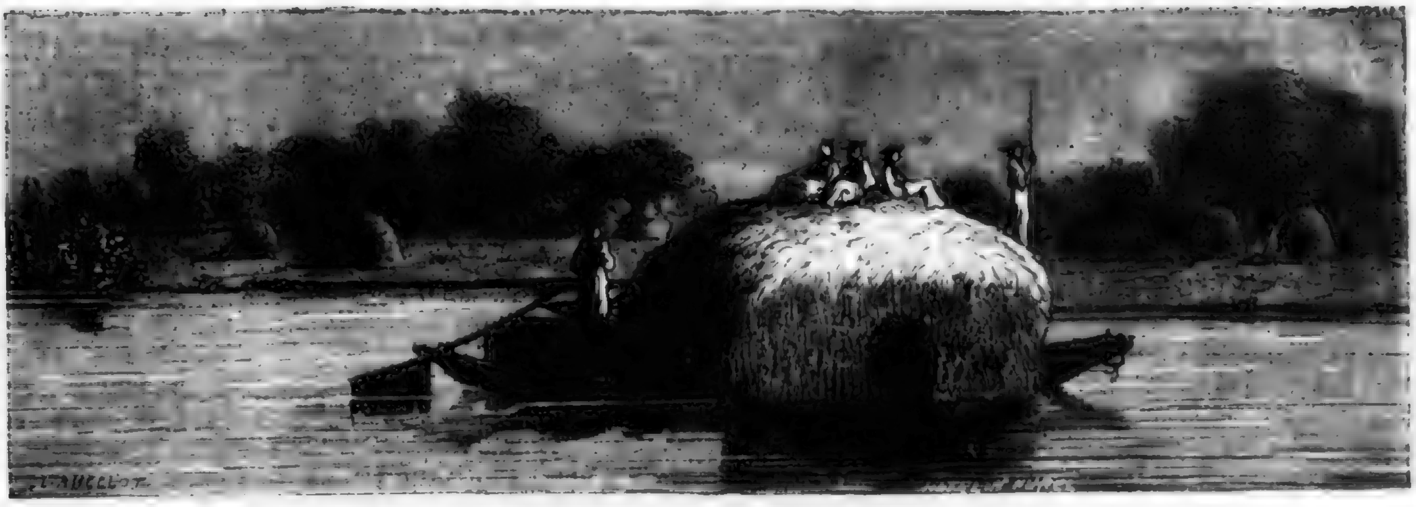
BARKS DESCENDING THE DANUBE.



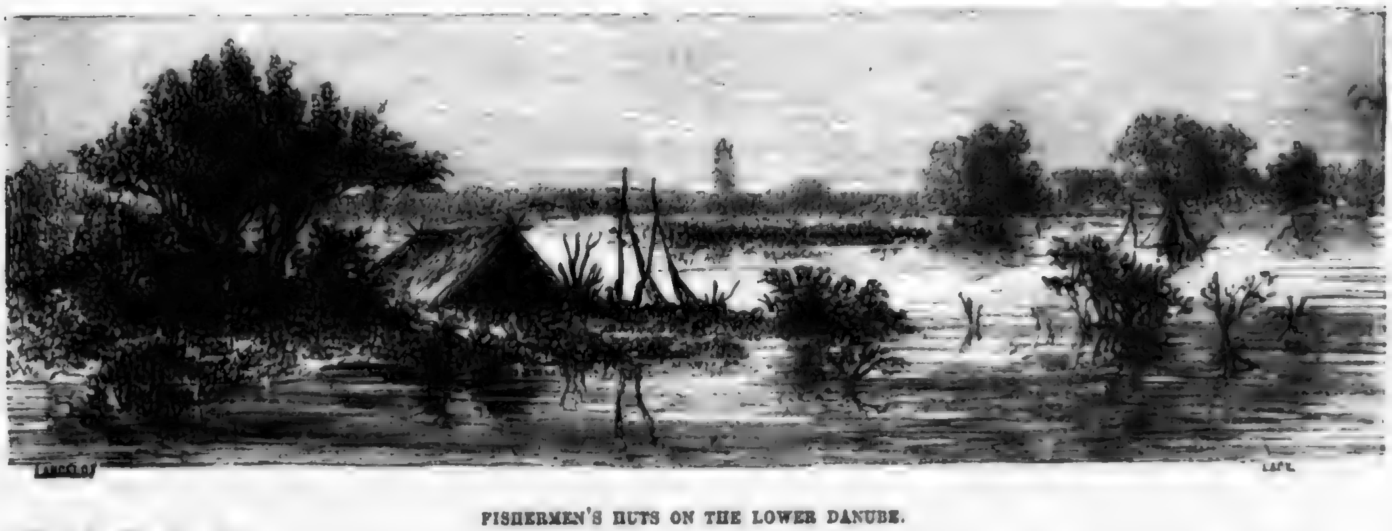
A FISHING VILLAGE AT APATHIN, ON THE DANUBE.



THE ABBEY OF MOELK, ON THE DANUBE.



A PUSZTA HAY-BOAT DESCENDING THE DANUBE.

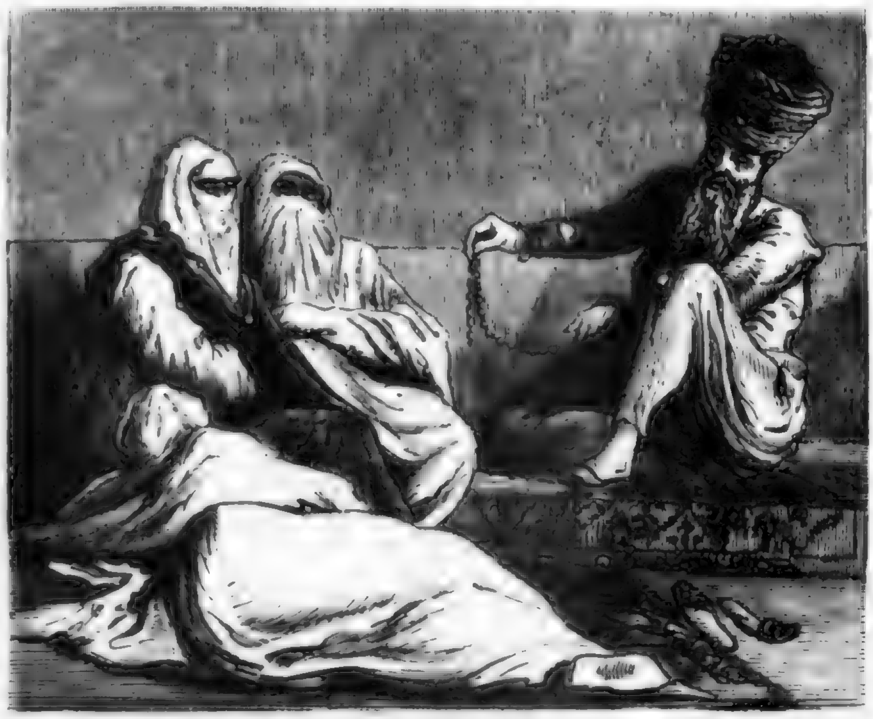


FISHERMEN'S HUTS ON THE LOWER DANUBE.

from place to place, among a perfect Babel of tongues, were most interesting and amusing.

It is a remarkable fact that, until quite recently, the Hungarian boatman seemed to be utterly insensible to the value of a sail. And this is the more extraordinary, as on the Servian side of the river, sails had been long in common use. The Hungarian, however, was content to observe the customs of his fathers in this relation, and to let his bark—such as will be found illustrated elsewhere—float down to market, guided by its huge helm, or propelled slowly by rowers, or by the adroit working of the long handle or lever inserted into the rudder. As previously observed, this sort of craft was long drawn by horses and by men, against the stream, with a cargo or without one. And to such an extent had use become second nature with the hands and owners of such vessels, the enormous waste of time and labor in accomplishing long journeys in this way up the river was never taken into consideration.

Some of the arms branching from the mighty stream in its course, or, rather, attempting to force their way along some other route, are absolutely of greater width than the parent source itself. Where the shores are low and the water sluggish, great stretches of land along the banks are submerged when the river rises. This accounts for the deserted appearance which characterizes some portions of its course, and the absence of human habitations at those points liable to be invaded, although at certain seasons of the year they appear quite inviting. In such localities, or rather, where they obtain, the navigation becomes difficult. The force of the current expending itself laterally, and the volume of water diffusing itself over large tracts, the deposits become dangerous, inasmuch as the stream has not sufficient force to keep its own bed clear. When, however, the whole body of the river is confined between more precipitous banks, and within narrower limits, it rolls on most majestically indeed.



A TURK AND HIS THREE WIVES, ON A DANUBE STEAMER.

Pesth and Buda are magnificent cities. They are joined by a bridge across the Danube, and may be said to form the capital of Lower Hungary. No finer specimens of architecture are to be found in Europe than are to be met with here. From this point we took a new steamer, and although a few only of our former fellow passengers joined us, we soon found our decks crowded with Turkish and Servian merchants returning to Belgrade, and with quite as heterogeneous a crowd as had marked our journey hitherto. The fare on this steamer was capital, and indeed the same might be said of the one we had just left. At some points of our route, however, where we had been constrained to spend a night on shore, we found the accommodation most wretched in every possible relation. In addition, we had not taken the precaution to provide ourselves with sufficiently heavy overclothing for the river travel; for let it be observed by all intending tourists, through this portion of the world, that the mornings and evenings in Hungary, no matter what the season of the year, are generally chilly.

Below Pesth, for some distance, the scenery is not very inviting, but the number of islands in this part of the Danube is very great. Some of them are of considerable extent; but others merely serve to break the monotony of the vast volume of water. Floating water-mills marked the approach to nearly every village that we passed. On our way we encountered several of the barges or barques already referred to, and many small canoes, as well as some of those flat-bottomed boats which, on the firing of a gun, put out from the shore to take off passengers. We saw a great number of wild ducks, also some beautiful white hawks. The pelicans, which are so common lower down, were not to be seen here. Nor was the white heron to be observed either. But, then, this is not to be wondered at more than the fact, that the beaver, which is quite common above Vienna, is rarely or never met with in Hungary.

From the Puszta, which is a vast plain in Hungary used for pasturage, come large quantities of hay, which, during the Summer months, is brought to market in what is called a hay barge. We give an illustration of this vessel with its load, as we encountered it from time to time, on the Danube. As the bow of the vessel is hidden from the person who steers, one of the party, as will be perceived, stands on the top of the load in front, and holds in an upright position a long pole, the top of which is in view of the helmsman; and this is the compass by which he steers, following its motions to the right or left, as the one in command may deem necessary to incline it for the safety or progress of the craft. During the passage those seated in the centre of the load generally beguile the time by singing. The hay is piled upon timbers extending, as will be seen, beyond the sides of the vessel, so that a large quantity can be shipped at a time; and it is, moreover, built up in such a manner that it can be readily handled and unloaded.

On our second day out from Pesth we passed the embouchure of the Drave—a fine river extending from the centre of Hungary along the north of Sclavonia and Croatia and throughout the whole of Styria, and which brings into connection many populations shut out from seaports. The scenery about here is varied by an occasional ruined castle and by slight elevations of land eagerly seized upon for vineyards. Further on we stopped for a short period at Vukovar, where there is a pretty monastery. Soon we passed a low range of hills with vistas, through which we caught beautiful glimpses of green valleys, white cottages, and graceful spires. Early next morning, after having dropped anchor through the night for fear of accident, we arrived at Peterwardein, a strong fortress. On the opposite side of the river is Neusatz, a commercial town, chiefly inhabited by Greeks. Soon afterward a long bend of the river brought us to Karlowitz, a pretty little town at the foot of a hill covered with vines, and where a celebrated wine is made from red and white grapes, which, from its peculiar color, is called *Schiller*. This place is the seat of the chief of the Non-united Greek Church in Hungary, and contains a lyceum and a theological school of that religion.

Amongst the various modes of transit down the Danube is the passenger raft, represented in our engraving. The illustration reminds us strongly of those masses of hewed and round timber that we encounter so frequently on Lake Champlain and the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers, on their way to Quebec and elsewhere. The house for the accommodation of the raftsmen on these latter waters is, of course, much smaller than the one shown here, although in every other particular the rafts appear similar. Time being no object to the class of passengers that patronize this style of conveyance on the Danube, the journey is spent most pleasantly in music, carousing, and flirtation. At the termination of the voyage the primitive structure shares the same fate as the American or Canadian counterpart—it is taken to pieces, and placed on sale in the lumber market.

Near Karlowitz we met a steamer returning from Moldova, heavily laden with goods—wool, honey, iron, tobacco, and wine! Pigs, also, form a very important item of trade between Servia and Vienna. The Servian pig may really be called a beautiful creature—strange as the adjective may sound in some ears. As we near Semlin, in our downward course, the banks become more flat, and the river, that had been but a quarter of a mile wide a short way back, begins here to extend. Semlin occupies an angle formed by the junction of the Danube and the Save. It is memorable as the Mala Villa of the first crusaders. A short period after we had quitted Semlin we fired a salute to the garrison of Belgrade, which returned it promptly. This token of respect on our part was offered rather to the Belgrade of former days than to that of the present time, which is but a shadow of a glory of the past. Its hill is still covered with walls and towers and massive gates, but the whole bear the impress of ruin and decay. As we passed a few Turks were seen lying along the banks of the river, while others were watering their horses. To complete the picture, some Servian women were standing up to their kees in the water, washing. The town, which lies a little beyond the fortress, has a most beautiful and picturesque appearance, with its domes and minarets peeping through the dark cypress foliage.

When at this point, and where for the first time since we embarked on the Danube, we met a sail, it was interesting to witness in use, at the same moment, the three systems of navigation—the Hungarian, the Turkish, and the English. On the Hungarian bank of the river upward of forty men were slowly and laboriously dragging an immense barge against a strong current; on the opposite, or Servian, side of the stream, the lattine sail bore the Turkish boat swiftly before the wind; while in the middle of the river the grand invention of the steam-engine set wind and tide at defiance, and carried a superb floating-palace proudly and irresistibly against both.

A new feature now along the Hungarian shore became an object of interest and inquiry to us. This consisted of small mud huts raised on posts, and before which sentries were pacing. These structures were placed about half a mile apart, and, as we soon learned, were the border guard-houses, to repel or give notice of invasion.

A few miles below Belgrada the Temes, another fine river, pours its waters into the Danube, and the hills on the Servian side become exceedingly pretty. Here and there are a few huts, and open patches in the woods covered with vines and Indian corn. These huts contrast strangely with the magnificence of the Turkish residences that were still almost in view, while their inmates knew but little of the wealth and luxury which characterize some of the harems, and which are enjoyed by the favorite wives of the rich Osmanli, upon some of whom fabulous sums are frequently expended in ornaments. A glance at our engraving, representing a wealthy Turk displaying a priceless necklace before his three wives, will give some idea of one phase of private life among this voluptuous people, and excite our wonder at the passiveness and apathy displayed by the ladies in the presence of such a temptation. However, we need not be premature, as the gift does not appear to have been yet awarded to any of them.

Three hours along these frontiers brought us to Semendria, now shorn of its glory, but formerly the seat of a Pasha. As we advanced beyond this point, the river grew wider and wider, while the banks, in the setting sun, seemed an impenetrable wilderness of morasses and forests, conveying an idea of the Mississippi. In the morning, after having dropped our anchor for the night, we reached Moldova, near which we saw some vultures. The river that had been wide and open, now became walled in between rocks, creating rapids which, at low water, are troublesome.

Convenient to this point, or close to the Barbakay Rock, our voyage down the river terminated; but we incline to the belief that we had already seen a fair sample of the scenery of the latter, and the life upon its shores and its broad bosom. The Babakay Rock received its name from the following incident:

A jealous old Turk, who had bought a beautiful young wife, took it into his head, on some trifling pretext, that she had not been as circumspect with regard to true believers less advanced in years as she might have been. Becoming satisfied, however, that his surmises, wrong as they must have been, were pretty nearly correct, he enticed the young creature to accompany him to this rock, which is precipitous, and juts out into the middle of the stream. Here he left her to her fate, crying, as he rowed away from her, "Babakay! babakay!" which, in the Turkish language, means, "Repent! repent!" Whether the young lady took his advice or not, does not appear; nor is it known whether she was ever rescued from her perilous situation by any of her friends or relatives. The chances are, however, that she made herself heard, before she had remained perched on the cliff for any very considerable period, and that she was rescued, perhaps, by some unbelieving dog of a Christian who had been the cause of all the trouble.

On our way back to Pesth, we were frequently amused and edified with accounts of Hungarian ghosts and robbers. We are not prepared to say to what extent the former actually infest the country, but there can certainly be no doubt as to the existence of the latter in some of the forests bordering the highways. We are inclined to doubt the chivalry attributed to these, and from the simple fact only, that they are frequently found disguised in women's clothes. This seems to squeeze the true and bold romance out of their manhood, and to dwarf them, as it did Mr. Jefferson Davis on a certain memorable occasion.

Our voyage up the river was not characterized by any incident worth relating. Our progress being slower, however, we were enabled to note many places and ruins which were glanced at but cursorily on our downward journey. On one promontory we observed the remains of a massive structure which must have been formidable in its day. It had been built, as the legend went, by a noted robber, who had become so powerful that he laid the whole of the surrounding country under tribute, and had so terrified all within the scope of his arms, that none ventured to dispute his sway. A condition of affairs so undesirable soon reached the ears of the young empéror, who marched against him in person, and laid vigorous siege to his stronghold, but who, finally,

A VILLAGE MIDNIGHT.

was about abandoning the attempt to reduce it, when, one day, he perceived a cord with a piece of paper attached to it, let down from one of the narrow loopholes of the donjon keep. Seizing it hastily, and finding it written upon, he perused it with avidity. It was dropped by a lady who had for some time been held a prisoner in the castle, and who apprised him of a secret passage by which the fort could be entered without discovery, as it had been known to the robber-chief only, until accidentally discovered by her.

Acting promptly upon this information, which he felt satisfied was no ruse to betray him, the young monarch, following the directions given in the missive, repaired at night, with a chosen body of his soldiers, to the point indicated, when there, in conformity with the information received, he perceived a secret passage whose entrance was overhung with vines, and which enabled him and his men to enter the fortress silently, and without giving the slightest cause for alarm. In an instant the guards were overpowered, and the chamber of the robber approached without his having the slightest idea of what had occurred. When the emperor reached the door of the apartment, he heard loud cries for help from within; when, suddenly bursting it open, he and his followers discovered a lady of surpassing beauty in the clutch of the robber. At a single bound the outlaw was laid dead at the feet of his intended victim, and the lady freed from his perilous grasp, which refused to yield even in death. The emperor, struck with her beauty, and her fidelity in placing the castle and its vile horde in his power, became enamored of her, and, as she was of high rank, subsequently made her his queen. By his orders the fortress was demolished, and thus it had stood for generations.

This legend was related to us as the domes and spires of Pesth and Buda stole again into sight; and a couple of hours afterward we bid good-by to the Danube for a season.

RUNNYMEDE.

THERE are places of interest in England which Americans, on their European tours, naturally visit. There are some, too, that are often overlooked.

Among these last is Runnymede, the spot where John, yielding to the pressure of the clergy, headed by Langton, the primate, and the barons, signed that Magna Charta which became the bulwark of English freedom; for the clergy—sprung from the Saxon Commons, here insured the rights of the class to which they belonged—no less than the nobles sought protection against the tyranny of the monarch.

Every child in English-speaking lands knows of the Magna Charta; yet it seems to have been a sore subject for monarchy, and no monument marks the birthplace of English freedom. It is still a mead by the running waters, a narrow slip of meadow-land on the banks of the Thames, near Egham, in the northwest part of the county of Surrey, about five miles from Windsor. Here, on the 15th of June, 1215, John met the clergy and the barons, and signed a document, which, in form but a grant from the king, became of far higher import. It embraced in its terms all English freemen. It was admirably contrived, and never lost its force. Under its influence villanage disappeared in the next age, and serfs rose to be freemen, to share in their rights, and thus gradually advance in influence and power, till the great moral revolution which, in 1867, made suffrage almost universal in England.

A VILLAGE MIDNIGHT.

THE night is as dark as a deed of crime,
And the clattering windblown rain
Falls fiercely fast on the rattling slates
And hammers the window-pane,
While the storm-king whistles between the leaves
A wild and tuneless strain.

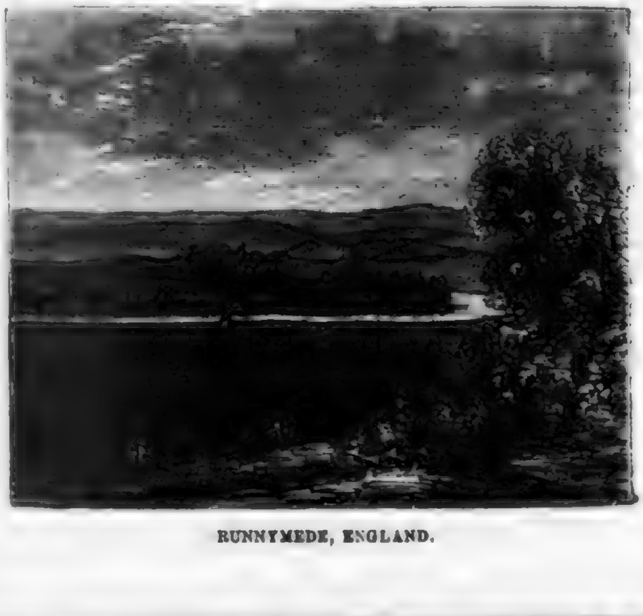
No lamp is lit in the village street,
No star in the sable sky,
For darkness swathes both earth and air
In its robes of fun'ral dye,
And the watch-dog howls by the garden bleak,
Like the banshee's boding cry.

The lightning leaps a lifelike thing
From spout to branch of the walnut tall,
The gate creaks harsh on the rusted hinge,
Response to the screechowl's call,
While the crisp, dead leaves in hustling haste
Rush down by the moss-blotched wall.

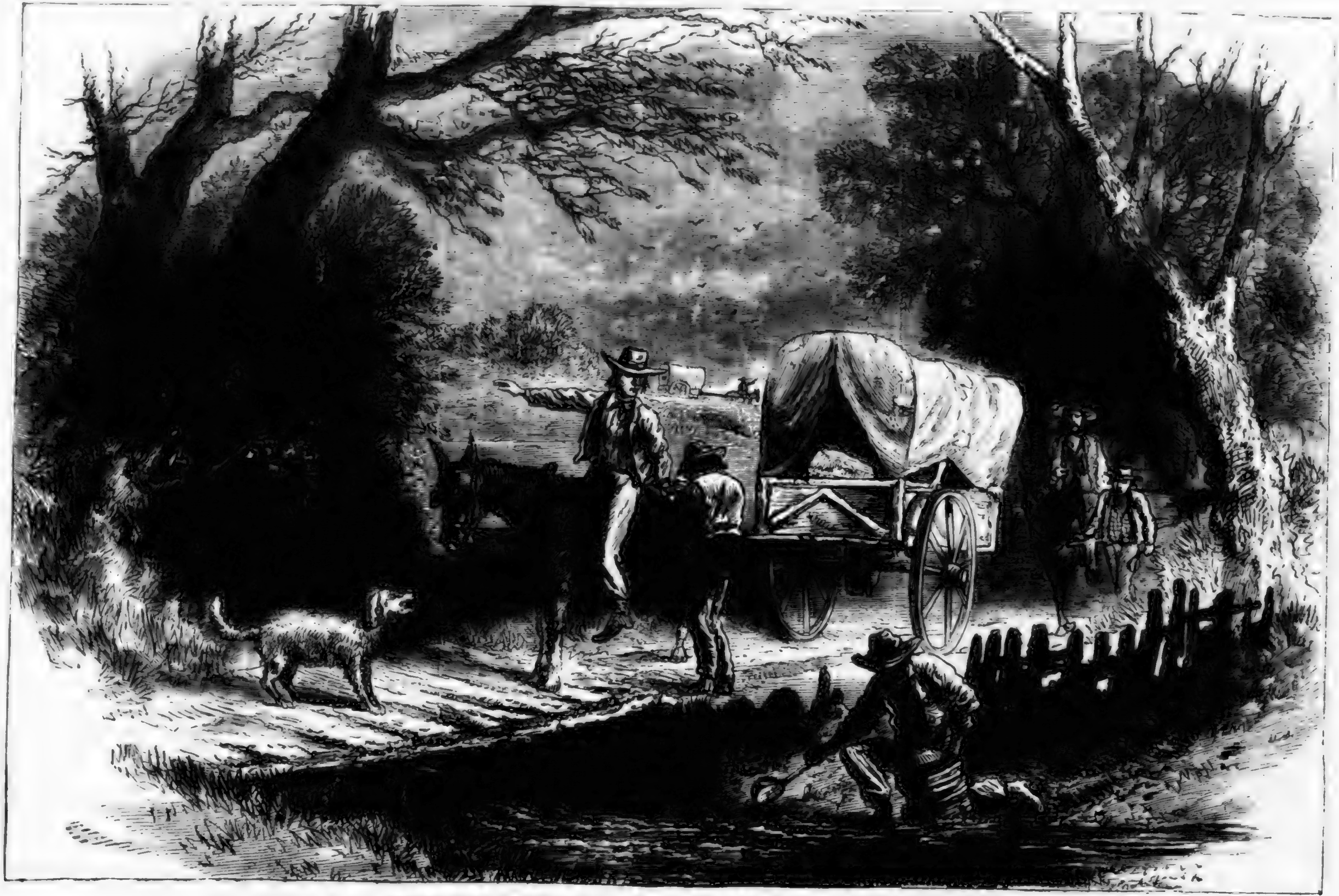
The clock strikes twelve in the stairway gloom,
(How true is the record it keeps),
Tick away, count on, I care not now,
For my rose-lipped Anna sleeps
Far down in the vale 'neath the beeches bare,
Where the foam-flecked river sweeps.

Oh! I love the voice of this midnight storm,
It falls on my frenzied ear
Like fairy lute, and willing would I
Companion its wild career;
For my soul is tossed like its ebon-hued wings,
And I'm weary of lingering here.

THE powers of memory are twofold. They consist in the actual reminiscence or recollection of past events, and in the power of retaining what we have learned in such a manner that it can be called into remembrance as occasions present themselves, or circumstances may require.



RUNNYMEDE, ENGLAND.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—GEORGIA "CRACKERS" ON THEIR WAY TO MARKET.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

The Jasper Spring, near Savannah, Georgia.

The Jasper Spring is about two miles from Savannah, on the Augusta road. Being the only spring for miles around, and the water being of excellent quality, passers-by always turn out of their road to refresh themselves with a drink from it. Its constant use for this purpose, and for watering the stock of the neighborhood, induced its present owner to protect it, as shown in our illustration, with a coping of brown stone.

This spring is historically famous as the scene of the following adventure during the Revolution, from which its name was derived. The hero of the exploit, Sergeant Jasper, is the same who leaped over the parapet during the bombardment of Fort Moultrie, recovered the flag which had been shot away by the English fleet, and, climbing the pole, nailed it to the staff, under a heavy fire from the enemy. After this gallant feat, while serving in the Army of the South, Sergeant Jasper, learning that a number of American prisoners were to be brought from Ebenezer to Savannah for trial, determined to release them at all hazards. With Sergeant Newton as his companion, he concealed himself at this spring, about thirty yards from the main road, and waited for the arrival of the prisoners, who finally came along, heavily ironed, and escorted by a sergeant, corporal, and eight soldiers. The whole party stopped at the spring to refresh themselves, two of the guard remaining with the prisoners, the rest of the soldiers leaning their guns against the trees, when suddenly Jasper and Newton, leaping from their hiding-places, secured the guns, shot down the two sentinels, and demanded the surrender of the rest of the party. Seeing they were outwitted, the guard surrendered, and Jasper, taking off the irons from the prisoners, rejoined the army at Perrysburgh, carrying the late captors as captives, guarded by their rescued prisoners.

The brave Jasper was killed in the assault upon Savannah, while planting upon the enemy's works the standard presented to his regiment by Mrs. Elliott. His last words were: "Tell Mrs. Elliott I lost my life supporting the colors she presented to our regiment."

Georgia "Crackers" going to Market.

The class generally known as "poor whites," and locally designated, in North Carolina, "tar-heels," in South Carolina, "Clay-eaters," and in Georgia, "Crackers," are a lean, sallow, and sickly looking people, widely scattered throughout the Southern States. Before the war they had solved the problem of existence in a manner highly satisfactory to themselves. If to live without work be the necessary attribute of a gentleman, there could be no doubt of their gentility; and although born to an inheritance of fever and ague, or "chills," which necessitated a division of time into "shake" days and well days, they yet managed to enjoy life after their peculiar fashion.

They had fried bacon and corn-dodgers, with raspberry, blackberry, or strawberry-leaf tea—sweetened with "long sweeting" (sorghum), or that rare delicacy "short sweetening" (sand sugar)—for the morning meal; the same for dinner, ditto for supper. In Winter the fare—it being then the hog-killing and curing season—was varied by sausage-balls and sausages, which then took the place of the fried bacon, while a piece of hog's-head cheese, or a pork-chop was considered a rare dainty.

How these gentry ever became possessed of either pig or pork, since they seldom owned an animal of any kind save a dozen or two mangy dogs, was apt to be a mystery to the casual observer. The neighboring planters, however, were in no wise at a loss to explain it. They claimed that the crackers' provisions were generally procured without the inconvenient formality of purchase, being either begged, borrowed, or stolen—most frequently the latter.

The crackers were profound believers in the divine right of "squatter sovereignty," and the large landowners generally permitted them to locate on outlying portions of their estates, usually managing to control their votes as an equivalent.

The great civil war, which spared little of the old social system of the South, was not without its effect upon the crackers. They find it far more difficult to exist without labor, though even now the men rarely engage in work of any kind, but loaf about their tumble-down shanties, smoking, chewing, and drinking by turns, or talking politics with their fellows, all day long. They pay more attention than formerly to raising marketable produce, but the cultivation of their garden patches or diminutive cotton fields generally devolves upon the women and children. When the crop is ready for market its owner condescends to superintend its transport, and drive the mule—borrowed, of course, attached to a wagon, likewise borrowed—to some neighboring town or village. After disposing of his load he spends the time until ready to return in the evening, in some convenient groggery, and frequently reaches his domicile in a highly hilarious condition.

The language of the crackers is a barbarous compound of provincialisms and negro dialect, and their voices are shrill, nasal, and disagreeable. The increasing necessity of laboring for their subsistence is exerting a marked influence in obliterating their peculiarities, and as a distinct class the crackers are gradually disappearing.

A CREW OF CRUSOES.

THE last cruise of the *Grafton* (Thos. Musgrave, master) was brought to a close at daylight on the morning of the 2d of January, 1864, and on the reefs of the Auckland Islands—"away down south," within shivering distance of the Antarctic Zone, "where the stormy winds do blow, and the blear-eyed sea-lions do low, do low."

These islands are quite famous for the involuntary and solitary confinements which they have entailed on shipwrecked modern mariners. Fernando Po must hide its diminished head forever in view of their recent history. A very few years have gone by since we heard of Baxton's two years' imprisonment there with a portion of the crew of the *Weatherwise;* Captain Cross, in 1865, found traces of a former occupation, and the dead body of a starved sailor; and as for Thomas Musgrave, the sad story of his stay and sufferings on the southern portion of the island is far too entertaining to be speedily forgotten. He has told the tale himself with all the simplicity and directness, and clumsiness, too, of an uneducated sailor, to whom a daily record of the weather, of the rise and fall of the thermometer and barometer is as interesting as accounts of his own strange life, or of the traits of the sea-lion and the shockingly tame birds of an uninhabited island.

We will try to tell his story in far fewer words than he; while, as often as we can, we will use his own language.

Cast away! It is horrible to be an outcast in civilized society—homeless, to see homes everwhere; friendless, to be surrounded by the happy—but to be a castaway on an uninhabited island, without knowing whether food can be found, or whether help will ever reach you, is a fate more terrible still.

There were five of them—the captain, Raynal (the French mate), and three common sailors. The fierce gale which drove the *Grafton* on a rock, threw her "broadsides" on the beech, which enabled the crew to land in safety, and to carry off their scant stock of provisions. The mainsail and gaff were brought on shore and made into a tent.

For a week after their escape a hurricane blew with uninterrupted fury. They managed to begin the erection of a tent, but in the meantime had to sleep every night on the wet ground.

Their neighbors, the seals, began at once to pay them friendly visits, and kindly brought fresh meat up to the very door of their tent.

"The seals, or sea-lions," writes the captain, "are very numerous here; they go roaring about the woods like wild cattle. Indeed, we expect they will come and storm the tent some night. We live chiefly on seal meat, as we have to be very frugal with our own little stock; we kill them at the door of the tent as we require them."

The castaways were greatly annoyed by the nightly visits of these aboriginal inhabitants. Fearing that they would break into the tent, the captain sent them his compliments one night and desired them to discontinue their moonlight serenades. As he did not speak their language, he molded his hint into the form of a bullet, and used the tail of a seal as a penny postman. They understood him perfectly, and afterward kept at a respectful distance from the tent.

The flesh of the young seal they found to be delicious; it was exactly like lamb. During their first month they were attacked one day by a bull seal, who swam furiously toward their boat. As he put his head over the stern, with his mouth wide open, the captain discharged a load of shot, with a bullet on the top of it, down the fierce belligerent's throat. His "head flew about in all directions," and the seal sunk like a stone.

The captain also saw a seal-fight for the first time. There were hundreds of them in sight. The shores and the water literally swarming with them. The tiger seals kept at one side of the harbor and the black seals at the other side. But, in this instance, one from each army had met and were engaged in battle when first seen. The captain says that he watched them for about half an hour, and left them still furiously fighting. They fight as ferociously as dogs, and do not make the least noise, although they tear each other almost to pieces with their large tusks. Shortly after witnessing this fight they saw a sea-lion returning from a duel. His neck and back were lacerated in a most fearful manner; large pieces of hide and flesh were torn off, perhaps a foot long and four or five inches wide. The sailors were close to him, and he did not budge. He looked at the Englishmen "with all possible coolness and unconcern." And why not? for perhaps he was the bleary-eyed Nelson of the island, and felt that he was in fact what the true Briton claims to be—a fighting sea-lion!

The castaways found several kinds of birds on the island, two of which were sweet singers; and they saw, also, the green parrot and the robin redbreast. They were so tame that any one could catch them by stretching out his hand. But no one disturbed them.

The robins were frequent visitors to the tent. They cheerily chirped round the castaways as they sat at their sad and rude meals.

Their tent—to use the captain's words—proved to be "a beastly place." The blow-flies "blowed" on their blankets and clothes, and made everything disgusting. A kind of musquito tormented them in the daytime, but luckily did not disturb them at night. They soon found that they could not live in it, and worked harder at building their house. They had saved a hammer, an ax, an adz, and a gimlet from the wreck, and these were all the tools they had. But before they finished their house they took care to plant a flagstaff, with a large canvas bag on it, at a spot where it could be seen from the sea. They tied a bottle to it which had a note inside, directing the reader where to find the crew.

The captain one day ascended a neighboring mountain to discover the lay of the land. Thick underbrush, boggy land, and soft swamps—all either impassable or impenetrable—were seen on every side; and, during the eighteen or nineteen months that Musgrave remained on the island, he never went further than a few miles, either by boat, or on foot, from the scene of the wreck. This first excursion came nigh proving fatal to him. He chased a seal into the bush for about two miles. His gun had been loaded a couple of days, and his powder had got damp. After snapping two or three caps one barrel fired. The ball entered the seal's neck and came out between his shoulders. Indifferent to such a trifle, the seal continued to run. Pricking the powder in the nipple of the other barrel, the captain tried it again. The cap snapped. He began to unload it; the butt of the gun was at his feet, when bang! off it went, the ball passing through the rim of his hat.

After more than a month's hard work the house was finished. It was twenty-four feet by sixteen, with a chimney built of stone, eight feet by five. The walls were seven feet high, and the roof fourteen feet. The corner posts and centre posts, the wall-plates and ridge-poles, were of spars from the ship. The walls—sides and ends—were made of brush timber, which, like all the wood on the island, is crooked from the force of the frequent hurricanes that sweep over it.

As the timber was not straight, it became necessary to thatch the whole house. This was no small job, but it was done quite cheerfully—because the canvas, which they first used, admitted a great deal of wind, and as there was a gale almost constantly blowing, a sheltered place was exceedingly desirable. The floor was boarded; a good door was hung, and two small squares of glass, taken from the cabin of the wreck, supplied the place of a window.

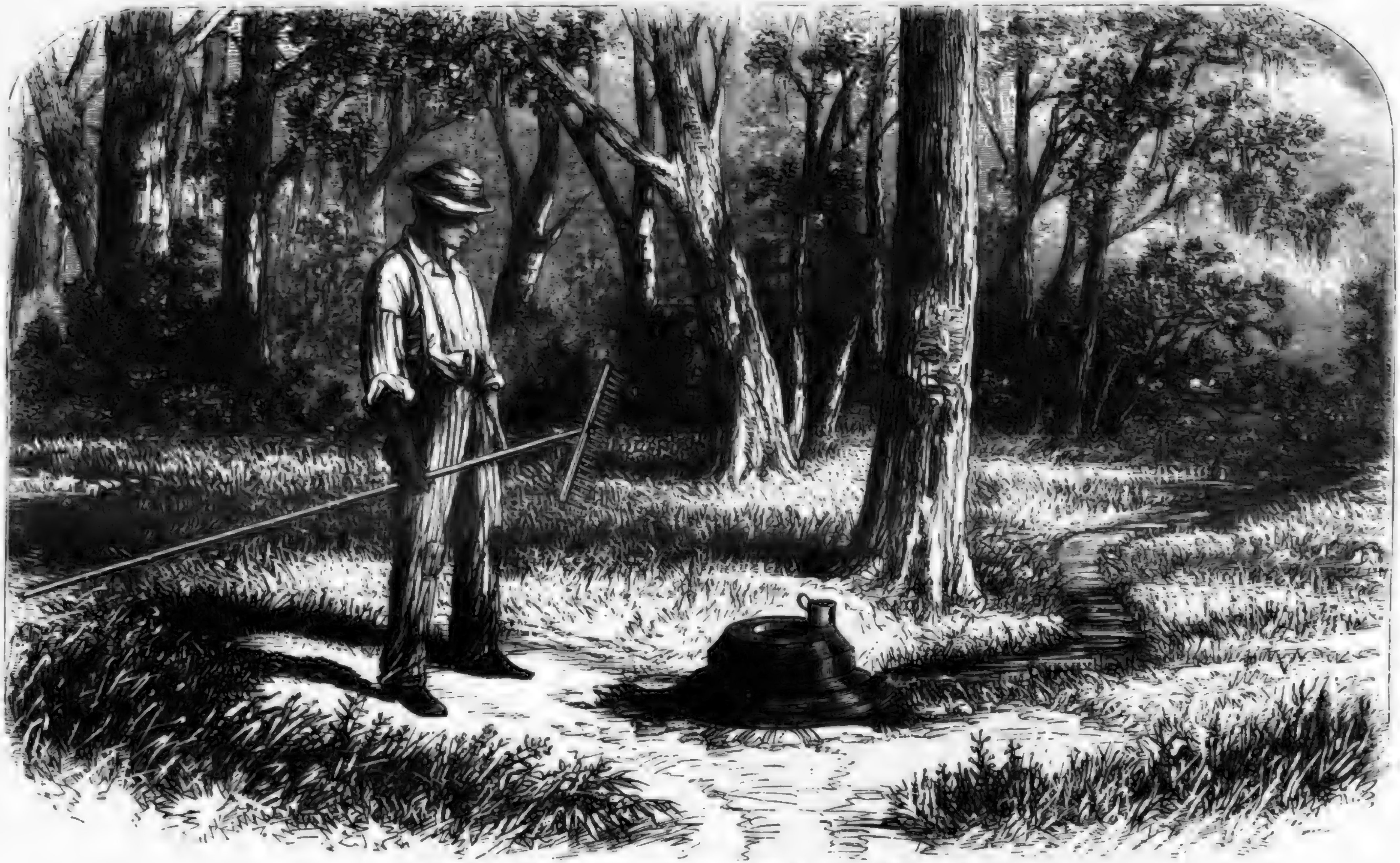
For furniture, the castaways had stretchers to sleep on, six feet from the floor; a large dining-table in the centre, seven feet by three, with benches on each side. The captain—a thorough John Bull—kept his station and his mate's position inviolable. "I sat," says he, not on the benches, but "on a keg, at the head!" And then again, "The north end of the house is occupied by Mr. Raynal and myself; the men occupy the other end!" The cook's dressing-table, a pair of bellows, and a looking-glass, completed the inventory of the furniture of the castaways' "castle."

The sturdy captain did not keep his place without being compelled to prove that he was not an accidental chief merely, but pre-eminently the "right man in the right place." Before the first month was over, although the men had always conducted themselves in an obedient and respectful manner, he found that a spirit of obstinacy and independence was creeping in among them.

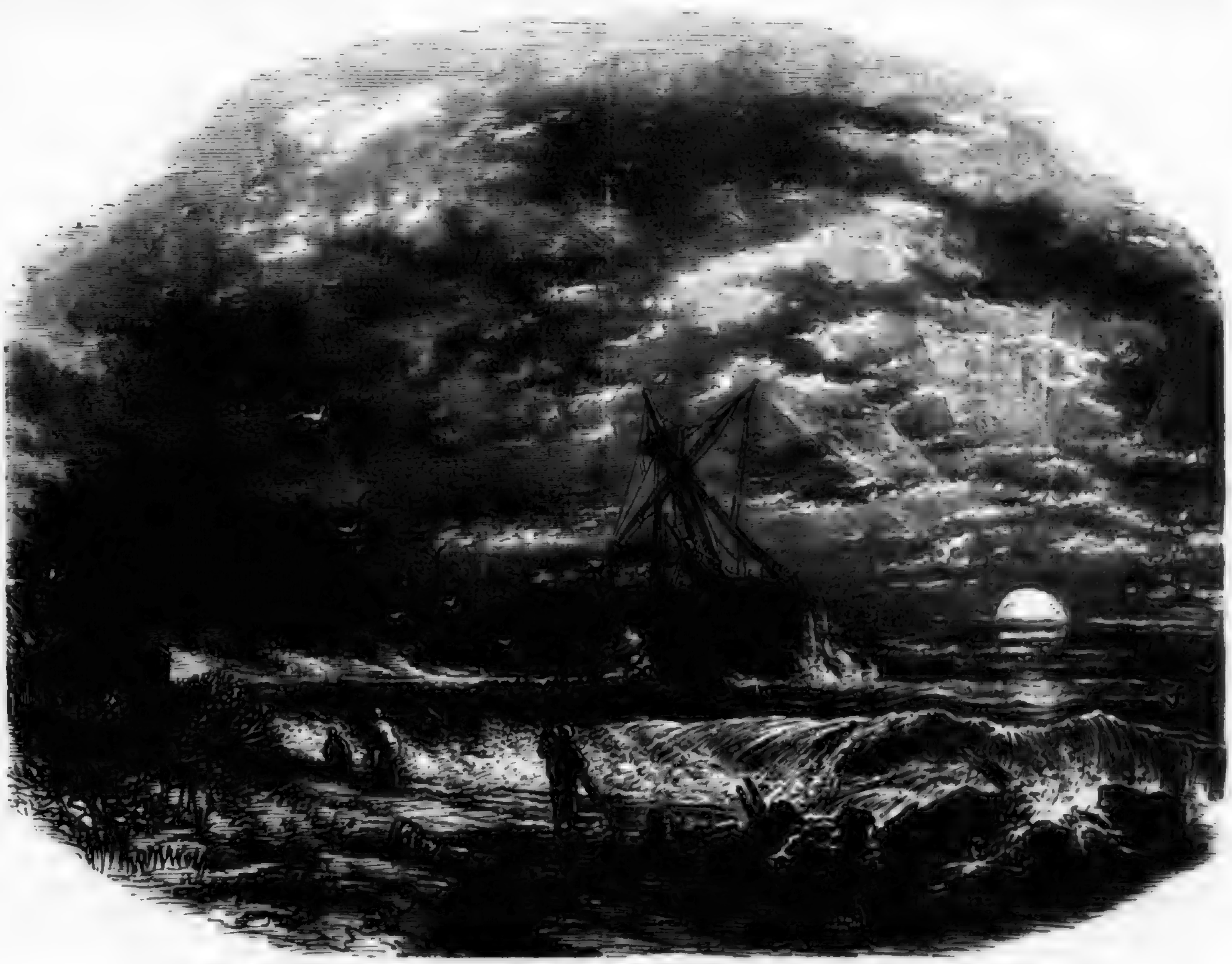
"It is true," he writes, "I no longer hold any command over them, but I share everything that has been saved from the wreck in common with them, and I have worked as hard as any of them in trying to make them comfortable, and I think gratitude ought to prompt them to still continue willing and obedient. But you might as well look for the grace of God in a highwayman's log-book as gratitude in a sailor; this is a well-known fact."

(How similar a sound this sentence rings out to the sad notes of certain jeremiads we have heard of, when their "happy bondmen" ungratefully fled from them—"Mostly," said the poor old cracked Bell of Tennessee—"mostly in the night!")

But when the captain did his full duty to his men, not as sailors only, but as human beings, he found no cause to



SOUTHERN SCENES.—THE JASPER SPRING, NEAR SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—SEE PAGE 742.



A CREW OF CRUSOES.—"THE MAINSAIL AND GAFF WERE BROUGHT ON SHORE AND MADE INTO A TENT."

complain of them. He began to teach school in the evenings, and to read prayers and the Scriptures—expounding the text, albeit to the best of his ability. Some of his men could not read, but they had learned eagerly and fast. They were especially fond of hearing the Bible. Soon profane swearing was entirely abolished among them. "So much," adds the captain, "for moral suasion!"

The manner of hunting the seals after they ceased to walk up to the captain's office to be killed is described in a brief note of a visit to a little isle, which from its peculiar shape was named Figure-of-Eight (∞) Island.

"We landed on the island," he writes, "and found three mobs of seals asleep. There were from thirty to forty in each mob, and there were a great many very young calves amongst them. These we wanted to get without killing the old ones. I had only two men with me; so we took our clubs, and each of us took a mob, and I suppose in ten seconds we had knocked down ten calves from two to three months old, and one two-year-old seal. We had to go right in amongst them, and although they woke up, we were so quick about the job that they stared at us in confusion for a moment, and then by a simultaneous movement rushed toward the water. We could have got more, but one of the men was at this moment attacked by the only remaining one, which was a tremendous large bull—the largest tiger-seal I have seen—and he fought like a tiger. We immediately rushed to the rescue; the poor fellow was obliged to take to a tree till we came up, when all three set on to the seal. And he showed fight bravely. It was as long as ten minutes before we proved ourselves conquerors; and we would have been quite willing to get out of his way, but he would not give us a chance. We were in a thick bush, so that he had a decided advantage. However, we left him, as he was too big for us to attend to when we had so many little ones to look after. This was the greatest piece of excitement I have had for a long time."

In going home from this exhilarating hunt, the captain found a poor orphan, a young seal, not more than a month or six weeks old, who was sitting, shivering, at the end of the house. He had lost his mother. Some of the sailors wished to keep him as a pet; but as he did not eat yet, and in the absence of an adequate wet nurse, he was killed and cooked. The captain, after narrating this affecting incident, very coolly remarks:

"So, this is more fresh meat. God is certainly good in sending us plenty to eat."

The devout devourer of orphans!

Besides feeding on seals, the castaways shot a number of widgeons and shags, and gathered mussels and limpets among the rocks. They found roots which were edible, if not wholly delicious. They took turns at cooking. The Frenchman won the honors of the kitchen.

"He very frequently gave us four courses at a meal (anybody might wonder where he got anything to make four courses of; but we are like the shell-fish—we get the most at spring-tides). One (meal) would be stewed or roasted seal, fried liver, fish and mussels."

Fish they could not catch at first, as they had neither tackle nor nets; but necessity soon taught them to devise ways and means for ensuring them, and ere long they had daily and ample supplies; they also succeeded in making a sort of root-beer, which they found preferable to water—to the taste; but they were soon obliged to abandon it; for, like the prophet's scroll, it was sweet in the mouth but

XUM

bitter elsewhere. The same root was used for food. It was then fried in seal's oil.

"It eats something like saw-dust," wrote the captain, using seal's blood for ink, in an old log-book; "but we are very thankful that we have it; otherwise we should have to live entirely on seal's meat, fowl, and fish, as our little stock of provisions which we had when we were wrecked has long since been exhausted. Nothing remains of it but a few crumbs of biscuit, which are regularly placed on the table—but only to look at, or 'point at,' as Paddy would say, for no one touches it."

This not extravagantly luxurious bill of fare was continued. For August the course was equally simple:

"Breakfast—Seal stewed down to soup, fried roots, boiled seal, or roast ditto, with water. Dinner—Ditto, ditto. Supper—Ditto, ditto. This repeated twenty-one times per week. Mussels or fish are now quite a rarity; we have not been able to get either for some time. The man who killed the seal to-day had been fishing all day, and had caught one small fish. The men have stood it bravely thus far, but it grieves me to hear them wishing for things which they cannot get. I heard one just now wishing he had a bucket of potato-peelings!"

The captain confidently expected that help would reach them by the middle of October; but that month came and went, and a year rolled round, and still there were no signs of aid. Their sufferings increased. At times they feared that they would perish from hunger. Seals were plentiful at one season only. The stormy weather and the nature of the country prevented them from exploring the islands. Hope rose and fell, and their hearts grew heavy; for the flame flickered only to be quenched with disappointment. They tried to repair the wreck. Long and patiently they labored at it. But they found that there were holes in her; that some of her timbers were broken, and that the main wheel was gone from the stern to about the main rigging.

Meanwhile it was maddening to think of wife and children at home, suffering, probably, from want, while *here*, neither aid came nor starvation seemed far distant. Hear the wail that came from the captain's heart after a stay of three months only, when he little dreamed that sixteen cheerless months lay before him:

"Six long and dreary months have now passed since I left Sydney, and the idea of the sad lot which may and must have fallen on those I love so much, wrings my soul with agony and a remorse which I fear is crushing me fast to the earth. Oh, my God! how long is this to last? Oh, release me from this bondage! Night and morning, daily and in my dreams, I offer up my prayers to Thee. Oh, hear me! and release me, that I may flee to the succor of those dear innocent ones who are now suffering for my folly. . . . Set me at liberty to provide for them; I will be content even with separation; but let me not have doomed them to wretchedness and misery. Hear my prayer, O Lord, and grant my release!"

Five months later, and no ship in sight, the hope-sick captain writes:

"My eyes are positively weak and bloodshot with anxious looking. . . . It would be impossible for me to convey to anyone an idea of my present state of mind. I am anything but mad; if that would come, it would very likely afford relief in forgetfulness."

Their clothes began to give out until they were in rags. Joseph's coat, the captain declared, would hardly have been a circumstance in comparison with some of theirs. Old canvas, old gunny-bags, and anything they got hold of, were used as patches, while canvas ravelings took the place of threads, and all the sewing was done with a sail-needle.

In the course of time they learned how to make seal-skin leather, and garments of the same material.

In February, 1865, after thirteen months of captivity, the castaways determined to build a cutter of about ten tons, in which to make their way across the stormy seas to New Zealand. They stripped the wreck, taking all the iron ballast and available wood out of her. Luckily (they thought) they found a block of iron among the ballast, which served their ingenious French mate as an anvil. They found on the island an old saw-file, but the teeth were all rusted off. Not at all discouraged, the Frenchman went to work, and out of this waif, and a couple of picks and some shovel-blades which were in the wreck, he manufactured a saw, chisels, gouges, and sundry other tools. But all his efforts to make an auger were in vain; and even after the keel, stern, and stern-post of the vessel were ready, the enterprise had to be abandoned.

"It was truly deplorable," said the captain, "to view the faces of all as we stood around him when he decidedly pronounced it impossible for him to make one. They all appeared, and, I believe, no doubt felt, as if all hope were gone. It went like a shot to my heart, although I had begun to anticipate such a result, and had made up my mind for action accordingly; but when I saw that I must positively, as a last card, put my project into practice, I felt I was tempting Providence; for my tacit project, and unalterable resolution, is to attempt a passage to Stewart's Island in the boat."

For three months the invincible Englishman had pondered over this project, and, with starvation staring them in the face, his bold resolution was presently seconded by his crew. All but the cook were willing to risk the essay, and, as he did not wish to stay behind, he also gave in his adhesion to the scheme. Their boat was "old and shaky." He determined to strengthen her, to lengthen her about three feet, and to raise her about twelve inches.

They all went to work in high spirits to fit their boat for sea. On the 26th of March the captain entered in his diary this passage, for the especial benefit of the lovers of the romantic:

"The sea booms and the wind howls. These are sounds which have been almost constantly ringing in my ears for the last fifteen months; for, during the whole of the time, I venture to say that they have not been hushed more than a fortnight together. There is something horribly dismal in the boom and howl; sometimes it makes my flesh creep to hear them, although I am now so well used to it. Had the romantic admirers of this sort of thing been in my place, I would have been thankful; and they, I have no doubt, would have been quite satisfied. I could not wish my greatest enemy to be similarly situated. Well, I have said I am about to leave. Yes, this, I hope, will be the last Sunday but one that we shall spend in this part of Sarah's Bosom; and perhaps by that time we may have had the good luck to have got out of it altogether. Yes, we go in now for freedom or death!"

From daylight till-half-past nine at night they worked at the boat. One day the gimlet broke! They were in dread that this accident would again frustrate their hopes. But the skillful Frenchman mended it, and again, with new zeal, they renewed their endeavors.

Their greatest enemies were the flies. The captain had been in places where musquitoes were so troublesome that—as at Nicariè, for example—they were the causes of suicide. But nowhere were they so malignant as the sand-flies of Auckland. Whenever a gale was not blowing, they swarmed by the million, and covered every part of the skin that happened to be exposed, and even worked inside of the clothing and bit fiercely. The captain could not get a pin to cover a single spot which they had not blistered.

A terrific hurricane postponed the departure. At last they were ready for sea. Two men backed out, and preferred to stay and risk starvation rather than the present perils of the stormy seas. They were left, and the captain, mate, and one sailor, set sail for Stewart's Island.

Twenty miles out they were overtaken by the full fury of a southwest gale. The boat proved to be leaky. The pump was kept going nearly all the time. Over the little craft the fierce seas broke incessantly. It was a wonder that she lived. But she did outride the storm and landed them at Port Adventure.

"I had not eaten an ounce of food," says the captain, "from the time of leaving until we arrived, and only drank about half a pint of water; yet I felt no fatigue until the night before we landed, when I suddenly became quite exhausted, and lay down on the deck, over which there was no water washing for the first time since we left the island. We were now close to the land. I lay for about half an hour, and then got up again, feeling that I had just sufficient strength remaining to enable me to hold out till the next day; but had we been out any longer, I feel convinced that I should never have put my foot on shore again."

This perilous passage lasted five days and nights.

His voyage was over, but his duty was not done. He had promised to rescue his two companions, and at once began to interest the citizens of Port Adventure in them. Money was raised and a vessel fitted out. But it was thought that he should return in her as a pilot and guide. The passage back was only less perilous than the passage to Stewart's Island. Again and again they were in imminent danger of being wrecked.

They finally reached the north of the island, and found traces of another crew that had been wrecked on the hidden reefs there. They searched the shores and adjacent woods, and at last found, half buried beneath the fallen roof of a rude hut, the body of a sailor, who had evidently perished from hunger. A slate lay near him. It had been written on, but one word only could be deciphered—JAMES. Some mother, doubtless, had often dreamed of him and prayed for him:

"Ma Jâmie, o'er the sea."

But she may never hear more of her shipwrecked boy. He was buried by the captain and his companions.

"This melancholy incident," wrote Captain Musgrave, "would, undoubtedly, give rise to serious thoughts in any one, but how infinitely more in me, whose bones might, at the present moment, have been lying above the ground under similar circumstances, had not the hand of Providence showered such great mercies upon me, perhaps the least deserving."

But, with all the dangers and discomforts of this voyage of rescue, there was one great cause of rejoicing to the honest John Bull who organized it. He did find his companions. Let his own words tell how:

"It was very showery in the forenoon, but at noon the showers took off, and at three P. M. the wind moderated a little, and we at once got under weigh, and, under double-reefed canvas, beat up to our old house; and as we did not come in sight of it until within about a mile from it, the boys did not see us until we were close upon them. Then the one who saw us ran into the house to tell the other, and before they reached the beach Captain Cross and myself had landed, leaving the cutter under weigh, as there was too much wind and sea to anchor her. One of them, the cook, on seeing me, turned as pale as a ghost, and staggered up to a post, against which he leaned for support, for he was evidently on the point of fainting, while the other, George, seized my hand in both of his, and gave my arm a severe shaking, crying: 'Captain Musgrave, how are ye? how are ye?' apparently unable to say anything else."

The captain intimates that this couple of castaways did complete and ample justice to their first civilized dinner. They told him that they had been very much pinched for food since he had left them, and that on one occasion they were obliged to catch mice and eat them. Yet they did not agree very well, and were actually on the point of separating and living apart.

The return trip was far from a pleasure cruise. Here is one representative entry in the captain's log-book:

"SEPTEMBER 7: Hard gale and high, dangerous sea. The little vessel is being knocked about unmercifully. Heavy rain. No place to lie down. Blankets and every stitch of clothing wringing wet. Can't cook anything, even a cup of tea. Second edition of our trip in the boat. *Misery.* Four P. M.: Blowing a hurricane; sea frightful; vessel laboring and straining immensely; if not very strong she cannot stand this long; consider her in a highly dangerous condition. Just taken in mainsail and jib, and set a small boat's sail, under which she feels somewhat easier; but if one of the high seas that are coming round her in every direction falls on board, she is gone; it would knock her into ten thousand pieces. *Frightful.* Midnight, at six P. M.: The gale began to moderate, and fortunately the sea quickly followed suit. We set the mainsail, but carried away the traveler and tore the sail. Eight P. M.: The wind came from the S.W., and continues very light, but sufficient to keep her steady, while the sea is rapidly running down; hope soon to be able to make her stretch her legs again. She has weathered this storm bravely, and without sustaining any visible damage about the hull. Surprising what these little vessels will stand; but she is an amazingly good sea-boat, rides like a sea-gull, and holds her ground well. Bravo, *Flying Scud.*"

They all landed safely. Subscriptions were raised to clothe the sailors. But the sturdy, honest captain only asked that his draft on his owners might be cashed.

"And thus," writes this admirable John Bull, "with a grateful heart I end my journal; with what deep thankfulness to a gracious Providence for saving myself and my companions from a miserable fate I trust I need not here set down."

THE ENCHANTED SILO;

A TERROR AT ORAN.

A WILD TALE OF GARRISON LIFE IN ALGIERS.

AT Oran, when we were just opening the way of subjugation, our military authorities, for lack of a better prison, had to make use of the *silos* of the Casbah, in which the Bey had confined his captives.

The famous "leads," or *Piombi*, of Venice; the dungeons of the Bastile; the *oubliettes* of the Tour de Nesle, were not more horrible than these *silos.* We found them in a hideous condition.

Let the reader picture to himself deep holes, or wells, dug in the ground, each destined to receive a human occupant, guilty or innocent. The latter question made no difference, for, in the "good old times," the hand of power often fell heavily upon those who had committed no other crime than to have been displeasing to the despotic ruler.

The poor wretch consigned to these living tombs was, to all practical intents and purposes, buried alive! He found himself thigh-deep in a filthy sewer, the ground beneath his feet being covered with every species of uncleanliness, kept half liquid by continual damp, and exhaling odors so fetid, that even those who approached the mouth of these holes from above shrank back with loathing.

Prisoners in these torturing receptacles had no other way of sleeping than on foot, leaning against the wall, and in a few days their lower extremities would be covered with malignant sores, and devoured by the vile insects that swarmed in the mire around them.

A scanty ration of the coarsest food was flung down to them from above the hole, and if they were not quick enough to catch it up as it fell, so much the worse for them; they had to eat it covered with the filth of the ditch, or starve.

Moreover, they saw the sun but one hour in the day, and that hour was a long period of excruciating torment. The midday rays of that tropical climate, beating perpendicularly down upon them, heated the pits to a white heat, and made them veritable ovens. Then, a crust which broke up afterward, would form upon the sewer, or, to use a plain comparison, the top layer would congeal like the surface of a marsh when it freezes, and then the victim had his limbs fastened in a sort of natural stocks.

These *silos* still exist, but, fortunately, are no longer used.

However, we were compelled at first to turn them to account; but we did our best to cleanse them and render them endurable. We succeeded, at last, in partly drying them. The orifices at the top were covered, and chloride of lime was scattered through them. They were kept clear, too, by daily lowering a basket to the prisoners, who were required to deposit in it the refuse that otherwise would have encumbered them. In short, while waiting for the completion of another jail, we made the best of these old dungeons.

In the Bey's time, the guardianship of these prisons had been entrusted to an aged Turk, to whom, when we came, we gave some petty employment on the police. For this he was very grateful, and became one of our most devoted allies. From time to time he would come to the *silos* and interpret for us between our sentinels on duty and the prisoners.

He had advised us not to put any one into a certain pit that he pointed out, because, as he declared, it was enchanted, affirming, too, that every prisoner that he had confined there had disappeared.

The sergeant in our service who filled the office of jailer was a Breton, and found no difficulty in believing all the stories of *djenouns* that the Turk chose to tell. These *djenouns* of the Mussulman are the gnomes and fairies of the Breton peasantry, and play much the same part.

One day, however, all the other *silos* were full, and the order came to put a prisoner in the one that was reported to be haunted by the phantoms that had set so many free. Obedience was imperative, for the commandant of those days stood no nonsense.

The prisoner was lowered into the pit, and he was observed to smile with satisfaction, so deeply were the Arabs impressed with the belief that the *silo* in question was really enchanted by fairies, who allowed every prisoner confined in it to escape.

The sergeant took all the usual precautions; he urged the sentinels to renewed vigilance, and then anxiously waited for the morrow, but not without making his extra night rounds, so as to be sure that the sentinels were on the alert.

Early on the next morning he visited the *silo*. The prisoner was gone!

The sergeant could do nothing but make his report accordingly.

The commandant of the place flatly attributed this mysterious disappearance to a lack of watchfulness, and made a very generous distribution of punishment, sparing neither jailer nor sentinel, and, confident that greater care would be taken this time, ordered that another Arab should be put into the same *silo*.

The prisoner was a murderer caught in the act, and the old Turk bewailed the case, because so vile a malefactor was, as he believed, to be set loose. But the commandant ordered that a sentinel should remain, night and day, at the edge of the *silo*.

He was satisfied that with such precautions as these, the new prisoner would not get off as his predecessor had done. Nevertheless, the Arab, full of hope, had not attempted to conceal his delight in changing his prison.

Eight days passed without anything remarkable occurring, and the commandant triumphed; but the old Turk stoutly maintained that the harvest would not pass without the escape taking place.

He proved to be right, after all, for, during the ninth night, the assassin disappeared.

Great was the sensation in the Casbah! The jailer and the Breton sergeant were delighted to see their views of the case fully justified; but the commandant was exasperated, and determined to try again.

Convinced that the sentinel on duty had fallen asleep at his post, or had been bribed, he selected twelve trusty men, and confided the care of the *silo* to them, with strict orders to keep guard, two at a time, over a third prisoner, who was quite joyous at the idea of being consigned to a prison from which escape was so absolutely certain.

Eight, ten, fifteen, twenty days elapsed. The commandant came every morning, rubbing his hands and jeering at the folks in the Casbah, who had let themselves be humbugged, he said, by old wives' tales.

But on the twenty-eighth day (we kept the date carefully) the prisoner had vanished, without leaving a sign of his former presence.

It was out of the question to suspect the old soldiers who had guarded him, for they were the soul of honor, vigilance, and fidelity.

The *silo* must, indeed, be enchanted!

The commandant resolved to get to the bottom of the mystery, and with that determination went down into the bottom of the pit himself, torch in hand. All that he discovered, on the most careful inspection, was a small hole situated about twelve feet above the bottom of the pit. It was twice the size of one's fist, but could not possibly afford passage for the body of a man. A drummer-boy, called down to make the experiment, could not get even his head into the orifice. Moreover, the sides of the wall did not present the slightest inequality by which a man might hoist himself as high as the hole.

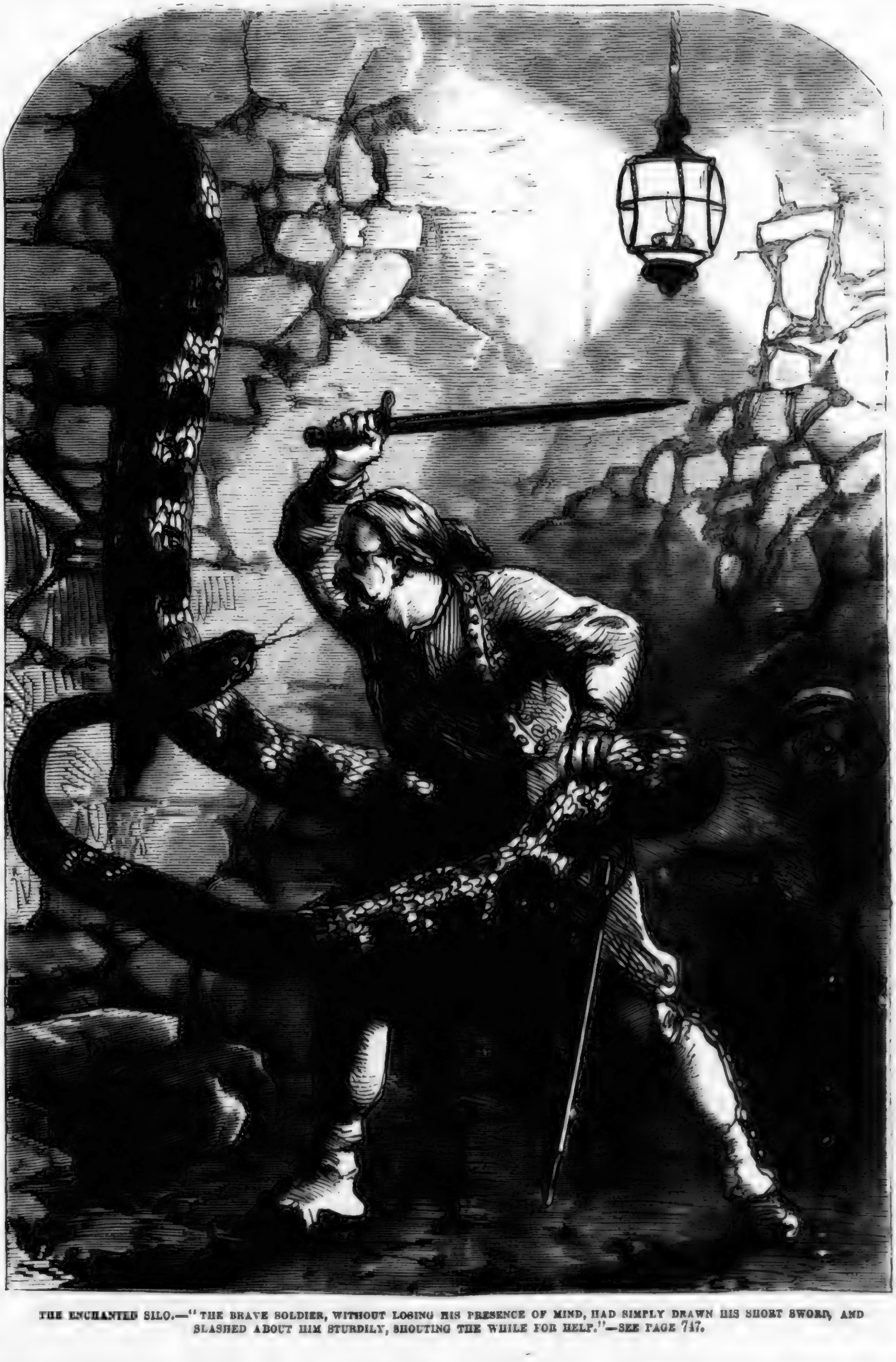
Nevertheless, the orifice was stopped, and then the commandant, who was an obstinate fellow, called for volunteers, to stay by turns all night with the next prisoner. He succeeded in finding among the troops of the garrison a dozen of men adapted to the required service, and this time the commandant felt sure, beyond all peradventure, of putting an end to the trickery of the *silo*.

Every evening a picked Zouave was lowered down to take his place beside the prisoner, and the latter was handcuffed, so that he should not be able to practice any surprise. If ever escape seemed impossible, it surely did under these circumstances.

The commandant slept like the seven sleepers of Ephesus, for he would have wagered his whole year's pay against a private's spending money that now, indeed, the *silo* would hold its prisoner.

Whole weeks rolled by, and the extra guard was about to be given up, when one night the most desperate cries for help were heard from the depths of the *silo*.

The Zouaves on duty hurried to the rescue, and, on reaching the edge of the pit, discovered that a furious struggle was going on between the sentinel below, the prisoner, and some third but unknown adversary. The contest was



THE ENCHANTED SILO.—"THE BRAVE SOLDIER, WITHOUT LOSING HIS PRESENCE OF MIND, HAD SIMPLY DRAWN HIS SHORT SWORD, AND SLASHED ABOUT HIM STURDILY, SHOUTING THE WHILE FOR HELP."—SEE PAGE 747.

accompanied with screams of terror on the part of the Arab, furious imprecations from the French soldier, and certain piercing hisses and murmurs which no one could exactly define or comprehend.

As a first measure, a lantern was lowered at the end of a cord to light up the scene, but in a twinkling it was broken, and nothing could be discovered.

Immediate search was made for another, but by the time that it arrived the combat was over, and not a sound could be heard in the pit.

The officer of the guard then carefully descended with a light, and beheld a horrible spectacle.

The Arab prisoner, and the Zouave who had remained with him, were found inanimate on the bottom of the pit, and half crushed beneath the weight of two fragments of a huge serpent.

The officer signalled instantly to be hauled up to the surface, and, overcome by the horror of the scene, fainted as he reached the air, exclaiming, with an accent of intense terror and loathing:

"The anaconda! the anaconda!"

The soldiers of the guard thought that there must be some illusion, and went down in their turn. They only too quickly realized the truth. Fortunately, however, the fearful reptile was dead; but their comrade was disabled, and the poor Arab, frightened out of his wits, lay there in a deathlike swoon.

The constrictor and its victims were hauled up to the surface, and there it was found that the serpent measured over fifteen feet in length.

The whole mystery of the enchanted *silo* was now quite explicable. The serpent had hitherto surprised the prisoners and suffocated them in their sleep; then crushing them and reducing them to a pulp in his terrible folds, he had kneaded them and lengthened them out, as is the wont of these gigantic reptiles, and, after swallowing his prey, had retired.

His last visit had been at a long interval, because, the former orifice being stopped up, he had been obliged to make another.

The Zouave who had been in the pit, related, as soon as he had recovered consciousness, that his attention had at first been attracted by the noise of clods of earth falling into the *silo*, and almost instantly the serpent had made its appearance.

The brave soldier, without losing his presence of mind, had simply drawn his short sword, and slashed about him sturdily, shouting the while for help.

At last he had succeeded in separating his formidable adversary in two pieces, but the latter writhed in horrible convulsions, and their blows had bruised and wounded him.

The Arab lay ill for a week with a raging brain-fever, and he is still subject to fits of half-insanity. This adventure secured him his pardon, and to this day he is nicknamed, in the picturesque language of his tribe, the Snake Man.

The Zouave was made a corporal, and was subsequently decorated.

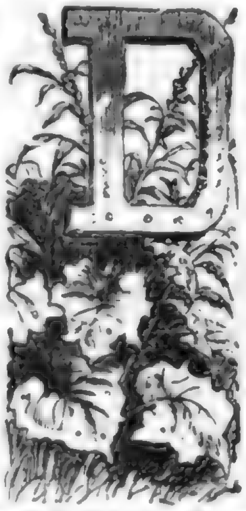
Since then the *silo* has been called the *Trouau-Bou*, or Boa Constrictor Hole, and the new recruit who mounts guard for the first time in the Casbah, is invariably regaled with this cheerful narrative.

Of course the raw stranger feels his flesh creep as he thinks of the frightful fate of the poor wretches who perished in "the enchanted *silo*," where they had felt assured of a happy deliverance.

THOSE men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance and an irregular life, do as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang, poison, or kill themselves.

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

By Etta W. Pierce.



DIDN'T you never hear," said aunt Patty, passing Stephen the cream, "that if you'd go down to the church, and sit in the porch on the stroke of twelve, you'd see the ghosts of all that are to be married and buried within the year, yourself included, maybe?"

"Never!" cried Stephen, solemnly.

"Certainly—to be sure!" said I, running to the almanac, "for it's St. John's Eve."

"But tempting Providence that way is an unrighteous thing," added aunt Patty, severely. "Old Tom Lothrop's gal Sal, saw herself, and died within the month; and Hannah Ames that was, she fared wuss yet, for a man appeared to her that came afterward all the way from New Brunswick, and she married him off-hand, and he beat and banged her, and would have smashed every bone in her body if the neighbors hadn't interfered."

Stephen looked askant at me with his big gray eyes.

"I hope that will prove a warning to you, Nan," he said, soberly.

"Nan!" echoed aunt Patty. "I'd like to see her making such a fool of herself—tramping to churches at midnight seeking the ghost of a man to marry!"

"Especially when there are those in the flesh that need not be sought," continued Stephen, with an audacious look.

"I don't know," I said, mockingly; "I like uncanny things. I think I'll run down to the church at the proper hour, and tempt the fate of Sal and Hannah."

There was a prayer-meeting at our house that night. Aunt Patty donned her plum-colored silk directly after tea, and lighted the lamps in the big sitting-room. Neighbors dropped in—men from the quarry, brethren and sisters; and by the window, very spruce and fine, in snowy duck and linen, was lawyer Gowan, his black eyes constantly seeking my face.

I sat on a stool in the doorway, curled up in a heap, staring out through the lilacs and syringas to avoid Gowan's look. The evening was far spent, and a tall elder was praying. His sonorous voice filled the room like a trumpet. Suddenly twisting through and through its mighty volume, a strain of music, fanning forth from some point near at hand, floated rapturously into the room.

I started and listened. It was the air of a wild old love-song—the gay, marvelous flutter of a fiddle, played by some hand that knew the bow and catgut well. Fast and furious this mad, glorious, but altogether irreverent, music came pouring into our meeting. Gowan smiled under his long mustaches. The elder stumbled in his prayer and frowned. I saw aunt Patty glaring angrily at me through her spectacles; but swifter and merrier flew that enchanted bow outside. I rose from my seat and slipped over the threshold-stone.

"Stephen!" I called.

No answer. I ran across the yard, brushing the perfume from the drowsy lilacs, reached the gate, and saw, seated composedly upon it, a figure scraping away for dear life on an old fiddle. A full moon was rising in the east. Its light shot through the apple trees, and fell upon him—on the comely head, crowned with crisp hair, on the comely face, colored rich as wine.

"Stephen!" I called again.

The bow flew from his hand, and fell somewhere in the long, dry grass at my feet. He swung himself off the gate.

"Didn't you hear the elder praying?" I said, solemnly.

"No," he answered.

"Well, you have disturbed the meeting—come in at once;" and I searched the bush grass, found the bow, and brought it to him. My hand met his, and he took it from me."

"Come in!" I repeated. He did not stir; he was trembling from from head to foot under that careless touch.

"*Will* you come, Stephen?"

"There is no place on the earth or under it, where, if you called me, I would not follow you," and then we both saw Gowan craning his neck out of the window to look for us.

"Has he told you," queried Stephen, pressing my arm fiercely, "that you are altogether lovely in this white gown to-night? Has he promised you purple and fine linen in the future, and stalled ox to dine upon?"

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods," said I.

"Nor those he is seeking to make his?"

I led the way and he followed, docile enough, and sat down on a bench by the door, swart and tall in the moonlight. Presently the sisters and brethren came pouring out, and departed in a stream down the road. The last to appear was Gowan. He joined me in the lilacs.

"I hope you have been properly edified," I remarked.

"How?—by watching you and Stephen out here in the dew?"

"No irreverence. Aunt Patty has a late tea after these meetings—will you not stay?"

It must have been solely to torment Stephen that I said this—Stephen, who rose up from the bench at once, and walked off through the gate.

"Surely I will," Gowan answered, promptly, "and thanks."

I escorted him back to the sitting-room, where aunt Patty was already rattling the cups and saucers.

"Not that I ever indulge in such unreasonable repasts myself," I there added; "I have more mercy on my digestion;" and I left him standing in the midst of the preparation, and made off through the garden and out into the lonely high road.

It was St. John's Eve, as I said in the beginning. The hour now lacked but little to midnight. I walked off straight through the moonlight toward the English church of St. John, the nearest of any to our big old house. The winds were laid—the wayside thickets bloomed in Summer glory. I could smell the roses in the graveyard even before I caught sight of the familiar square tower. Under some gaunt butternut-trees I scurried on, and came to the porch. Rank vines darkened it, but all along its front the moonlight fell and pricked their dewy tangles, like white spirit fingers. My blood was a little chilly as I approached the porch, so strangely still was the night, so white and tall stood the old tombstones just over the low wall! I sat down on the steps, in the broad moonlight, with an inward qualm. Should I come to this door some day before the year was out, in what Stephen called purple and fine linen, with lawyer Gowan to attend me? Or would it be with Stephen himself, very quietly, and nobody by but father and aunt Patty? Death I did not think about, for I was young and strong. With such inward quaking as was natural to the time and place, I sat and waited to see what I should see.

Solemn and ghostly enough the silence grew. Only the ivy clapped its green hands softly overhead. I dared not stir or turn. A great, slow terror began to creep over me. Then, slowly, mournfully, somewhere near at hand, I heard a clock striking midnight.

The last stroke died away. I looked up. For a moment I saw nothing. Then, out of the wan moonshine before me, suddenly started up a figure—a tall, smart figure, with a strange, unearthly pallor on his face, the utter whiteness and coldness of death—a figure that stood misty and motionless, and looked at me with large, desolate eyes. For one horrible moment I sat paralyzed, staring at the white awfulness of that face, and then I started to my feet with a wild scream.

"Stephen! Stephen!"

"Nan!" a living, human voice answered, and I looked again, and that ghastly front had vanished, and it was Stephen, ruddy and stalwart, with his cheek colored like an Autumn leaf, and his great gray eyes on fire. He caught me suddenly, as I shivered away.

"For the love of Heaven!" I gasped, "tell me what made you look like that just now?"

"Like what?" he laughed.

"So cold and white—so like a dead man!"

I shuddered, bursting into wild sobbing.

"The moonlight, most likely," he answered, in a wild, glad voice, "Why, Nan! why, Nan!" and I was caught, and folded down into his breast. "Did I frighten you so much? You do love me, then—you do, in spite of all your trifling!" and kisses rained fast and furious on my bowed head. "*Don't* you love me, Nan?"

"I do! I do! Ah, Stephen, what a face that was! *Could* it have been the moonlight? I do love you; I have always loved you." And I think my own lips for a moment returned the warm, red pressure of his.

"And you hate Gowan?" queried Stephen.

"Desperately."

Rapturous silence.

"Did you come seeking your fate here to-night, Nan?"

"Yes—and you?"

"And I! We've both found it, in good truth; have not we?"

"It seems so."

"But, to complete the matter, we are bound to marry before the year is out."

"That subject can wait," said I, rising. "If I do not go home at once, aunt Patty will have drowned Gowan in tea, and locked the paternal door against me."

Home we went, through the moonlight, together. Aunt Patty, with her false front awry, and a bib pinned over the plum-colored silk, regarded me crossly.

"Gowan went off in a pet," said she; "he didn't know the tea-pot from a cider-cask after you left. Where have you been gadding at this hour of night?"

"Out to the church, to meet the wraith of my future husband," I answered, gayly.

"Did you see him?" she sniffed.

"That I did!" I answered, and danced off up the stair.

At breakfast, the next morning, she took up the subject again.

"I always thought Nan would make a good match," she said, over her coffee-grounds, "because she was born with a caul. Then, too, it's written plain on her face."

"Is it?" queried Stephen, leaning forward to look at me closer. "On what feature?"

"My long nose," said I, "which goes scenting it from afar."

"She ought to marry rich, Heaven knows!" went on aunt Patty, quite unheeding. "There's not another girl in town that has the ruffles and clear-starching, and fal-fals, she does. Hope *you'll* never get such a wife, Stephen."

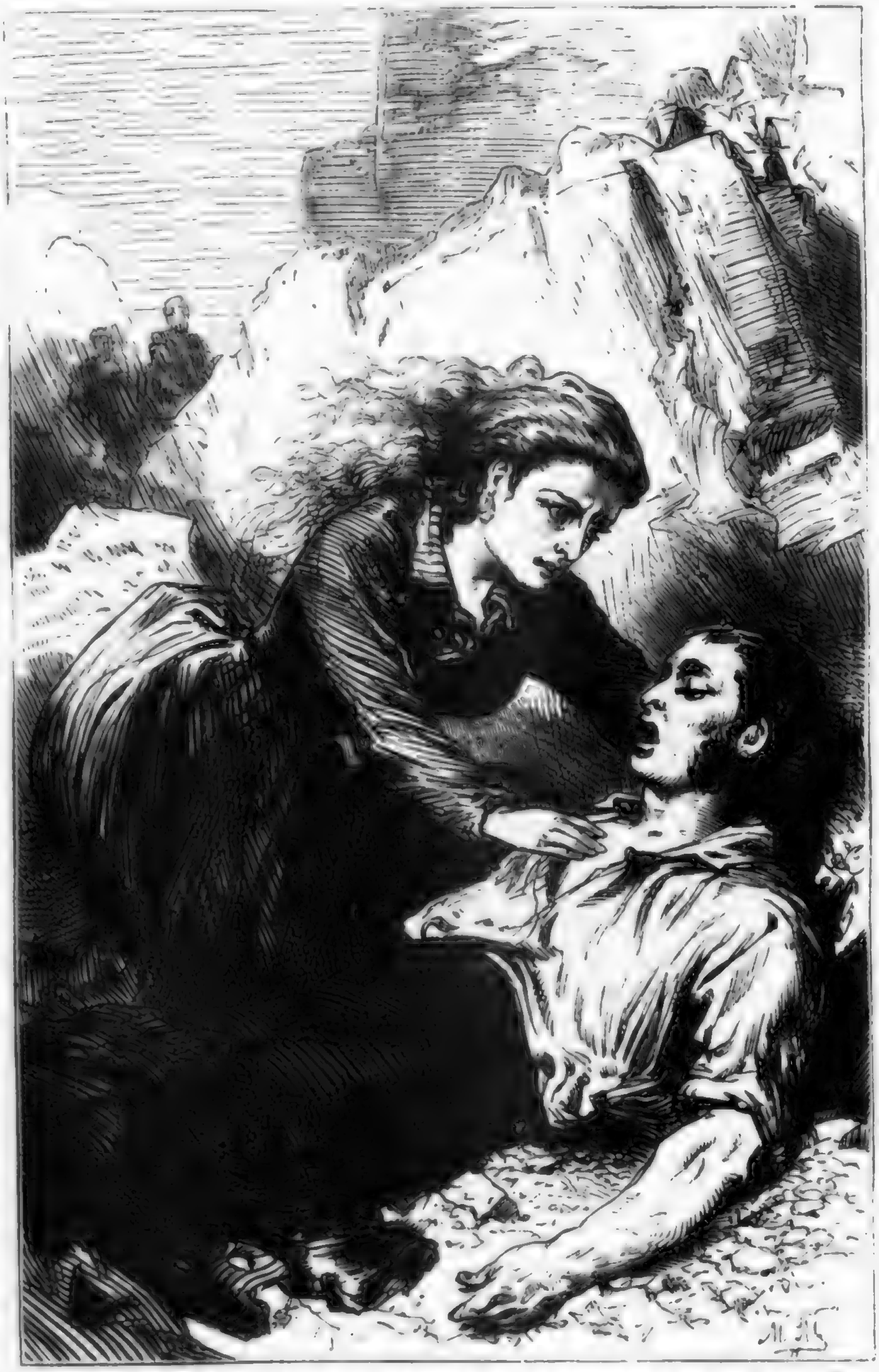
"Too late!" laughed Stephen, "I have spoken for one exactly after her pattern."

It was decreed that on this morning I should be tempted of a devil. He came in the person of Gowan, who reined at the gate a stylish bay-horse, and flung over me an armful of blush roses, as I stood leaning on the sharp pickets, staring off toward the quarry.

"I am going over to Middleboro," he said, "and an empty seat at one's elbow is unspeakably lonesome. Can I prevail upon you to fill this one beside me?"

"Mercy! how thankful I am!" cried aunt Patty, hopping up from her weeding in a garden-bed near by. "I've been aching all the week for a new sprigged muslin gown from Middleboro, and I'd sooner Nan would choose it than anybody."

I made a tolerable resistance; people often do that when they have settled in their own minds to finally yield. Then I ran away, and, worst of all, donned my loveliest dress, let down my yellow hair on my shoulders, and armed myself *cap-à-pie* for conquest, as the inherent vanity of my woman's soul prompted.



THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.—"I KNELT DOWN, AND LIFTED HIS DABBLED HEAD ON MY KNEE."

Gowan gave me a look that turned me burning red, as he helped me into the buggy. We whirled past the quarry. I shrank behind him, and would not look toward it.

"There's a man yonder," he said, carelessly, "staring, as if we were the Gordon's head. Does he think I am abducting you?"

I understood, but would not turn. The moment we left behind us the great derricks, my spirits began to fail. The seat of the light buggy seemed unreasonably small, and brought us into a close contact that to me was vastly uncomfortable. The high wind, too, tossed my hair across his shoulders, and tangled it in the buttons of his coat. He detached it with passion-bright eyes.

"I wish it were your heart instead of your hair," he said, with an alarming fervor underlying the lightness of his tone.

By the time we reached Middleboro I was miserable. In revenge for the part she had played in the matter, I bought aunt Patty the most hideous sprigged muslin the sun ever shone upon.

"Now pray take me home," I said to Gowan, crossly. "I am ill."

The moment we were alone again in that narrow-seated buggy, on the quiet country roads, the sentimental look I dreaded began to appear on his face. He attempted to take my hand. I drew it quickly and smartly away.

"Nan, dear Nan," he then tried to begin.

"Stop!" I cried, mildly, starting up. "If you speak a word more I will leap out!"

He drew me quietly down. I would not look in his face, but I heard him breathing hard.

"I understand," he said, "some one has spoken before me."

"Yes," I answered, flatly. There was silence.

"A mere child like you," he said, at last, in his usual cool, pleasant voice "has much to learn, and many mistakes to make, and to set right again. I can wait."

"You will find it somewhat trying to your patience," was my quick, angry answer.

He smiled, but said nothing. He put me down at the gate, and I ran in, tore off my finery, spread the cloth for dinner, and went down to the old well in the garden for a bucket of water. I was leaning over the mossy curb, with the sweep in my hands, when, in the glassy mirror below, I saw a face reflected, and there at my shoulders stood Stephen.

"It is strange I can never be angry with you," he said, taking the bucket from my hands, "even when you deserve it."

"How good you are!" I answered, nettled by his tone.

"Why did you go riding with Gowan this morning?" he demanded, "to make me miserable?"

"I suppose it must have been that," said I, recklessly. The dark rich-colored face looked full in mine.

"Did you promise yourself to me last night, Nan, or did I dream it, or do you want to forget in silver daylight all that was done under the glamour of the moon?" He snatched my hands and pressed them against his heart, and I felt it beating great, mad, wild strokes. "You cannot! You shall not!" he cried. "I love you, and I will never release you, Nan—never!"

We had a frolic that night in the great red barn, emptied of the last year's harvest. Lanterns swung on high, and the floor below was swept clean for the dance. Betwixt the great doors a seat of honor had been placed for Stephen and his fiddle.

"I couldn't induce you to share my throne, I suppose?" said he.

"Not to-night," I answered. "I prefer to dance."

"With Gowan?"

"With any nice person who asks me."

"Not Gowan, Nan—promise me."

"Wait till he appears—do!"

"There he is in the door yonder, looking around for you."

I flung a backward glance over my shoulder, and saw Gowan leaning against the entrance fanning himself with his straw hat, and pensively regarding the crowd of young people assembled under the lanterns.

"Well?" said Stephen, waiting for the promise he had asked; but I stood stubbornly silent. He dropped my hand as if it had been a coal; strode over to his seat of honor, and taking up his fiddle began to play.

I was standing alone, looking out on the moonlit night, when Gowan came pushing his way toward me.

"Has no one asked you to dance?" he said, lightly, "or have you quarreled with Stephen?"

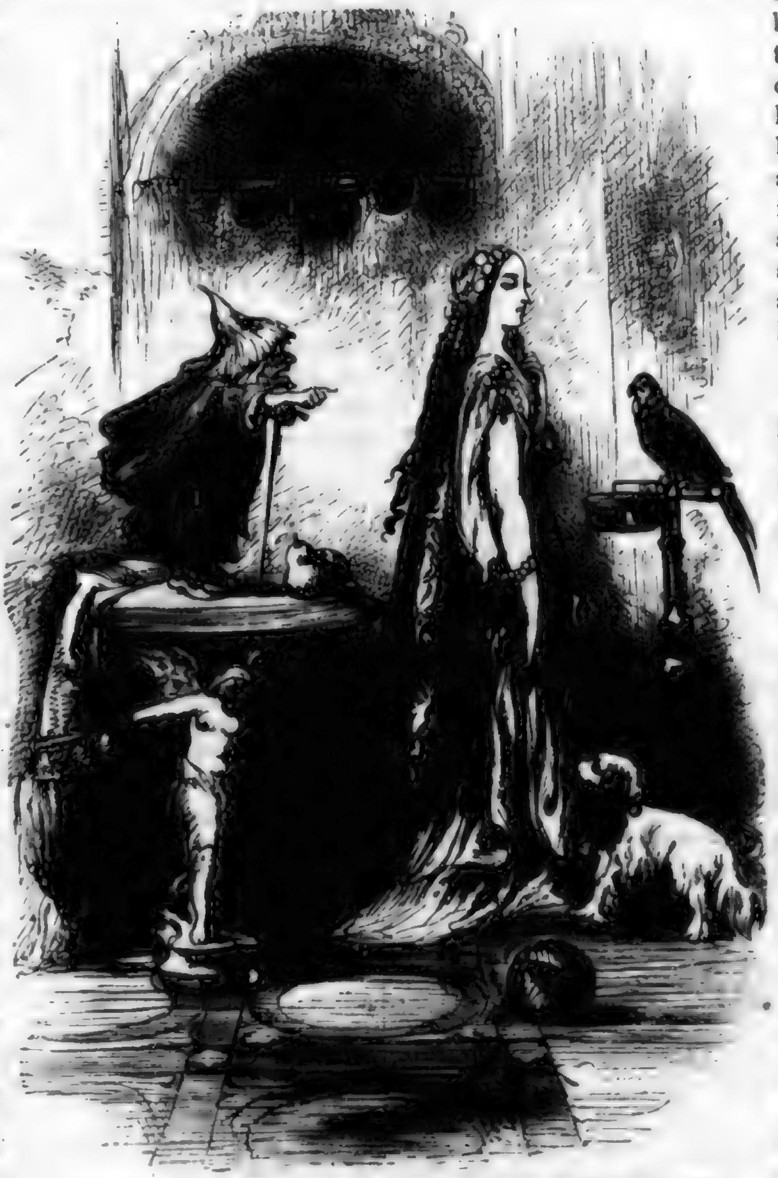
"No—to both questions," I answered.

"You look as forlorn as Mariana in the Moated Grange. May I beg you to honor me once?"

I looked over at Stephen, but he was playing his merriest, and seemed to see nothing.

"At least it is better than moping here," was my very uncivil answer; and I took Gowan's arm and fell into place with him.

We swung through the changes, and went down the middle together under Stephen's eyes, and I grew reckless at last, as one is apt to do in wrong-doing, and danced again and again, and was glad with the gladdest.



THE WHITE CAT.—"THE FIRST WORDS SHE UTTERED WERE, 'I SMELL THE VOICE OF A MAN.'"—SEE PAGE 755.

"He is jealous as a Turk," said Gowan, shrugging his shoulders. "You will be in disgrace for this." And sure enough Stephen cast one furious glance at me, and strode off in the very midst of the frolic, fiddle and all, and I saw him no more that night.

I slept late the following morning, and his seat at the table was vacant when I entered the kitchen.

"Whatever ails you?" cried aunt Patty. "You are as blue as skim-milk. If you'll go down to the south pasture for the berries, I'll have a strawberry pudding for dinner. Stephen is uncommon fond of it."

I was glad of the task. I threw aunt Patty's red breakfast-shawl over my shoulders, tied on my hat and started. Under the bars I went, and through the barberry bushes, seeing before me the tips of the great derricks at the quarry rising beyond the hill. I stumbled upon a spot where the ground was red and odorous, and, falling on my knees in the Summer grass, began plucking out, with all haste, the rich ripeness it hid. Presently the shadow of a human figure stretched across me, long and dark, in the sun. I looked up, and saw Gowan.

"Heavens!" thought I; "will the court ever adjourn to another place, and take this man away with it? Is he omnipresent?" I think my ill-humor was visible in my face.

"You are angry with me," he said, at once.

"True," I answered, starting up. "Why do you follow me about like this? Why are you forever at my elbow?"

"Is my presence, then, so hateful to you?" he asked, coloring.

"Yes, it is!" I blazed. "Now, pray, be satisfied, and leave me alone."

"Patience," he answered, coolly. "I do not mean to intrude, but pray tell me if the animal coming yonder is not a rather unusual feature in the landscape? He seems to be regarding us attentively."

I turned, and saw father's big red bull advancing briskly through the barberry bushes, tossing his sharp, short horns as he came. I snatched up my pail of strawberries.

"If you stay here a moment longer he will gore you to death!" I cried, and ran for the nearest wall. Gowan followed. The bull tore after us, bellowing, through the low undergrowth. The only weapon at hand was Gowan's light walking-stick, and the fence was twenty rods away, across an open space.

"Run," I urged, "or he will surely kill you!"

"The deuce he will!" muttered Gowan; and I heard a fall, and looked, and saw him measuring his length in the scrambling blackberry vines, with the foaming, snorting brute close on his entangled heels.

I saw this, and turned and ran back toward him.

"Help! help!" I cried, wildly.

At the call, a man in shirt-sleeves vaulted over the fence, and ran up to us. It was Stephen.

"Go back, Nan!" he cried, and snatched from my shoulders the red breakfast-shawl, which had been at the bottom of all the mischief, and flaunted it in the face of the bull. A wrathful roar, and off they went across the field together, Stephen leading, with the obnoxious garment, the brute tearing after. Gowan gathered himself up from the snarl of blackberry-vines, and we scrambled over the fence together, and stood and watched Stephen fling the shawl, at last, over the bull's short horns, and, leaving him pawing and trampling it, turn back toward us across the field.

"What a plight you are in, to be sure!" said I, maliciously, looking at the lawyer's immaculate garments, rumpled and blotched by his fall.

"It might have been worse," he answered good-naturedly.

"True—but for Stephen."

He reddened, searching my face closely.

"Good Heavens! you love him!" he cried, with the air of a person convicted for the first time of an unpleasant truth.

"With my whole heart!" I answered.

Before I was aware, he seized my two hands, resting on the fence, raised them to his lips, then flung them from him, and Stephen, advancing toward us across the open space, saw him, and stopped short in his tracks. He stood—he looked from Gowan's red face to my pale one, for one portentious moment, then turned on his heel, without a word, and strode off toward the quarry. We had no strawberry pudding for dinner; but, instead, aunt Patty compounded one of marvelous odor and appearance, full of chopped raisins and sweet spices. Twelve o'clock struck, and I went down to the gate to wait for Stephen. I looked across the fields—strained my eyes to catch the first glimpse of his tall figure coming over the hill. I wanted him to see me there, and know, even from afar, that I was penitent and anxious for peace. Long and dark stretched the shadow of rock and tree across the hill, but I saw no Stephen.

"Where can he be?" cried aunt Patty, from the kitchen; "the meat's growing cold, and the potatoes are like bullets."

Suddenly a strange figure appeared, running across the field, breathless, bare-headed. It sent a shivering thrill of dread through me from soul to crown. As it drew nearer, I dashed open the gate, and sprang quickly into the road to meet it.

"Stephen!" I almost shrieked.

"Something's happened down in the quarry," it gasped, in answer.

I thrust it aside, and fled under the bars, across the field, up the brow of the hill, and down on the other side, till I reached the derricks.

"Stop, for God's sake!" I heard some one crying after me, but the words whistled through my ears like an idle wind. Men were running past, breathlessly. I followed, and came to him, lying in the midst, with a coat spread across his shattered body. I pushed them all aside, and knelt down and lifted the dabbled head on my knee.

"Stephen!" I shrieked, "oh, come back, for I love you!"

What did he care for my love then? The pangs I had given him, and the little measure of joy—were they not as one to him at that moment?

"Come back! come back!" I prayed; but he answered nothing. The sun shone overhead, the world went on around us, and he lay there, mute and dead. Dead!—his strong, young life torn from him in the last thundering blast that had rent the hill. Dead!—and I knew it, and yet lived on.

Do you ask if I married Gowan? Yes, but that was years after.

THE WHITE CAT.

A FAIRY STORY.

A KING had three sons, all remarkably handsome in their persons, and in their tempers generous and noble. Some wicked courtiers made the king believe that the princes were contriving a plot to deprive him of his sceptre and his authority.

The king had no inclination to resign his power, and therefore he sent for them to his cabinet, and said:

"My dear children, my great age prevents me from attending so closely as I have hitherto done to State affairs. I therefore desire to place my crown on the head of one of you; but, in return for such a present, you should procure me some amusement in my retirement, for I shall leave the capital forever. I cannot help thinking that a little dog, that should be handsome, faithful, and engaging, would be the very thing to make me happy; so that, without bestowing a preference on either of you, I declare that he who brings me the most perfect little dog shall be my successor."

The princes were much surprised at the fancy of their father, yet they accepted the proposition with pleasure; and accordingly, after taking leave of the king, they set off on their travels. Each took a different road; but we intend to relate the adventures of only the youngest, who, wandering he knew not whither, found himself in a forest; night suddenly came on, he lost his path, and could not find his way out. When he had groped about for a long time, he perceived a light, and accordingly pursued his way toward it, and in a short time found himself at the gates of the most magnificent palace ever beheld.

The prince observed a deer's foot fastened to a chain of diamonds. He pulled the chain, and heard a bell, the sound of which was so sweet that he concluded it must be made either of silver of gold. In a few moments the door was opened, but he perceived nothing but twelve hands in the air, each holding a torch.

The prince was so astonished that he durst not move a step; when he felt himself pushed gently on by some other hands from behind him. He walked on in great perplexity; and, to be secure from danger, he put his hand on his sword. He entered a vestibule inlaid with porphyry and lapis-stone, when the most melodious voice he had ever heard chanted the following words:

"Welcome, prince! no danger fear,
Mirth and love attend you here."

The prince now advanced with confidence, wondering what these words could mean.

When he had passed through sixty apartments, all equally splendid, he was stopped by the hands, and a large easy-chair advanced of itself toward the chimney; the fire immediately lighted of itself; and the hands, which he observed were extremely white and delicate, took off his wet clothes, and supplied their place with the finest linen imaginable, and then added a commodious wrapping-gown, embroidered with the brightest gold, and all over enriched with pearls.

The hands next brought him an elegant dressing-table, held before him a beautiful basin, filled with perfumes, for him to wash his face and hands, and afterward took off the wrapping-gown, and dressed him in a suit of clothes of still greater splendor.

When his dress was complete, they conducted him to a table spread for a repast, and everything upon it was of the purest gold, adorned with jewels.

As he was reflecting on the wonderful things he had seen in this palace, his attention was suddenly caught by a small figure, not a foot in height, which just then entered the room, and advanced toward him. It had on a long black vail, and was supported by two cats dressed in mourning, and with swords by their sides. They were followed by a numerous retinue of cats. The little figure now approached, and, throwing aside her vail, he beheld a most beautiful white cat. Addressing herself to the prince, she said:

"Young prince, you are welcome; your presence affords me the greatest pleasure."

"Madame," replied the prince, "I would fain thank you for your generosity, nor can I help observing that you must be a most extraordinary creature, to possess, with your present form, the gift of speech, and the magnificent palace I have just seen."

"All this is very true," answered the beautiful cat; "but, prince, I am not fond of talking, and least of all do I like compliments; let us, therefore, sit down to supper."

When night was far advanced, the white cat wished him a good-night, and he was conducted by the hands to his bedchamber.

The prince was undressed and put into bed by the hands, without speaking a word; they then left him to repose. He, however, slept but little, and in the morning was awakened by a confused noise. He looked into the courtyard, and perceived more than five hundred cats, all busily employed in preparing for the field, for this was a day of festival.

Presently the white cat came to his apartment, and having politely inquired after his health, and how he had passed the night, she invited him to partake of their amusement.

When the hunting was over, the whole retinue returned to the palace; when the white cat sat down to supper with the prince, who partook with her of the most delicious liquors, which, being often repeated, made him forget that he was to procure a little dog for the old king. He thought no longer of anything but of pleasing the sweet little creature who received him so courteously, and, accordingly, every day was spent in new amusements.

The prince had almost forgotten his country and his relations.

"Alas!" said he to the white cat, "how will it afflict me to leave one whom I love so much? Either make yourself a lady, or make me a cat."

At length the twelvemonth was nearly expired. The prince began to afflict himself, when the cat told him not to be sorrowful, since she would not only provide him with a little dog, but also with a wooden horse, which should convey him safely in less than twelve hours.

"Look here," said she, showing him an acorn; "this contains what you desire."

The prince put the acorn to his ear, and heard the barking of a little dog. Transported with joy, he thanked the cat a thousand time, and the next day, bidding her tenderly adieu, he set out on his return.

The prince arrived first at the place of rendezvous, and was soon joined by his brothers.

The next day they went together to the palace. The dogs of the two elder princes were lying on cushions, and so curiously wrapped round with embroidered quilts that scarcely would one venture to touch them.

The king examined the two little dogs of the elder princes, and declared he thought them so equally beautiful that he knew not to which, with justice, he could give the preference. They accordingly began to dispute, when the young prince, taking the acorn from his pocket, soon ended their contention; for a little dog appeared which could with ease go through the smallest ring, and was, besides, a miracle of beauty.

The king was not more inclined than the year before to part with his crown, so he told his sons that he was extremely obliged to them for the pains they had taken, and that since they had succeeded so well, he could but wish they would make a second attempt; he therefore begged they would take another year for procuring him a piece of cambric, so fine as to be drawn through the eye of a small needle.

The three princes thought this very hard; yet they set out in obedience to the king's command. The two eldest took different roads, and the youngest remounted his wooden horse, and in a short time arrived at the palace of his beloved white cat, who received him with the greatest joy; after which the prince gave the white cat an account of the admiration which had been bestowed on the beautiful little dog, and informed her of his father's further injunction.

"Make yourself perfectly easy, dear prince," said she; "I have in my palace some cats that are particularly expert in making such cambric as the king requires; so you have nothing to do but to give me the pleasure of your company while it is making, and I will take care to procure you all the amusement possible."

The twelvemonth in this manner again passed insensibly away, but the cat took care to remind the prince of his duty in proper time.

She then presented him with a nut.

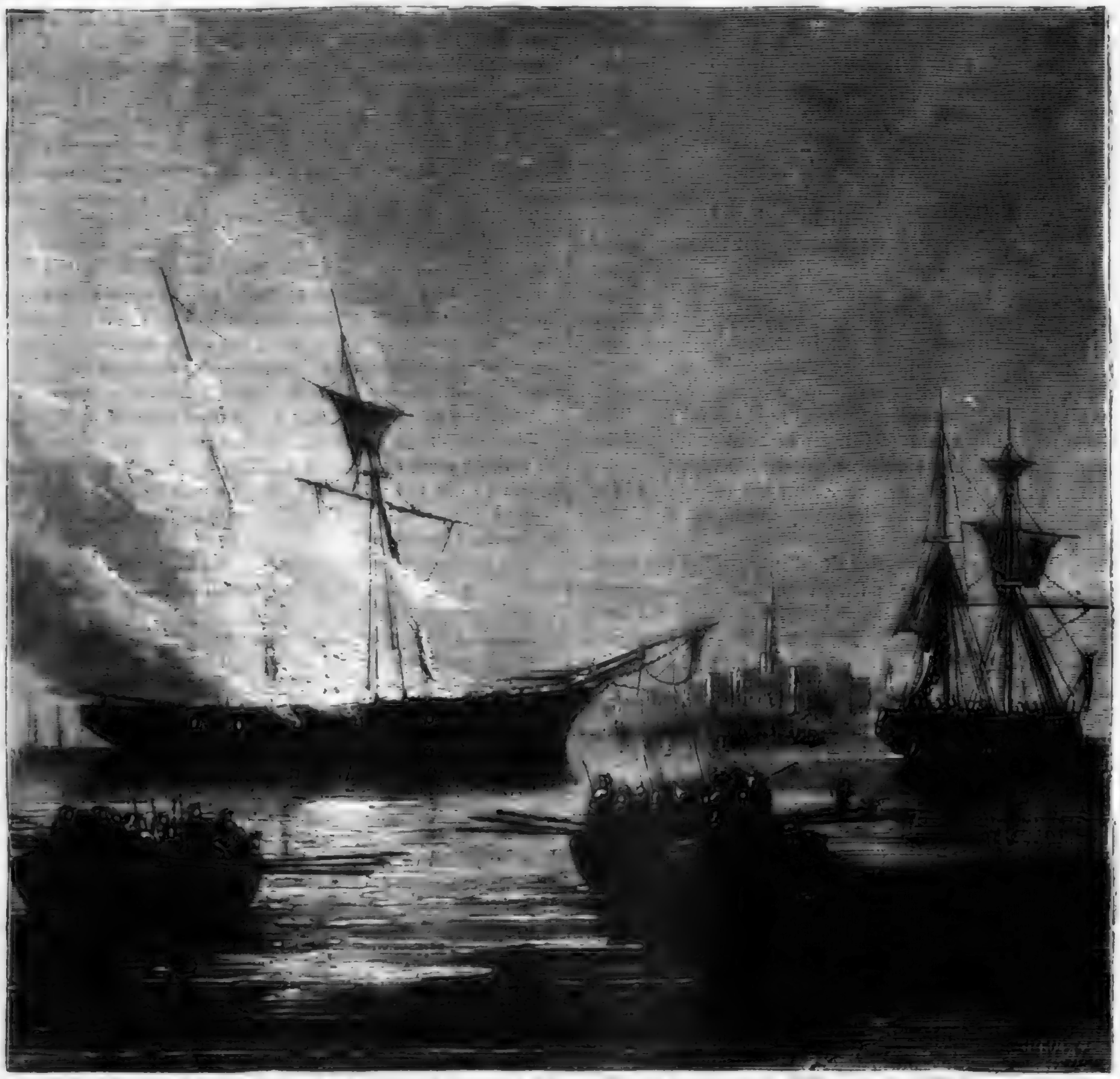
"You will find in it," said she, "the piece of cambric I promised you; do not break the shell till you are in the presence of the king, your father."

The prince hastened to his father's palace, where his brothers had arrived just before him. The princes hastened to lay at the feet of his majesty the curious present he had required them to procure. The eldest unwrapped a piece of cambric that was indeed extremely fine, so that his friends had no doubt of its passing through the eye of the needle, which was now delivered to the king, having been locked up in the custody of his majesty's treasurer all the time. But when the king attempted to draw it through the eye of the needle it would not pass. Then came the second prince, who was as sure of obtaining the crown as his brother had done, but, alas! with no better success; for though, to all appearance, his piece of cambric was exquisitely fine, yet it could not be drawn through the eye of the needle. It was now the youngest prince's turn, who accordingly advanced, and, opening the magnificent little box, inlaid with jewels, he took out a walnut, and cracked the shell, imagining he should perceive his piece of cambric; but what was his astonishment to see nothing but a filbert! He did not, however, lose his hope; he cracked the filbert, and it presented him with a cherry-stone. The prince, however, cracked the cherry-stone, which was filled with a kernel; he divided it, and found in the middle a grain of wheat, and in that a grain of millet-seed, and, opening the grain of millet-seed, to the astonishment of all present, he drew from it a piece of cambric four hundred yards in length, and fine enough to be drawn, with perfect ease, through the eye of the needle.

When the king found he had no pretext left for refusing the crown to the youngest son, he sighed deeply, and it was plain to be seen that he was sorry for the prince's success.

"My sons," said he, "you must undertake another expedition; and whichever, by the end of the year, shall bring me the most beautiful lady, shall marry her and obtain my crown."

The two eldest princes took care enough not to murmur, for they had now another chance of success; and the youngest was too dutiful to complain of the great injustice he had suffered. So they again took leave of the king, and of each other, and set out without delay; and in less than twelve hours our young prince again arrived at the palace of



THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS MAJESTY'S SCHOONER "GASPEE," NEAR PROVIDENCE, IN 1772.—SEE PAGE 758.

his dear white cat, who received him as before. He gave her an account of all that had passed, and the new request of the king, his father.

"Never mind it, my prince," said she; "I engage to provide you with what you want; and, in the meantime, let us be as merry as we can, for it is only when I have the pleasure of your company that I am the least inclined to entertainments or rejoicings of any kind."

Accordingly, everything went on as before till the end of another year.

At length, only one day remained of the year; when the white cat thus addressed him:

"To-morrow, my prince, you must present yourself at the palace of your father, and give him a proof of your obedience. It depends only on yourself to conduct thither the most beautiful princess ever yet beheld; for the time is come when the enchantment by which I am bound may be ended. You must cut off my head and tail," continued she, "and throw them into the fire."

"I!" answered the prince, hastily; "I cut off your head and tail! You surely mean to try my affection, which, believe me, beautiful cat, is truly yours."

"You mistake me, generous prince," said she; "I do not doubt your regard, but if you wish to see me in any other form than that of a cat, you must consent to do as I desire, when you will have done me a service I shall never be able sufficiently to repay you."

The prince's eyes filled with tears as she spoke, yet he considered himself obliged to undertake the dreadful task; and the cat continuing to press him with the greatest eagerness, with a trembling hand he drew his sword, cut off her head and tail, and threw them into the fire. No sooner was this done, than the most beautiful lady his eyes had ever seen stood before him, who thus addressed the astonished prince:

"Do not imagine, dear prince, that I have been always a cat, or that I am of obscure birth. My father was the monarch of six kingdoms; he tenderly loved my mother, leaving her always at liberty to follow her own inclinations. Having offended a powerful fairy, she was compelled to promise to give her child, shortly to be born, to the fairies.

"Nothing could exceed my father's affliction, when he heard that his only child, when born, was to be given to the fairies; he bore it, however, as well as he could, for fear of adding to my mother's grief.

"The fairies placed me in a tower of their palace, magnificently furnished, but to which there was no door; so that whoever approached me was obliged to come by the windows, which were a prodigious height from the ground.

"My only companions in the tower were a parrot and a little dog, and both were endowed with the gift of speech.

"One of the windows of my tower overlooked a long avenue shaded with trees, so that I had never seen in it a human creature. One day, however, as I was talking at this window with my parrot, I perceived a young gentleman, who was listening to our conversation.

"The next morning, as soon as it was light, I again placed myself at the window, and had the pleasure of seeing that the gentleman had returned to the same place. He next begged my permission to come every day at the same hour to speak with me, desiring me, if I consented, to throw down something by way of token. I accordingly threw down a ring, at the same time making a sign for him to withdraw hastily, as I heard the approach of the Fairy Violent, on her dragon, who brought me my breakfast.

"The first words she uttered, after getting in at the window, were, 'I smell the voice of a man!'

"You may imagine my terror. Finding no one, she appeared satisfied, and said no more. At length she left me, leaving me a new distaff, and recommending me to employ myself more in spinning; 'For,' said she, 'you have done scarcely anything these two days.'

"Just at this time, the fairies took it into their heads to think of choosing me a husband from their own race, and accordingly appointed a day for his paying me a visit, desiring me to look as engagingly as I could.

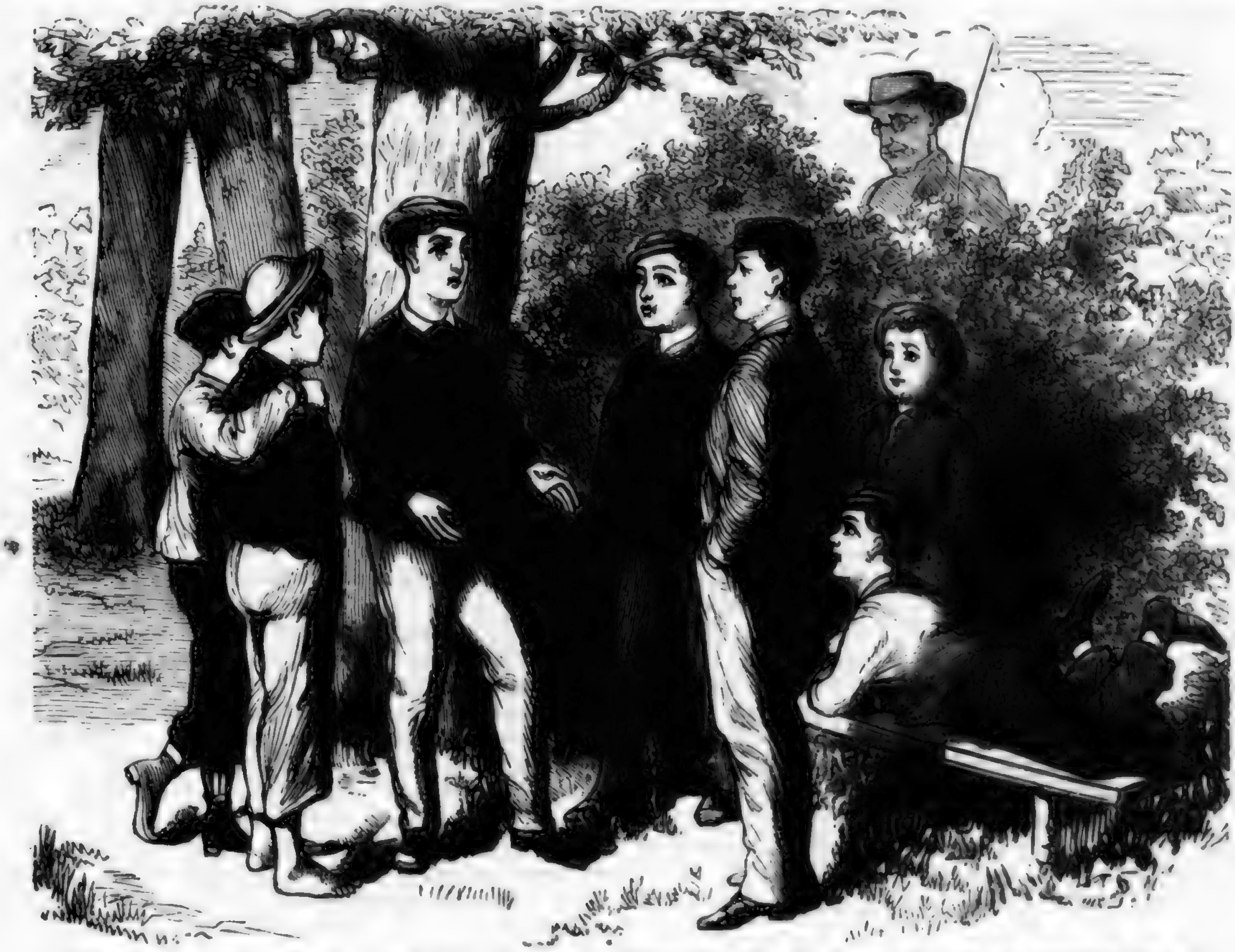
"When I was alone with my parrot, she began to tell me how much she should pity me if the fairies obliged me to marry Migonnet, the prince they had thought of; 'For,' said she, 'he is a dwarf not two feet high; he has a hunch upon his back; his head is larger than his whole body; his nose is so long that twenty birds may roost upon it; he has the feet of an eagle, and walks on stilts.'

"I was ready to die with horror, when I thought of this creature as my husband; and from that moment I resolved to find some means of escaping from my tower with the engaging prince I had seen.

"I now sent my parrot to the prince to beg he would come to the usual place, as I wished to speak with him. He did not fail; and, finding a ladder, mounted it, and precipitately entered my tower. I was at first somewhat alarmed, but the charms of his conversation had restored me to perfect tranquility; when all at once the window opened, and the Fairy Violent, seated on the dragon's back, rushed into the tower, followed by the hideous Migonnet in a chariot of fire, and a troop of guards, each upon the back of an ostrich.

"My beloved prince thought of nothing but how to defend me from their fury. But their numbers overpowered him, and the Fairy Violent had the barbarity to command the dragon to devour my prince before my eyes. The fairy then touched me with a wand, and I instantly became a white cat. She then informed me of my birth, and the death of both my parents, and pronounced upon me what she imagined would be the greatest of maledictions—that I should not be restored to my natural figure, till a young prince, the perfect resemblance of him I had lost, should cut off my head and tail. You, my prince, are that perfect resemblance; and, accordingly, you have ended the enchantment."

The prince and princess set out, side by side, and reached the palace just as the two brothers had arrived with two beautiful princesses. The king, hearing that each of his sons had succeeded in finding what he had required, again



THE OLD DOCTOR'S WATERMELONS.—"NOW, CALL ALL THE BOYS TOGETHER AROUND ME, AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL SOMETHING YOU'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR."—SEE PAGE 759.

XUM

began to think of some new expedient to delay the time of resigning his crown; but the princess who accompanied the youngest stepped majestically forward, and thus addressed him:

"What pity that your majesty, who is so capable of governing, should think of resigning the crown! I am fortunate enough to have six kingdoms in my possession; permit me to bestow one on each of the elder princes, and to enjoy the remaining four in the society of the youngest. And may it please your majesty to keep your own kingdom, and to make no decision concerning the beauty of the three princesses, who, without such a proof of your majesty's preference, will no doubt live happily together!"

The air resounded with the applauses of the assembly; the prince and princess embraced the king, and next their brothers and sisters; the three weddings immediately took place, and the kingdoms were divided as the princess had proposed, in each of which nothing for a long time prevailed but rejoicings.

THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS MAJESTY'S SCHOONER "GASPEE," NEAR PROVIDENCE, IN 1772.

One of the most daring events that preceded the American Revolution—one that should have taught the English Government that Americans were not to be ruled as mere slaves—was the destruction of the English schooner *Gaspee*, off Namguit, or, as it is now called, Gaspee Point, on Narragansett Bay. This vessel, commanded by Lieutenant Duddington, had been sent to the bay by Admiral Montague and the Commissioners of Customs, at Boston, to prevent a trade carried on from Rhode Island, in disregard of English authority.

Duddington, an ignorant bully, made himself doubly obnoxious by compelling all vessels to take down their colors in his presence, firing into them in case of neglect. He insolently refused to show Governor Wanton, of Rhode Island, his commission or orders. All was accordingly ripe for any opportunity to give him and his masters a lesson in good manners and common sense.

On the 9th of June, 1772, while chasing Captain Lindsey's packet *Hannah*, the regular boat then plying between New York and Providence, the *Gaspee* ran aground on the point to which it has left its name, Lindsey having run in close for the very purpose of getting Duddington into mischief.

As soon as Lindsey announced in Providence that the *Gaspee* was ashore, and could not be got off before flood-tide, it was resolved that Rhode Island should be delivered of her presence.

John Brown, a leading merchant, had eight longboats prepared, and at dusk a man passed along Main Street, beating a drum, announcing the facts, and inviting those willing to aid in her destruction to meet at James Sabine's house. The boats, manned by sixty-four well-armed men, left Providence between ten and eleven o'clock, and a little after one, were hailed by the sentinel on the deck of the *Gaspee*. As no answer was given, the sentry alarmed his commander, and Duddington appeared in his shirt, on the starboard gunwale, and, ordering the boats off, fired a pistol at them; but, with the flash of his weapon, came a flash from one of the boats, and Duddington fell to the deck, wounded in the groin, and was carried below.

The boats now boarded the *Gaspee* with little opposition, the crew retreating below. The captors dressed Duddington's wound, and ordered the crew to leave the vessel, taking their commander, and all their and his clothing and effects.

As soon as they had gone, the *Gaspee* was set on fire, and, burning steadily through the night, blew up at dawn.

Governor Wanton, the next day, offered a reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of the villainy. Admiral Montague did all he could to find the parties engaged. The British Government sent out a special commission, but, though a reward of $5,000 was offered for the leader, and half that for any other concerned, not a man, woman, or child could be found in Rhode Island who knew anything about it.

"Now, for to find these people out,
King George has offered, very stout,
One thousand pounds to find out one
That wounded William Duddington;
One thousand more, he says, he'll spare
For those who say the sheriffs were;
One thousand more there doth remain,
For to find out the leader's name;
Likewise, five hundred pounds per man
For any one of all the clan.
But let him try his utmost skill,
I'm apt to think he never will
Find out any of those hearts of gold,
Though he should offer fifty-fold."

The principal actors, whose names were thus well concealed, were John Brown, Captain Abraham Whipple, John B. Hopkins, Benjamin Dunn, Dr. John Mawney, Benjamin Page, Joseph Bucklin, Turpin Smith, Ephraim Bower, and Joseph Tillinghast.

THE
OLD DOCTOR'S WATERMELONS;
OR, THE CRIPPLE'S DREAM.

WONDERFUL watermelons were those of the village Æsculapius of my youth. Wonderful affairs that always turned out just right—utterly regardless of the season—and the earliest by fully a week or more of any one's else in the town. What marvelous melons they were, to be sure! What mealy fruit! Invariably turning out on "coring," either a delicious mouth-watery pomegranate red in the centre, or the creamiest of (ice) creamy whites.

I can see them now "in my mind's eye," sunning themselves lazily in their huge "patch"; their great round-bellied green surfaces turning up here and there glossily in myriad confusion from out the straggling foliage of their own great awkward big leaves! And believe me, that melon-patch in August—the doctor's "own special," though one must own *all* were carefully watched—received more special attention at the hands of the youngsters of our village than all the rest of the doctor's real estate put together. But—truth again compels the admission—*only in watermelon time.*

And yet, that same melon-patch, attractive as it was, once brought the whole village, and in one night, to grief. It happened in this wise:

One season, whilst those of the rest of the village, as usual, were but turning, and those of the old waggish doctor, equally as usual, were many days ahead of time (and, in fact, a dozen or more already *plugged* for family use), it chanced that the exasperated eyes of some half a dozen of the rowdiest of the village academy roughs, passing the doctor's garden daily, to and fro on their way to school, came to the mutual conclusion that patience had ceased to be one of the necessary cultivatable virtues for modern use. At all events, not worth the daily candle of further perseverance.

The result may be surmised. An insurrection juvenile was speedily proposed and organized. The doctor's melon-patch, the scene of action, in a moment (theoretically), in the minds of many, became a doomed and desolate waste—a place, indeed, where melons had been, but where, alas! until the next melon season, the place that had known them should know them no more.

Chief of this conspiracy—in fact, the very head and front of the offenders—was one Will Holt by name, a bright boy of eleven. Now, among the doctor's patients was one Jimmy Holt, younger brother to Will, a wasted little fellow of nine years old, or thereabouts, who, some fifteen months before, had fallen from an apple-tree, thereby injuring his spine in some sad manner, so that he had been forced to lie, for that long period, upon his back, a little cripple, and almost daily patient of the doctor's ever since. Poor Jimmy was just at this time, with redoubled languor and weariness, recovering from a slow nervous fever. On this special day, he had called his mother to him, and had informed her that he wanted, "Oh, so much! a single piece of watermelon."

He had been dreaming about it, he said—dreaming all night that he was playing in the doctor's melon-patch—he and Will—and that he was all well and strong again as ever, and that they had looked up and saw the doctor looking out the window at them; and then he had come out into the garden to see them, and had said, ever so kindly, not a bit cross, mother, 'Why, boys, is this you—come to get some watermelons? Well, pitch in, and help yourselves'; and, as he said it, he'd ripped out his great jackknife, and cut right into the rind of, oh, such a jolly fat fellow, mother! with such a *swish!* And then he had put both halves, all dripping over with red, luscious juice, right into his (Jimmy's) lap, and had said, 'There, boys, now fall to and help yourselves; and come here every year, and get just as many as ever you like!'

"And, oh, mother!" wound up the little fellow, rapturously, "it was so nice and real, and the sweet juice tasted so nice and cool, dripping right into my hot mouth, that you don't know, mother!"

And as with the last words the sick boy finished his graphic recollection of his extraordinary dream, tinctured, perhaps, a little (and not unnaturally) with the enthusiasm of his waking thoughts, he looked up into his mother's face, longingly.

"And, oh, mother, do you know, I've been thinking if—you remember the doctor promised me once to take me to ride in his buggy, behind Gray Bill, the first time I am able to get out. Well, do you know, I'll ask him if he won't let the ride go," suggested the child, heroically, "and give me one of his *tiniest, tiniest* watermelons instead. Oh, mother! don't you think he would! It does seem as if one single watermelon would make me well again. I'm *so* hungry—but only for watermelon!" added the poor little sufferer, longingly, with a child's ingenuousness.

"I don't know, my child, I'm sure," added his mother, soothingly; "but at any rate lie down and try to sleep now, and we'll see and get you a watermelon somewhere else in the village, if you want it so much. At all events, we'll try," she added, hesitatingly, for she remembered with a pang, even in her great wish, that the doctor had the reputation of being not over-fond of parting with his watermelons; and, fearing refusal, she set about inquiry for the fruit elsewhere.

She was doomed to disappointment, however, as none were to be found in the village more than half ripe, the doctor's solitary patch being, as before stated, many days ahead of contemporary neighbors' time.

Jimmy was fearfully disappointed. His dream had been so real, and his poor little sick, feverish palate, vapidly fed for about a week past by Will's graphic daily description of the swelling splendor, absolutely craved the luscious juice of the fruit with an almost insane longing.

Will, coming in from school at noon, to see Jimmy, found the little man crying (he couldn't help it, though he had tried his best not to) over a delicious saucer of early green apple-sauce and cream, which his mother, in the sorrow of her heart, had kindly prepared for him, in the hope of partially allaying his bitter disappointment. Will heard the whole story out, and determined, on hearing, to set things right at once, which he did, after his own fashion.

On his way to school in the afternoon, he took his way—a long one round—by that of Doctor Greene's house, and on the road hither his mutterings might have been translated thus:

"Humph! Well, old fellow, now's your chance; just one more, and one only. I'll *ask* you right at once for the plaguy thing, like a man, and then—*if you don't let Jimmy have one, I'll join all the boys together this very evening, and we'll rob you of every blessed one on the place!*"

So threatening, our puny little Cæsar, with a face set in stormy determination, put a period to his cogitations by a sudden and savage pull at the doctor's door-bell. Waiting for its answering, he turned round upon the door-step, and cast one longing glance—a glance which, to tell the truth, *had longing enough in it for Jimmy*, too—at the envied melon-patch. Yes, there they were, blinking and shining in the afternoon sun; some light, some dark-green; some round, some long and bulbous; some striped, some plain; some large, some small; but all, as Will knew by experience, local (for he had been an inhabitant of that village from his earliest cradlehood, and had left the surreptitious imprint of his marauding numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 calfskin boots, for as many succeeding years of his life, every melon season, in that identical patch—in fact, ever since the literal worsted sock of earliest childhood had been exchanged for the first morocco "tie" of advancing boyhood), *with just the same delicious odor of contents;* which, when the boy began to speculate upon, with the keenness of an appetite whetted by a whole year's scarceness, and the stomach of a boy at that, he grew partly frantic with melon-fever, hardly caught, either, from poor Jimmy.

Fortunately, however, for his good behavior, at this crisis the door opened, and the portly figure of the old doctor stood before him.

In a moment more Will rushed in.

"Oh, sir! Oh, Doctor Greene!" he commenced, incoherently, "Jimmy, sir——"

"Eh! What? Jimmy worse again?" said the old gentleman, sharply, firing out his words with revolver readiness and pith, as he recognized in his little visitor an elder brother of his little lame patient.

"No, sir—no," said the boy, hesitatingly, "not unless, Doctor Greene, he's gone and made himself worse, as mother says, from the worry he's got into from his dream about you, sir."

"His dream about me, eh? What!" echoed the amazed old gentleman, "Jimmy been dreaming about me? Well, come in and tell me all about it;" and with the word the eccentric old doctor pulled his plucky little neighbor into the hall, and then in a moment was in possession of the whole story.

Yes, the whole story. It was soon told—intended midnight foray and all of the coming night not forgotten; and the boy owned himself to have been the this year's originator of the scheme—for he was too noble of nature not to confess all, and make a genuine clean breast of his errors when the opportunity was once afforded him.

At its conclusion, and after innumerable haws, and hems, and savage chuckling, added to sharp, caustic inquiry on the part of the old doctor, Will was allowed to depart, but not until he had been invited by the kind old gentleman to partake of a most superb big watermelon, ordered up by his eccentric host, not from the sunny garden, but from the cool cellar. This huge delight the old doctor opened with the identical *swish* of Jimmy's dream, and having done so, he invited his little friend to fall to and help himself, insisting upon his doing so liberally that, before long, even he, Will, was fain to cry, "Hold! enough!" to his pressing host.

Will ate, I say, to such a pass, but the reader may be sure not at Jimmy's expense, or, in fact, until the kind old doctor had promised such a watermelon feast to his little, fevered brother, tossing upon his longing bed at home, as the little parched palate had literally not even dreamed of.

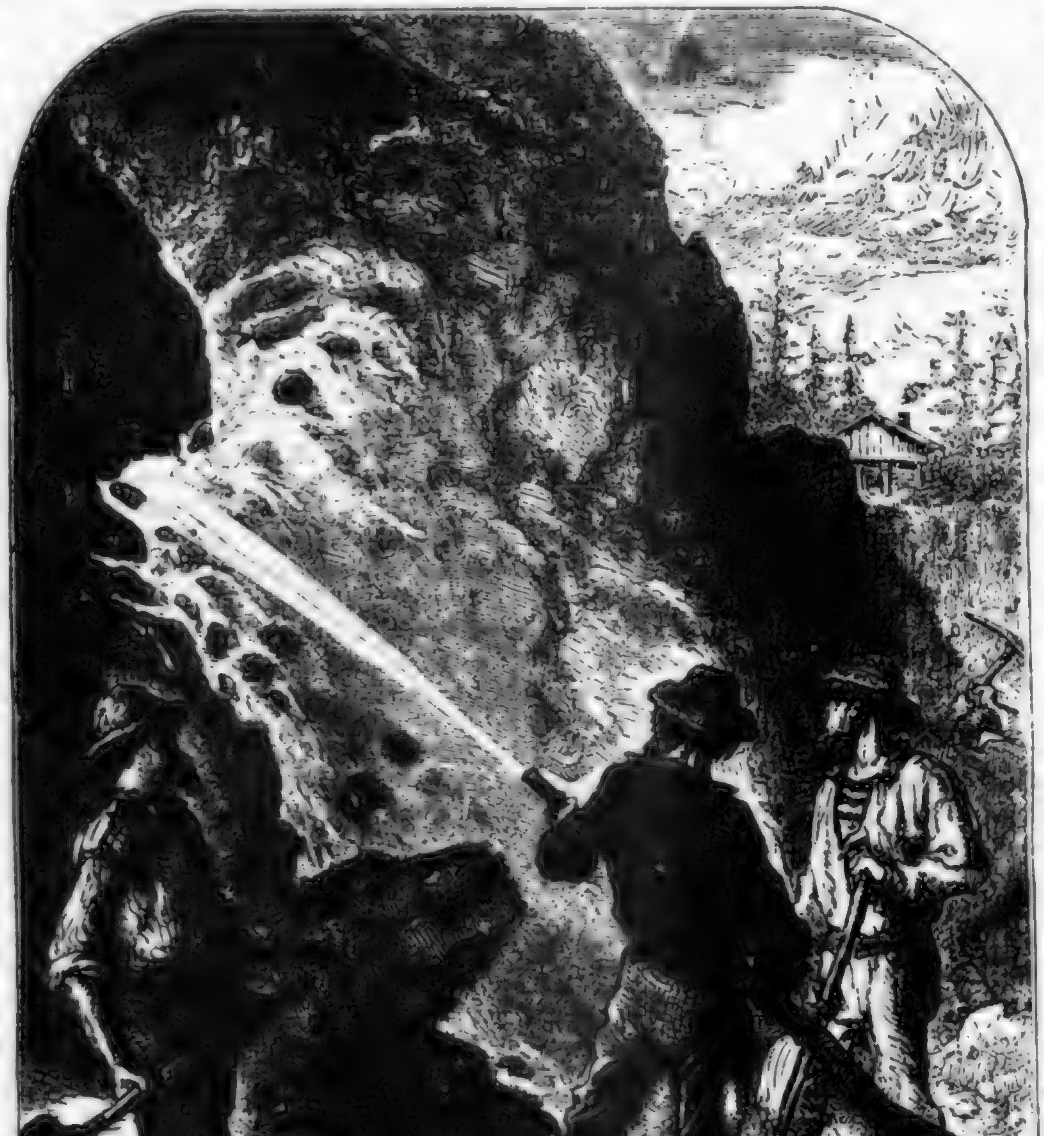


FIG. 1.—HYDRAULIC METHOD INVENTED IN CALIFORNIA FOR WORKING AURIFEROUS ALLUVIUM.

On reaching school, which, by-the-way, he was barely in time for, he found himself obliged to wait until recess before he could unburden his bosom of its weight of watermelon remorse.

"Halloa! Here's Will Holt at last. He'll go in for it, sure!" said one of his companions, as Will came slowly out into the school-house yard.

"Go in for what?" was his reply, a slight conscious blush reddening his cheek with the words.

"*Go in for what?*" his companions retorted, questioningly. "Why, for robbing old Mr. Greene's watermelon-patch, to be sure. Who proposed it first, I'd like to know? It's a gay old moonlight night, and——"

"Stop!" said our little hero, suddenly, throwing himself on the grass as he spoke. "Fred Wilson, you just hold on a minute right where you are. Now, call all the boys together around me, and I'll tell you all something you'll be glad to hear."

There was something strangely though unconsciously commanding in Will's tone. In one instant the whole school, big and little, had flocked around him. Then Will sprang to his feet, and told them the whole story, adding how sorry he was that he had been obliged to eat the whole melon alone (which, to do him justice, he really had been ashamed to do), and winding up with a fervent entreaty that they would rob anybody else's they pleased, but let the old doctor's watermelons alone. In any case, he, for one, would have nothing to do with it.

"Well said, my little man!" ejaculated an unseen listener to the boy's colloquy, and, with the words, the whip-lash fell gently upon Gray Bill's flank, as old Doctor Greene whipped him up on the road just the other side of the fence dividing it from the school-house yard.

A creaking of the old lumbering buggy, in the midst of a sound as of chuckling laughter, and in a moment more naught remained of the old doctor's momentary road delay but the whirl of dust raised by old Bill's fast retreating footsteps.

The school-bell, earlier than usual, at this instant called the indignant boys to class. In sadness of spirit, the instant it was over, Will Holt turned his dispirited footsteps toward home. He passed many knots of whispering schoolmates by the way; but they only scowled at him as he passed, and the instant afterward his ears and cheeks burned with the insulting epithets hurled after him.

Will stood it manfully, determining, come what must, it would never do to "blab." He felt fully repaid for it when, on reaching Jimmy's room, he was met by the sight of a plateful of the longed-for crimson fruit, right in Jimmy's lap, and the dear little fellow in the midst of its enjoyment. And, strange to say, from that day Jimmy grew momentarily better, and in a few weeks further, save for a slight lameness, was almost entirely well.

In less than six months he was as sound as now, and he always insisted that it was only "a watermelon-fever, after all, which ailed him," and as soon as that was assuaged he, of course, at once recovered.

But to recur to the boys and their plans. That night the old doctor's watermelon patch was robbed of every blessed melon on it. Strange to say, a few hours after the whole village was astir with cholera-morbus.

To all appearance, the entire population had eaten its fill of the doctor's watermelons — previously inoculated, however, with *tartar-emetic!*

At all events, on that single night, between sundown and sunrise, the doctor's patients counted up to forty-seven.

After that, in all succeeding years—as will readily be believed—the doctor's melons (let them appear ever so early) went scot-free of all village depredations, for two facts the village, "now purged and clean," if not yet "clothed in its right mind," had learned to its sorrow, viz.: that, in all cases, "it had to pay the piper"; and that it did not pay to set the old doctor dancing to its fiddling, especially in watermelon season.

The young scamps, whose plans and plots ended so disastrously, are now scattered far and wide, sober judges, reverend divines, profound scientists, and thoughtful engineers, but at the remembrance of the doctor's watermelons the most serious will relax.

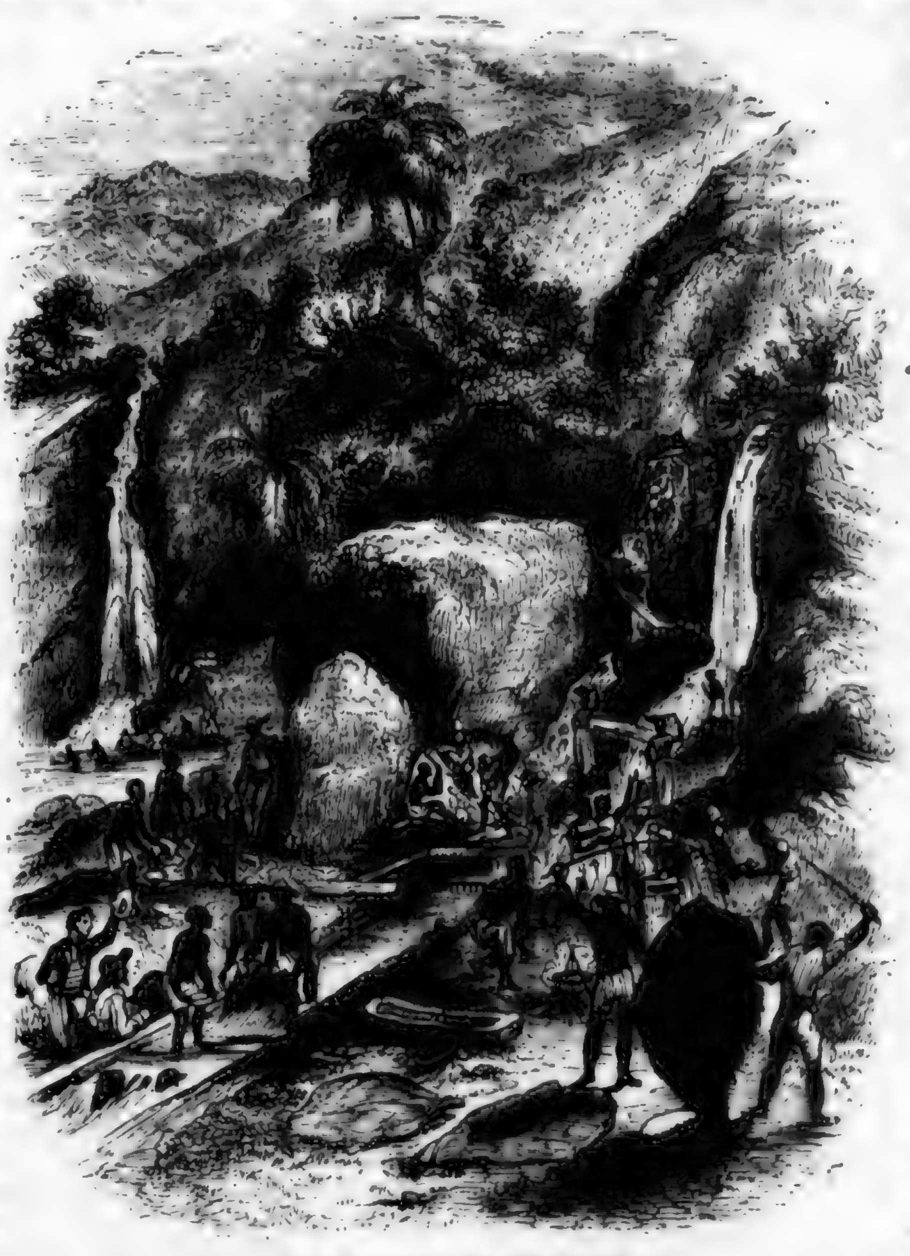


FIG. 2.—GOLD-WASHING IN BRAZIL.

THE PAST AND PRESENT PRODUCTION OF GOLD.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

Gold has been known since the world was peopled by man, and from time immemorial has been made the object of study by alchymists and chemists, and has been sought for in all possible and impossible situations. Moses speaks of it as occurring in a river flowing out of Eden, and Job says that wisdom cannot be bought with it, not even with the gold of Ophir, and Solomon collected vast quantities for the building of the Temple, and David required, to complete his work, 100,000 hundredweight. It is thus evident that the most ancient races were acquainted with gold, and regarded it as their most precious metal. But the Ophir of the Bible, and the Eldorado of the later Spanish writers, are localities about which endless speculations have been made, without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. Where they were situated cannot be ascertained, and whenever a new discovery of gold is made, as was the case in Siberia, South America, California, and Australia, Ophir and Eldorado are moved to those places in the order of discovery; and thus the famous gold placers of ancient times are forced to travel around the world in search of a final resting-place. The great antiquity of the metal is conclusively shown by all of these discussions, and its use is traced in the history of the most ancient races. The manner in which gold occurs on the face of the earth is now very generally understood, in consequence of the extraordinary discoveries of deposits and mines of the metal which have been made in the United States. It is not confined to rocks of any one geological period. The gold of Colorado occurs in veins, with metallic sulphides traversing crystalline rocks of eozoic age, while the deposits of North Carolina are found in palaeozoic strata, similar to the Ural Mountains and the Alps. In Nova Scotia the ore is met with in slates and sandstones, which appear to belong to the Cambrian or Laurentian formations, the same age being also attributed to the auriferous strata of Australia and Wales; and, according to Professor Whitney, the gold-bearing quartz of California is found in strata of the Cretaceous period.

By the wearing away and disintegration of the rocks which contain the auriferous veins, the gold, owing to its great specific gravity, falls to the lowest level, or gets lodged in fissures, where it is covered by an accumulation of gravel or sand in alluvial deposits, or it constitutes the gold-sand of veins. Gravel-beds containing gold are found among the mountains, in situations remote from any forces that could now cause their accumulation; but the appearance of the gravel indicates what must have been the origin of the bed. The metal is found distributed through the gravel or sand, in rounded or flattened scales and nuggets. Some of the nuggets are of large size, and weigh 1,500 to 2,000 ounces,

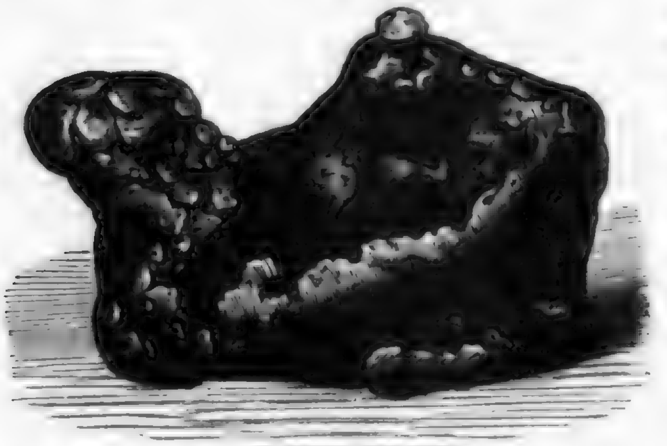


FIG. 3.—NUGGET OF GOLD FROM GILBERT RIVER, CANADA.

and are valued at $30,000 to $40,000. Fig. 3 shows the appearance of a large mass found on the Gilbert River, in Canada. One of the largest ever discovered was found in Australia, and weighed 233 lbs. Valued at more than $50,000.

In Brazil, the waters of mountain streams are diverted from their natural channels and conducted through sluiceways, thus affording a means of washing the gravel and separating the gold. The fine gold is caught in strainers made of woolen cloth, or other material (see fig. 2), or is arrested on cleets which are nailed across the sluices. This is a very ancient way of separating the lighter gravel from the gold-dust, and was pursued in the early mining of California. The working of gravel-beds containing gold, in regions where there is no water, involves the expense of constructing aqueducts, or flumes, sometimes many miles in extent, by which water is introduced under heavy pressure, and can be delivered against a bed of gravel with such force as to move large masses of rock, and wash away a mountain of gravel in a marvelously short time. This way of obtaining gold is called the hydraulic method, and it has been very successfully followed in California (see fig. 1), where sections of country many miles in extent have been thoroughly cleared out of gold that had been carried into pockets and beds by ancient floods, or rivers that must have swept over the country in early geological ages. The hydraulic system was the only one available for such deposits, and its invention in California has been the source of great wealth to the country.

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, writing from California, says that the ancient river-bed from which so much gold has been taken is in many places covered with earth to the depth of two or three hundred feet. To dig down to it and mine it by ordinary processes would be too expensive, and to meet this case hydraulic mining was invented. Water brought from 100 or 150 miles away, and from a considerable height, is led from the reservoirs through eight, ten, or twelve inch iron pipes, and, through what a New York fireman would call a nozzle five or six inches in diameter, is thus forced against the side of a hill one or two or three hundred feet high. The stream, when it leaves the pipe, has such a force that it would cut a man in two if it should hit him. Two or three, and sometimes even six, such streams play against the bottom of a hill, and earth and stones, often of great size, are washed away, until at last a great slice of the hill itself gives way and tumbles down.

Not all the earth contains gold. Often there is a superincumbent layer of fifty or more feet which is worthless before they reach the immense gravel deposit which marks the course of the ancient river; and from this gravel, water-worn and showing all the marks of having formed once the bed of a rushing torrent, the gold is taken. Under great pressure this gravel—which contains rocks of large size, and is not gravel, in one sense of the word, at all—has been cemented together so that even the powerful streams of water directed against it make but a feeble impression; and to hasten and cheapen the operation, a blast of from 2,500 to 3,000 kegs of powder is inserted in a hill-side and exploded, in such a way as to shatter and loosen a vast bulk of earth and stones, before the water is brought to play against it.

The gold is saved in long sluice boxes, through which the earth and water are run, and in the bottom of which it is caught by quicksilver; and so far the whole operation is simple and cheap. But in order to run off this enormous mass of earth and gravel a rapid fall must be got into some deep valley or river; and to get this has been the most costly and tedious part of a hydraulic mining enterprise. At Smithville, the bed which contains the gold lies above the present Yuba River, but a considerable hill, perhaps 250 feet high, lies between the two, and through this hill each company must drive a tunnel before it can get an outfall for its washings. One such tunnel, driven for the most part through solid and very hard rock, has been completed. It cost $250,000 and two years' labor and was over 3,000 feet long; and until it was completed no gold could be taken out of the claim.

Under conditions where the hydraulic process is no longer available, some simple expedient such as a pan or rocker can be employed. According to Simonia, the Chinese have invented a cradle or rocker in the shape of an oblong box, somewhat like a child's cradle, and open in front, to which an oscillating or rocking motion is given. (Fig. 4.) A hopper or riddle is placed at the upper end; an inclined framework, made with a bottom of sheet-iron punched with holes, and covered with a canvas apron or woolen blanket beneath the riddle. The sands, gravel, and earth to be washed are thrown into the hopper, and the machine, the bottom of which is perforated with holes half an inch in diameter, is rocked with one hand while water is poured out of a dipper over the dirt with the other. The fine and light substances, the sands, the specks and spangles of gold, and the small lumps or nuggets are carried by the water through the openings of the hopper and descend to the inclined blanket, and thence on to the bottom of the cradle, from which the mud, water, and sand run off at the lower end of the rocker, which is left open. In this process the heaviest bodies travel the least distances, and nearly all the gold is found at the head of the blanket under the hopper—and behind two bars (ripple-bars) which are nailed across the bottom of the cradle to prevent its escape.

It can hardly be said that this method of separating gold from sand affords anything new. It is described in a work on metals written by Sir John Pettus, and printed in 1686. The author of this quaint old book says that "some of the gold washers (see fig. 5) use upon their hearths the strong Timode black and russet woolen cloths, over which they do drive their works, because the woolen cloth is rough and hairy, so that the small and round grains of gold will remain and not run forth. Others use linseywoolsey (half linen and half woolen), upon which the gold doth stick better and such cloth do last longer, because of the linen that is among the woolen, which doth strengthen it, therefore it is better for this work." On a small scale, a spoon or pan can be employed for the separation or testing of gold sand, and if the sand is found to be rich in the metal, larger works can be set up. The custom of separating pure gold from dross by means of a pan has given rise to the colloquial expression applied to a man, "he pans out well," meaning that he is well off, or is always prompt in paying his debts. It is sometimes difficult for an inexperienced person to tell the difference between yellow mica or iron pyrites and gold—for such persons a simple expedient is desirable.

To detect iron pyrites, or fools' gold, as it is often called, it is only necessary to pulverize the mineral and throw it upon a red-hot shovel (see fig. 6). Gold is incapable of producing any odor or fumes when treated in this way, but the pyrites will give off sulphur fumes. Another simple method is suggested by Pepper, in his "Play-book of the Metals," and is represented by fig. 7. The apparatus required is a common saucepan, a few phials, a bit of tin-foil, a few nails, aquafortis, muriatic acid, and sulphuric acid. To make the test, three specimens of rock, one of which is known to contain gold, are powdered, and a portion of each specimen is placed in a phial. Aqua regia, composed of two measures of muriatic acid and one measure of nitric acid, is put into each of the phials. Some tin and hydrochloric acid are placed in a fourth phial, and some nails and sulphuric acid are put in a fifth. The five phials are then arranged in a saucepan and half covered with cold water. The water is gradually heated, so as not to crack the phials. In about half an hour the saucepan may be removed from the fire, and the contents of each of the three phials containing mineral poured into tumblers half full of pure rain water. To each tumbler add a portion of the solution of tin-foil. If gold is present in any one of them, a purplish precipitate, darkening the whole fluid, is perceptible. This color is called "the purple of Cassius," and is used for imparting a rich, ruby color to glass. It affords a very delicate test for the presence of gold. The history of the discovery of gold in California has often been told, but it is one of those narratives which gains in interest upon each recital. The literature of the subject is so extensive that it is difficult to make a proper selection of incidents to present to our readers. We find in the work of a foreign writer, L. Simonin, the most succinct account of the first discovery, and from this and other sources we have obtained our material.

It was on the 19th day of January, 1848, that James W. Marshall, while engaged in digging a race for a sawmill, at Coloma, about thirty-five miles eastward from Sutter's Fort, stepped upon the sandy river-bed, and found some pieces of yellow metal which he took to the cabin of a fellow workman, by the name of Weimer, to have it tested. Mrs. Weimer boiled it in lye; they picked it, tried all sorts of experiments with it, but its brightness increased, and it would not tarnish. Marshall felt confident that he had made a discovery of great importance, but the other men at the mill thought he was very wild in his ideas, and they continued their labor in building the mill, and in sowing wheat and planting vegetables. Marshall's collection of specimens continued to accumulate, and his associates began to think that there might be something in his gold-mine after all. Finally, in February, Mr. Bennet, one of the men employed at the mill, went to San Francisco to ascertain what was the value of the metal. He there encountered Isaac Humphrey, who had washed for gold in Georgia, and this experienced miner instantly recognized the true character of the metal. He returned with Bennet to Coloma, and at once made a rocker and went to work washing gold industriously, and every day yielded to him an ounce or two of metal. The men at the mill imitated his example, and made rockers for themselves, and all were soon busy in search of the yellow metal, to the neglect of every other occupation. The first printed notice of the discovery was given in a newspaper published in San Francisco, on the 15th of March, 1848. The news spread like fires on the prairies, towns and farms were deserted, or left to the care of women and children, while everybody started for the diggings, on foot or in any conveyance that could be extemporized for the purpose. The news spread to the East, and during the six months between the 1st of July, 1849, and the 1st of January, 1850, it is estimated that 90,000 persons arrived in California, by sea or across the plains, and that one-fifth of them perished by disease during the six months following their arrival, such were the hardships they had to endure and the privations to which they were subjected. The average annual increase in the population of California for the five succeeding years was 50,000. It is now one of the most prosperous States in the Union. The town of Coloma was the first place sought by the early adventurers. All the ravines and hillsides in its neighborhood proved amazingly rich, an immense population at first centred there, and a flourishing town sprang up like magic. From morning to night, for more than ten years thereafter, its streets, or, rather, its one street, was thronged with an excited crowd. It was the County-seat of El Dorado, and the centre of extensive business transactions.

The main street was well built up, containing many fireproof buildings, while the hillsides were sprinkled with cottages, surrounded by neat gardens, orchards, and vineyards.

This state of things is now greatly changed. But few of the original inhabitants are left, and, in fact, there are few people of any sort in town. Probably three-fourths of the buildings are unoccupied and deserted, the mines are nearly all abandoned, and the town is as nearly extinct as it was before it was created by the gold excitement. Two large granite boulders mark the site of Sutter's Mill. A sentimental traveler who visited this spot a few years since, gave utterance to some moral reflections, with which we propose to close the historical branch of the subject:

"I have not the time to follow out at length the reflections that possessed me, but as I pitched a pebble into the stream, which must have fallen near the spot where Marshall picked up his glittering specimen, I thought of the effect which his discovery had had upon the world's history; of the great tide of humanity that had surged here immediately

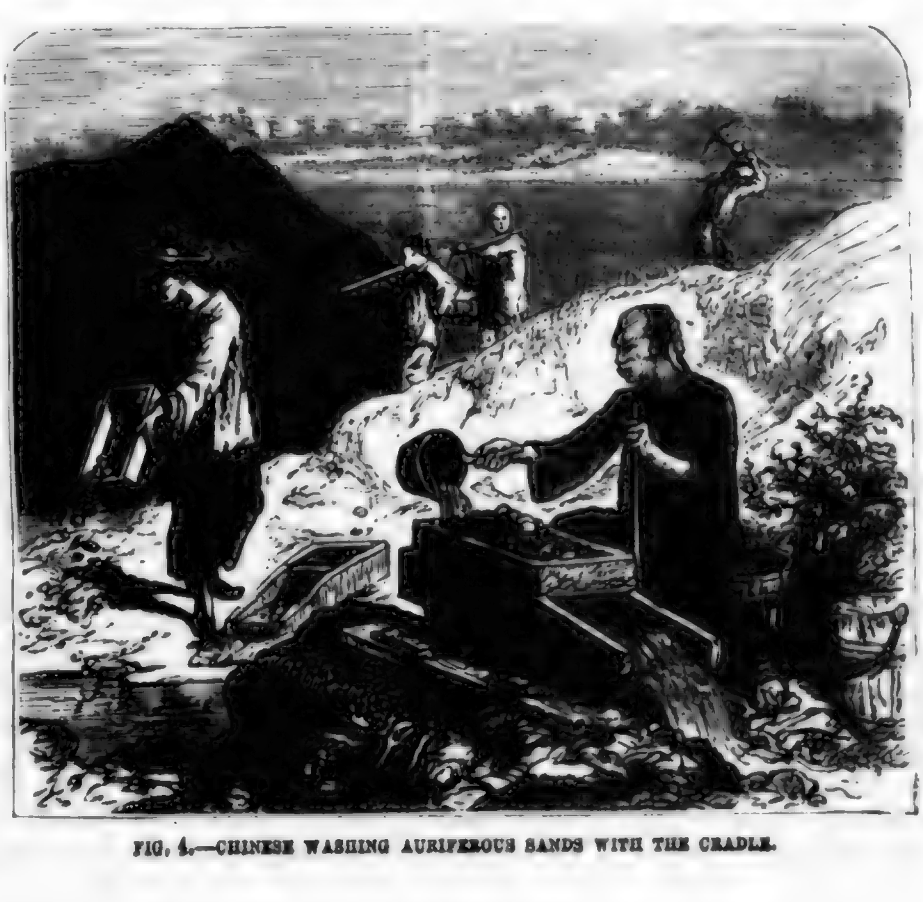


FIG. 4.—CHINESE WASHING AURIFEROUS SANDS WITH THE CRADLE.

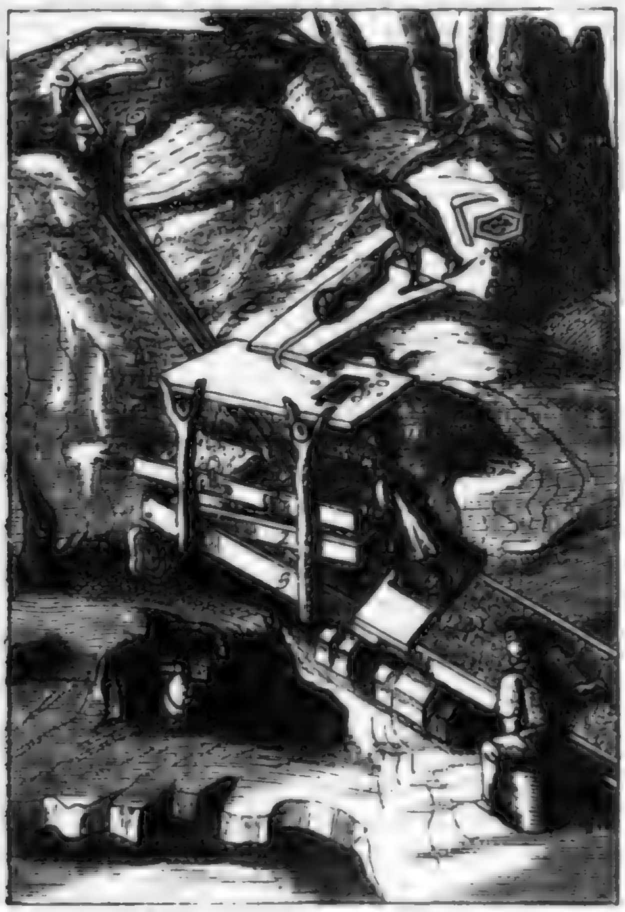


FIG. 5.—ANCIENT GOLD WASHERS (PETTUS).

1. The man that worketh with the Rattar (or shaking sieve). 2. The middle floor, whereon that which goeth through the Rattar doth fall. 3. The lower floor, whereon that which cometh from the middle floor doth fall. 4. The *plain receiver*, called the hearth, of that which falls from both. 5. The person that stands on a board, and out of a wheelbarrow throws the matter or oar into the tunnel which guides it into the Rattar. 6. The channel in which water doth run into the Rattar.

after, the vast enterprises which it called into being, how the world was drawn hither by its magnetic influences, the Isthmus of Darien was spanned by a railroad, 'every tie of which was a dead negro'; of the thousands of steamships that had, time and again, made their entries and their exits through the Golden Gate; the cities that have been built; the wealth of treasure that has flowed into the channels of trade; and that grandest achievement of all, the Pacific Railroad. I thought of the beautiful, palace-like buildings of the metropolis; of the magnificent capitol at Sacramento, with its elegant legislative chambers, resplendent with the embellishments of modern decorative art, and then I looked up to the hillside and saw the present home of Marshall—a picture of abject poverty, of toil, deprivation, and want. It is a little hut on the hill overlooking the town, its tin roof having apparently been made from the lining of a dry-goods box, and appears not much larger than a good-sized dog-kennel. A few grapevines are planted around the place and over the top of the hill, and this little spot, to which he has but a possessory, or squatter's title, is all the worldly possessions of Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California. Every day he toils from the time the sun appears in the east until his setting rays kiss the top of his humble cot, delving out a bare subsistence, yet always inspired with the hope of lucky strikes and a competence for his old age. And thus he has been toiling for over twenty years, while nations have arisen and fallen—while others have amassed wealth from his discovery, and the eyes of the world have been turned toward the land he first brought into notice."

Having given some account of the discovery of gold, it remains to say something of the various methods by which it is extracted. We have already spoken of the use of blankets, grooved riffles, cradles, rockers, and pans for the recovery of the metal from sand and gravel. None of them would be applicable when the gold is embedded in rock or is mixed with other ores. It is necessary, in the first place, to reduce the ore to powder by stamps; it is then amalgamated. To work large quantities of poor ore, what is called open amalgamation is employed. The pulverized ore is conveyed by a current of water through rockers charged with mercury—as there is much loss of metal by this process, it is only applied where a large quantity of powder is to be passed through the apparatus. By close amalgamation sufficient water is added to the ore to form a pulp, which is then agitated in an amalgamating apparatus with mercury, and the tailings are washed off by means of a current of water, leaving the amalgam containing the gold. Barrels revolving on horizontal shafts are found to be a convenient form of apparatus.

Dry amalgamation and the use of mercurial vapors are modifications of old methods which have been patented and tried with more or less success on various kinds of ores. The extraction of gold by the chlorination process is based on the property of chlorine to combine with the metal and form a chemical compound which is soluble in water, and thus separates the gold from the silver, which latter can afterward be dissolved in concentrated brine and be recovered. When the auriferous ores are sulphides, the first step is to oxidize them, and then treat them in a reverberatory furnace in such a way that they become concentrated and converted into a matt. If the matt contains no copper, it can be easily reduced after another washing by smelting it with metallic lead or litharge, by which process a regulus of lead is obtained, in which the gold of the ore is collected. From this regulus the lead is driven off by capellation, leaving the gold and silver in a fine metallic state. After the gold is reduced it is cast into bars and submitted to an assay to determine its fineness, and its value as bullion is then stamped upon it.

THE CHEMISTRY OF GOLD.

Pure gold has a rich yellow color, high metallic lustre, and a specific gravity of 19.5 in its most compact form. We are so little in the habit of seeing fine gold that our tastes have been corrupted to prefer the lighter shades of color imparted by an alloy with silver. The malleability of gold has been strikingly illustrated by comparing the leaves into into which it can be hammered with sheets of paper—280,000 leaves of gold placed upon each other would occupy the thickness of an inch, whereas the same number of sheets of ordinary letter-paper would extend 250 feet high. It is, therefore, considered to be the most malleable of all metals. After a leaf has been made as thin as mechanical means will accomplish it, the film may be still further reduced by floating it upon a dilute solution of cyanide of potassium. Light reflected from gold is yellow, transmitted light is green, and

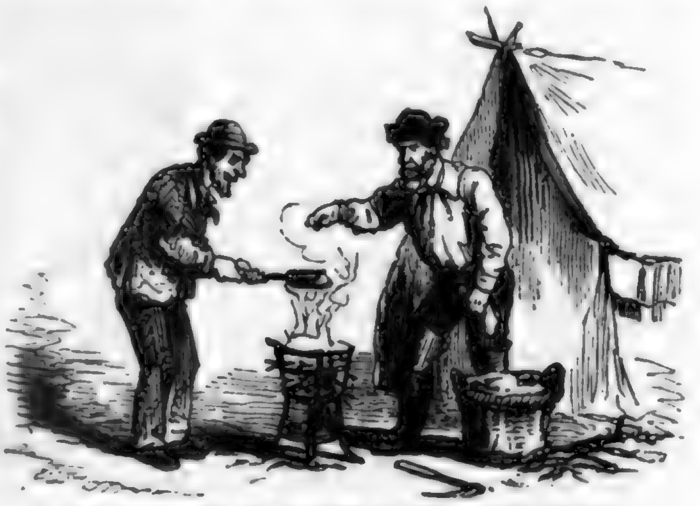


FIG. 6.—TESTING FOR PYRITES BY THE RED-HOT SHOVEL.

the color of the powder is brown. The great ductility of gold is also a matter of remark on the part of all writers on the subject. It is said that a twenty-dollar gold piece can be drawn into a wire sufficiently long to encircle the globe. In hardness, gold is between silver and lead; it is softer than silver and harder than lead. The melting point is usually given at about 2000 deg. Fah., and when in a fused state the molten metal has a bluish green color, and it then expands considerably; but on cooling, the metal shrinks so much as to be unavailable for castings. It is said to contract more than any other metal on cooling. It requires the highest heat of the oxyhydrogen flame to convert it into vapor, the color of which is purple. Gold is nearly as good a conductor of electricity as copper; both metals are excelled in this property by silver. The affinity of gold for oxygen is so slight that it suffers no change by exposure to air and moisture at any temperature. Selenic acid is the only simple acid that acts upon the metal; some mixture that liberates chlorine being necessary to its solution. The best solvent is *aqua regia*, composed of one part of nitric acid and four parts of hydrochloric acid. The metal can be attacked by hydrochloric acid alone, provided that a stream of ozone be passed into the vessel by which chlorine is liberated, which dissolves the gold.

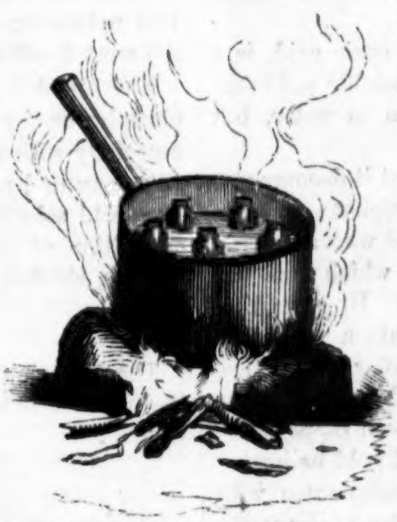


FIG. 7.—SIMPLE MODE OF TESTING GOLD.

The alkalies fortunately do not attack gold, and a crucible of this metal can therefore be employed for the fusion of minerals with potash or soda in the course of quantitative analysis.

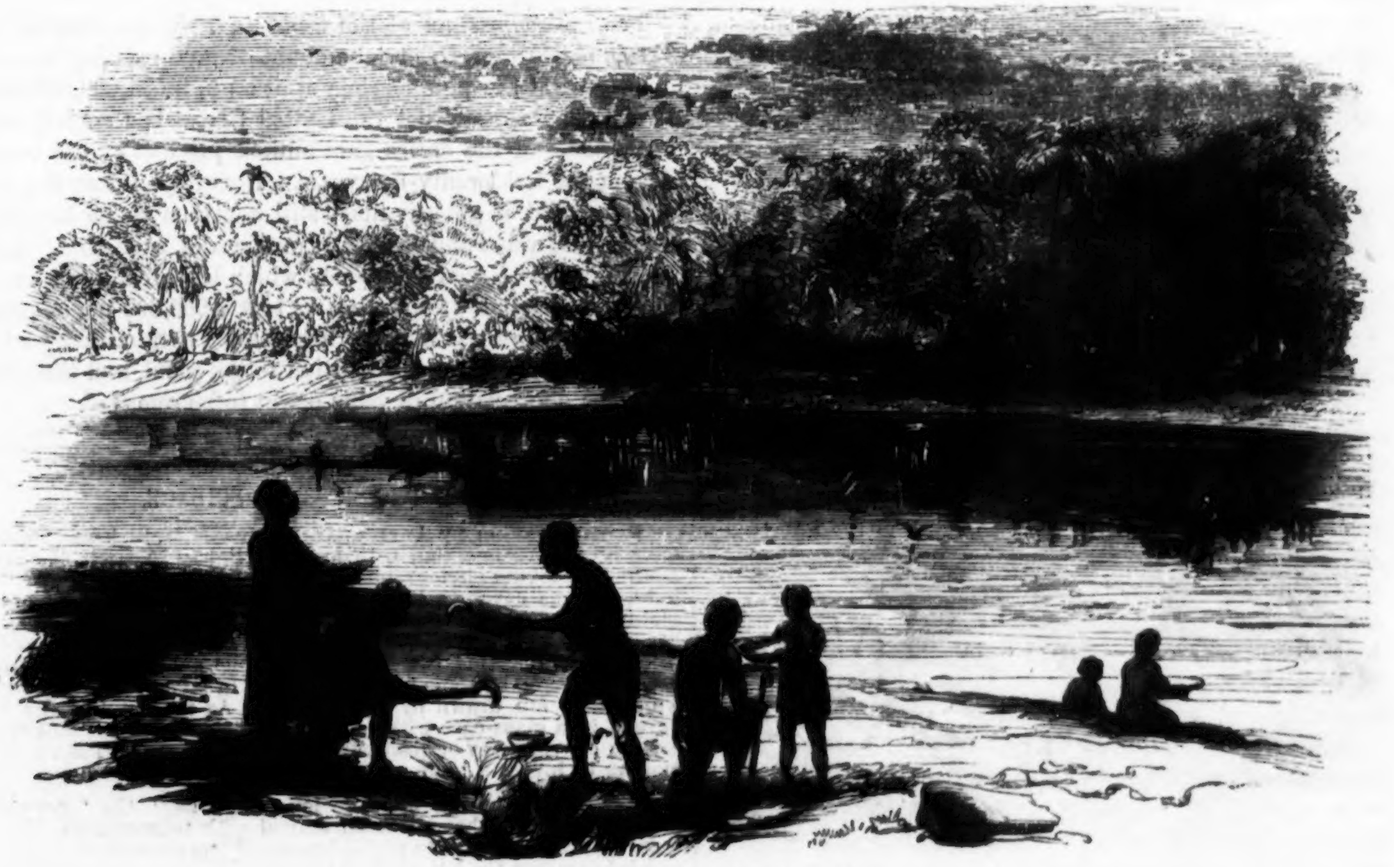
The crystalline form of gold is the octahedron or cube, or modifications of the regular system. It can be obtained crystalized in scales by electrolysis. The metal is capable of receiving a high lustre by polishing, but is inferior in brilliancy to steel, silver, or mercury. The solubility of gold in zinc is made use of for the separation of the precious metal from its ore, and the metal can be purified by passing a stream of chlorine through the melted gold, and thus washing out the foreign metals as chlorides.

The compounds of gold with other elements have been pretty thoroughly investigated, and some interesting results have been obtained. It was for a long time supposed that oxygen would not unite with it, but later researches have shown the error of this assertion. We now have a number of interesting oxygen salts, some of which are of value in the arts.

The hyposulphite of gold and soda is used for gilding the daguerreotype plate, and for fixing the positive proof obtained in photographic printing.

It crystallizes in groups of colorless needles, having a sweetish taste, which are very soluble in water, but insoluble in alcohol. It may be prepared in a state of purity by mixing concentrated solutions of one part of chloride of gold and three parts of hyposulphite of soda. It is purified by solution in water and reprecipitation with alcohol. It may be mixed with diluted sulphuric or hydrochloric acid without the evolution of sulphurous acid. And what is still more remarkable, metallic gold is not thrown down from solutions of this salt by sulphate of iron, chloride of tin, or oxalic acid. The hyposulphite of soda and gold has proved to be one of the most valuable salts that has come to the assistance of photographers, and if it were used more freely and the prints were more thoroughly washed after fixing and toning, they would be much less likely to fade than they are at the present time.

There is probably a silicate of gold, at least the ruby glass obtained by fusing pulverized glass, containing lead and borax, with chloride of gold would appear to be such a compound. When freshly prepared, the glass is colorless, and it first assumes a red color on heating to gentle redness. The violet-brown powder which gives the very beautiful red color to porcelain, is obtained by mixing weak solutions of



GOLD-WASHING ON THE ANDAGUEDA.

chloride of gold with protochloride of tin containing some perchloride, and appears to be essentially a double stannous and stannate of gold, Berzelius called it a hydrated double stannate of gold and tin. This compound has long been known under the name of the *purple of Cassius*, and its true constitution is the subject of much discussion among chemists.

The per-oxide of gold, sometimes called auric acid, is a brown powder, which is decomposed into metallic gold and oxygen at 473 deg. Fah., and is insoluble in water, but readily dissolved in caustic potash.

It has such an attraction for ammonia that it decomposes the neutral salts of that alkili, such as the sulphate, and sets the acid at liberty. Auric acid when covered with ammonia is transformed into an olive-green powder, which explodes powerfully by percussion, friction, or heat. By precipitating a chloride of gold solution with ammonia a yellowish-brown precipitate is formed possessing similar properties. The protosulphide of gold is not known with certainty, but the protosulphide of sodium and gold has been prepared in the form of colorless monoclinic columns. If gold be heated in contact with sulphur it no longer amalgamates with facility and this may account for the difficulty in the working of the auriferous pyrites. Whether the native ores of gold occurring in Colorada are chemical compounds with sulphur is a much mooted question, and there are some geologists of experience who hold to the existence of native sulphide of gold. A ter-sulphide, sometimes called a bisulphide, of gold can be made when a current of sulphuretted hydrogen is transmitted through a cold solution of ter-chloride of gold. It is a black powder, easily decomposed by heat, and hence cannot be made by fusing sulphur and gold together. The telluride of gold is not known by itself, but the double telluride of gold and silver occurs as graphic telluriums, and we have foliated telluriums containing gold, lead, and sulphur. The phosphide of gold can be made by gently heating gold in the vapor of phosphorous, but it is easily decomposed at a higher temperature.

The ter-chloride of gold is the dark red crystaline deliquescent mass, which dissolves with an intense yellow color, and is produced by evaporating to dryness a solution of gold in *aqua regia*.

EARLY CALIFORNIA GOLD DIGGER.

The ter-chloride of gold combines with other metallic chlorides to form double salts, which, as they have long been known, need not occupy much space in this connection. The potassium, sodium, calcium, and magnesium salts are the most familiar.

The metal is precipitated from solutions of gold salts by phosphorus, by a majority of the metals, by oxalic acid, especially with the aid of light, by a solution of chloride of antimony in hydrochloric acid, and by proto salts of iron. The gold solutions color the skin a dark purple. For the deposition of gold on glass the reducing fluid is made of glucose, alcohol and aldehyde.

PRODUCTION OF GOLD.

The following estimate of the gold product of the United States since 1847, is given in "Appleton's American Cyclopedia":

Years.	California.	Other States & Ter's.	Total.
1848	$10,000,000	....	$10,000,000
1849	40,000,000	....	40,000,000
1850	50,000,000	....	50,000,000
1851	55,000,000	....	55,000,000
1852	60,000,000	....	60,000,000
1853	65,000,000	....	65,000,000
1854	60,000,000	....	60,000,000
1855	55,000,000	....	55,000,000
1856	55,000,000	....	55,000,000
1857	55,000,000	....	55,000,000
1858	50,000,000	....	55,000,000
1859	50,000,000	....	50,000,000
1860	45,000,000	$1,000,000	46,000,000
1861	40,000,000	3,000,000	43,000,000
1862	34,700,000	4,500,000	39,200,000
1863	30,000,000	10,000,000	40,000,000
1864	26,600,000	19,500,000	46,100,000
1865	28,500,000	24,725,000	53,225,000
1866	25,500,000	28,000,000	53,500,000
1867	25,000,000	26,725,000	51,720,000
1868	22.000,000	26,000,000	48,000,000
1869	22,500,000	27,000,000	49,500,000
1870	25,000,000	25,000,000	50,000,000
1871	20,000,000	23,500,000	43,500,000
1872	19,000,000	17,000,000	36,000,000
1873	17,000,000	19,000,000	36,000,000
Total	$985,800,000	$254,950,000	$1,240,750,000

The entire product of the world in 1873 is estimated at $100,000,000; and the total amount of gold existing in various forms at the present time appears to be $4,000,000,000. It will thus appear that the United States has contributed one-quarter of the entire gold bullion product of the world during the last twenty-five years. Notwithstanding the enormous yield of gold, it must still continue to be the best standard of value and the safest medium of exchange. The consumption of gold in the arts, which has greatly increased in recent years, now approximates to $25,000,000 per annum. This consumption is likely to balance any extraordinary supply, and to increase in proportion to the yield, and thus the fear of a depreciation in value ought to be removed.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Photographing by Artificial Light.—M.M. Rich and Bardy have been experimenting with artificial light in search of some method for taking photographs of places entirely deprived of sunlight, such as caves, grottoes, churches, catacombs, and for taking pictures at night. They find that the best effect is produced by a lump of burning sulphur fed with oxygen gas—the chief difficulty being the suffocating fumes of sulphurous acid, which must be conducted away by some flue or absorbed in some liquid through which they are drawn by an aspirator. As the sulphur can be burned in a glass-case without material loss of light, it makes it easy to convey away or absorb the suffocating fumes. Efforts are making to invent a lamp adapted to night service.

Recent experiments have demonstrated, says the "Popular Science Monthly," that when an animal with tuberculated lungs (consumption) is yoked to a healthy animal and the two are housed and fed together, the latter before long exhibits symptoms of tuberculosis. Krebs asserts that tubercle virus is present in the milk of

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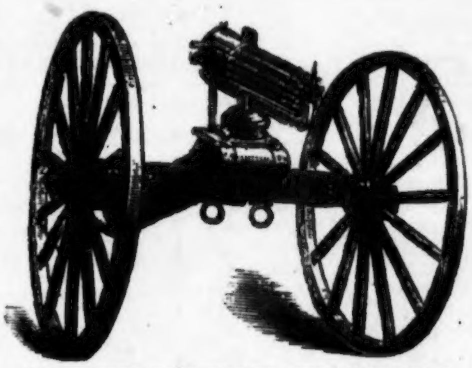
cows, even when slightly affected, and he has produced tubercle in animals by giving them milk from those which were diseased; he accidentally induced the disease in a dog by feeding it with the milk of a tuberculous cow. These facts point to a fruitful source of this disease, as it is not improbable that many dairy cows, especially in cities, are tuberculous.

The Hermit Crab.—Alexander Agassiz has been studying the habits of the hermit crab. He raised from very young stages a number of specimens, till they reached the size when they need the protection of a shell for their further development. A number of shells, some of them empty, others with the animal living, were then placed in a glass dish with the young crabs. Scarcely had the shells reached the bottom before the crabs made a rush for them, turned them round and round, carefully examining them, invariably at the mouth, and soon a couple of the crabs decided to venture in, which they did with remarkable alacrity, and after stretching backward and forward, they settled down into their new homes with immense satisfaction. The crabs who were so unfortunate as to obtain for their share living shells, remained riding round upon the mouth of their future dwelling, and on the death of the mollusk, commenced at once to tear out the animal, and, having eaten it, proceeded to take its place within the shell. All these acts seem to require considerable intelligence, and to show remarkable forethought.

The Gatling Gun.—The Gatling gun was invented by Dr. Richard J. Gatling, formerly of Indianapolis, Indiana, but now of Hartford, Connecticut. He first conceived the idea of a machine-gun in 1861, and is justly entitled to the distinction of being the originator of the first practical military weapon of that kind. It consists of a number of breech-loading barrels grouped around and revolving about a common axis, with which they lie parallel. These barrels are loaded and fired while revolving, the empty cartridge shells being ejected in continuous succession. During the Franco-German war guns of this pattern proved most destructive in the hands of the French and they are now likely to be introduced into the armies of all countries.



SMALL-SIZED GATLING GUN WITH NEW-STYLE FRAME.

Samarskite in America.—At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Philadelphia, Mr. Joseph Willcox called attention to a specimen of Samarskite presented by him, which was found at a locality discovered by him among the mountains in Mitchell County, N. C. This rare mineral has hitherto only been found in the Ural Mountains, in Asia. The North Carolina locality yields specimens weighing more than 20 pounds. They are associated with decomposed feldspar. Samarskite is a mineral particularly interesting to Americans, as it contains the rare metal, columbium, which was named in honor of the country where it was first found. Columbium yields compounds analogous to tin. It has hitherto been observed in such small quantities that its properties have not been very thoroughly studied. Now that a mine of it has been discovered in North Carolina, some use may eventually be detected for it.

The development of the bird is thus summed up by Mr. A. S. Packard, Jr., in the "American Naturalist":—1. Partial segmentation of the yolk. 2. The embryo develops much as in the bony fishes until the embryonal membranes appear. 3. Formation of an amnion. 4. After the alimentary canal is sketched out, the allantois buds out from it. 5. The avian features appear from the sixth to the tenth day. 6. The embryo leaves the egg in the form of the adult, and like the reptile, is at once active, feeding itself.

Mr. Thomas Routledge, of Sunderland, England, who in 1860 was the only paper-manufacturer using esparto, the supply of which is now decreasing, has called the attention of paper-manufacturers to the probable advantages that would be derived from the employment of bamboo as a cheap and useful paper-making material.

Dr. Hayes has submitted to the American Academy of Sciences a paper in which he traces the wide distribution of compounds containing phosphorus and vanadium through a great number of sedimentary rocks. Herr Hilger has lately determined the presence of lithium in a great number of sedimentary rocks.

Mr. R. Pumpelly has described some pseudomorphs of chlorite after garnet, which occur abundantly in a bed of chloritic schist, overlying magnetite, in the Huronian Series, at Spurr Mountain Iron-mine, Lake Superior.

The second Appendix to Professor Dana's valuable "System of Mineralogy," prepared by his son, Mr. E. S. Dana, has just been published, and brings the work up to January, 1875.

Mr. W. Spottiswoode, F. R. S, has been elected a corresponding member of the French Academy of Science, in the Geometrical Section.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

What is that which is enough for one, but frequently too much for two? The wedding-ring.

What language does an Arabian child speak before it cuts its teeth? Gum-Arabic, unquestionably.

Why is a minister near the end of his sermon like a ragged urchin?—Because he's to'ard (tor'd) his close (clothes).

A statistician has prepared an article showing the proportion of ammunition lost on battle-fields. It is entitled "Lead Astray."

Why is a church-bell more affable than a church-organ? Because one will go when it is *tolled*, but the other will be "blowed" first.

The married ladies of a Western city have formed a "Come-home-husband Club." It is about four feet long, and has brush on one end of it.

A retired schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he's handling the rod.

Many a man who would roll up his eyes in terror at the idea of stealing a nickel will swoop down on a silk umbrella worth $10, and march off with his lips moving peacefully as if in prayer.

It is said that in certain countries the king may assume the crown at fourteen years of age, but cannot marry till he is eighteen. It has probably been ascertained that a wife is more difficult to rule than a kingdom.

Which is the nicest tree we know?—You!
Which is the ugliest tree?—The plane-tree.
Which is the most sociable tree?—The tea-tree.
What trees keep order best?—The birch and the elder.

A number of visitors went to a Wisconsin cemetery to see a dog that was said to be watching faithfully over the grave of his dead master. When they got there he was seen chasing a brindle cat up an alley two blocks away.

"**Do they** ring two bells for school?" asked a gentleman of his ten-year-old daughter, who attends "a select institution for young ladies."

"No, pa," she replied, "they ring one bell twice."

They tell the story that the little daughter of the democratic candidate for a local office in Saratoga County, N. Y., was told to run and tell her aunt that "Mr. Young has got the nomination," and the little one cried out: "O, mamma, do they ever die of it?"

A man wants to sell a farm in which "meandering streams and rivulets permeate luxuriant pasture, singing as they flow, while majestic oaks and stately maples attract the eye of the beholder, and cultivated orchards give promise of fruit second only to that of the Hesperides."

Three Truths.—"My wife tells the truth three times a day," remarked a jocose old fellow, at the same time casting a very mischievous glance at her. "Before rising in the morning she says, 'Oh dear, I must get up, but I don't want to.' After breakfast she adds, 'Well, I suppose I must get to work, but I don't want to,' and she goes to bed saying, 'There, I have been passing all day, and haven't done anything.'"

A lawyer retained in a case of assault and battery, was cross-examining a witness in relation to the force of the blow.

"What kind of a blow was given?" asked the lawyer.

"A blow of the common kind."

"Describe the blow."

"I am not good at description."

"Show me what kind of a blow it was."

"I cannot"

"You must."

"I won't."

The lawyer appealed to the Court. The Court told the witness that if the counsel insisted upon his showing what kind of a blow it was, he must do so.

"Do you insist upon it?" asked the witness.

"I do."

"Well, then, since you compel me to show you, it was this kind of a blow!" at the same time suiting the action to the word, knocking over the astonished disciple of Coke and Littleton.

Not in the Family.—An old farmer brought home two jugs the other day, one labelled "boiled oil" and the other "turpentine." They were placed in the barn, and pretty soon it was noticed that the old man had business there at regular intervals. His oldest son slyly followed him and saw him taking a deep draught from one of the jugs. The old man heard a step outside, and before going out he arranged those jugs according to his artistic taste.

He was hardly gone when the son skipped in and took a drink from the jug out of which he supposed his father drank. The next moment he was spluttering, coughing and gasping, and the old man entered and asked:

"Turpentine doesn't agree with you, does it?"

"But I saw you drinking it," exclaimed the injured and indignant son.

"That is true," said the old man, while a beautiful smile played over his face, "but it doesn't necessarily follow that the rest of the family must relish turpentine because I do!"

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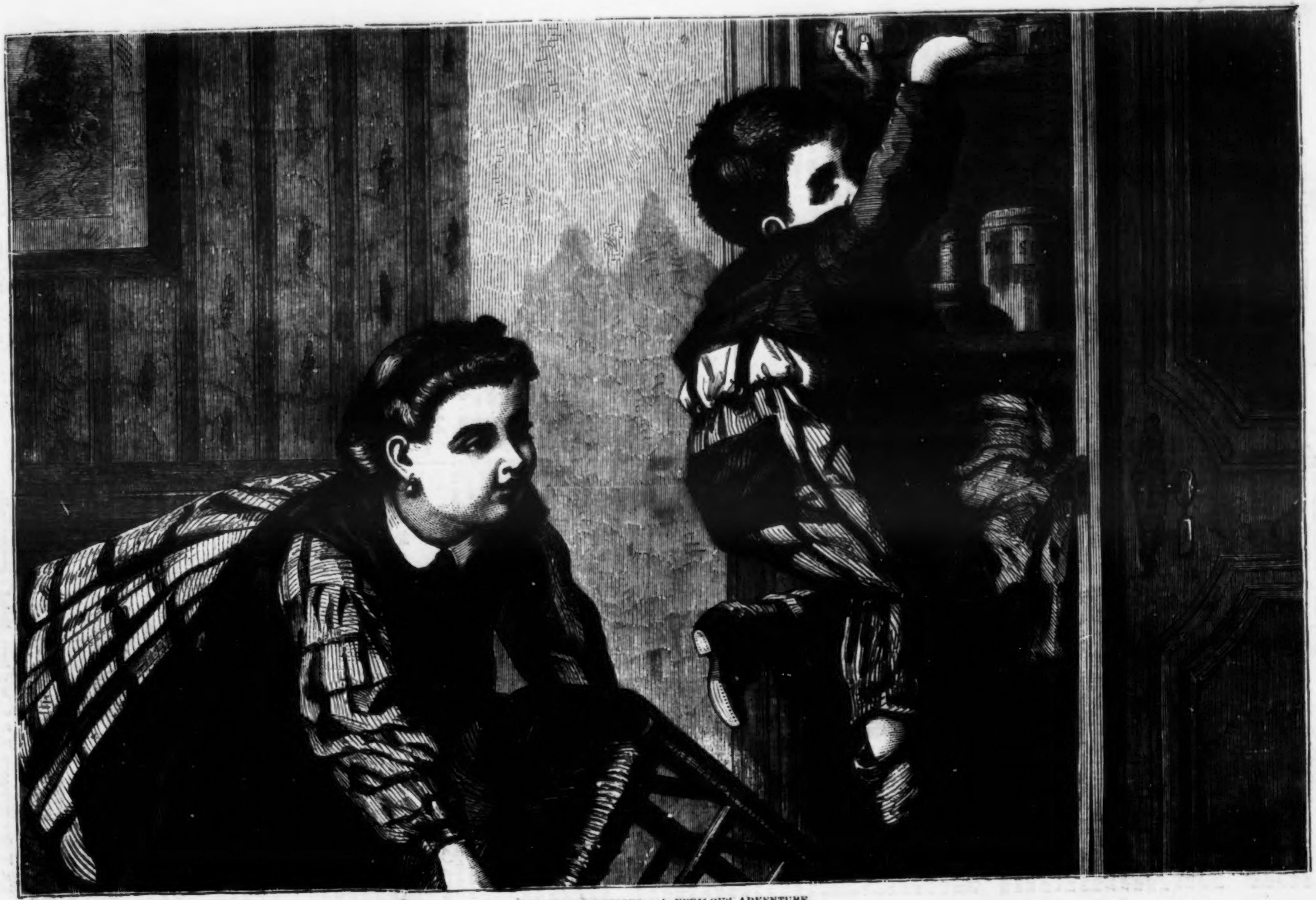

THE TRANSGRESSORS.—A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.